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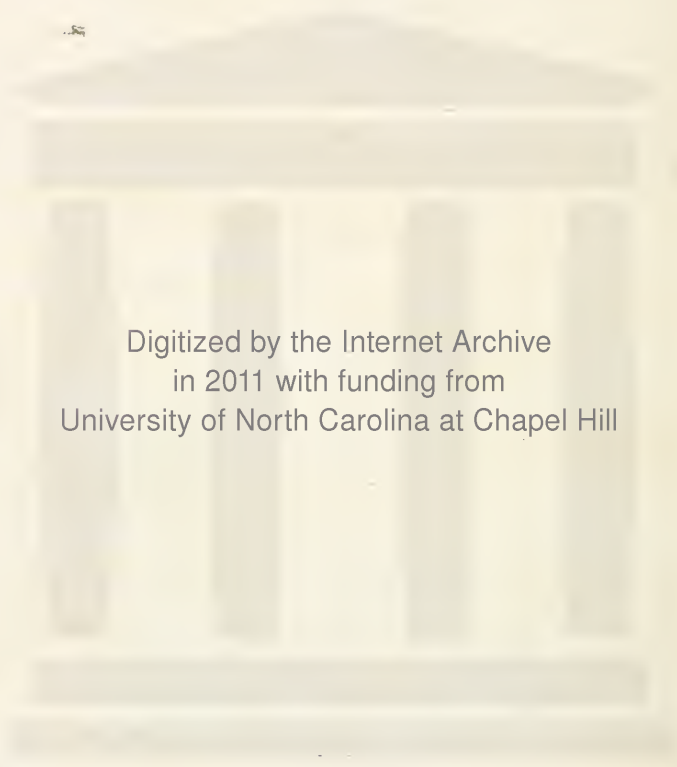
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JOSEPH MOORE.



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# The Guilford Collegian.

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VOL. XVIII

OCTOBER, 1905.

NO. 1

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## JOSEPH MOORE.

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Perhaps there is no name which is associated with more gentle memories or more inspiring thought for so many of the middle-aged men and women of North Carolina, than is the name of Joseph Moore. And to him Carolina was very dear, for in his later years, he asserted that there was no place to which he would rather go than Carolina and his frequent messages to the Yearly Meeting, manifesting his yearning love for us here in the Southland, did not fail to touch a responsive chord in many hearts.

That Joseph Moore did much for education in North Carolina hardly needs assertion. Whether this contribution was greater in his three years' work just after the war or in the four years' service as President of New Garden Boarding School it is difficult to determine. Both had a wonderful effect in moulding the minds of our people. To the world, Joseph Moore is primarily associated with Earlham College and truly it was this institution to which he gave the strength and vigor of his life. But every Carolinian who came under Prof. Moore's influence can but be glad that the adverse fate of a weakened constitution twice brought him to labor within our borders.

At the close of the war, Friends along with all the other people of the South were in very depleted circumstances. There was no money to secure even sufficient implements to carry on successful farming, and many suffered privations of which we can hardly conceive. With all the energies of the people sapped in providing or rather trying to provide

the necessities of life, it is not to be wondered that the education of the children was sadly neglected. At this juncture there was organized the Baltimore Association, in which Francis T. King was a very active member. This Association employed Joseph Moore to visit the meetings in the State and organize Monthly Meeting Schools everywhere. This, Joseph Moore was eminently fitted to do; his genial, uplifting presence; his clear, trustful ministry, and a gentle firmness which made him great, made him a source of inspiration wherever he went. These Monthly Meeting Schools were supplied with teachers from the home talent so far as possible. Then, teachers from without the State were used. In order better to equip the teachers, Prof. Moore held Normal Schools during the summer months. These being the first ever held in the State, men of influence and prominence were attracted by them, and others also who were not teachers.

It was in the work of organizing these schools that Joseph Moore went in and out of the homes of the Friends of North Carolina and so endeared himself to them and it was in this that he himself learned to love us with a love which ended only in death. After these three years of work in North Carolina the educational committee reports as follows to the Yearly Meeting :

"In taking a retrospective view of our condition three years ago when we were without schools or any good school houses, destitute of books, and very little of any means to help ourselves, the Baltimore Association came forward to our relief and now we have 40 schools, all of them in good comfortable houses, well supplied with stores, maps, and taught by competent and well concerned teachers. \* \* \* We cannot close this report without acknowledging the valuable services of our dear friend Joseph Moore, who is about leaving us after three years of devotion to the cause of education within our limits."



During these three years the number of schools had been increased from 12 to 40; the length of term had been extended to an average of six months, 15 of them averaging eight months. At the end of the first year of this work the report shows an enrollment of 940, while in 1868, the last year, the enrollment reaches 2,588. 'Twas in 1885 that Prof. Moore again sought our genial climate. The Trustees of New Garden Boarding School, knowing of his prospect, induced him to take some school work and thus secured his presence and the influence of his inspiring personality for the students. Later, through the efforts of L. L. Hobbs, Prof. Moore was made Principal of the Boarding School, which position he held until it became a College in 1888.

The Earlham museum is of course the lasting monument to the life work of Prof. Moore but the museum at Guilford bears the impress of his careful work. For with his numerous gifts to the museum and the careful labelling of what we did have, he brought into prominence our growing collection and proved the pioneer for later gifts and later effort.

That Prof. Moore was a born teacher, none can deny; the power to rebuke and still to train; to direct by example how to keep eyes and ears and mind alert to the perception of truth and the propagation of the same; to give hope and encouragement everywhere, and to be able to see the good, or the possibility, however hidden—these were attributes which he possessed in an eminent degree. None who knew him can fail to remember how he always walked with his head up, or the simple trustfulness of his life, or the force of his ministry, which always came “fresh from the source of blessing.”

The readers of THE COLLEGIAN have from time to time had messages from Prof. Moore. Notable among these are those in Volume 1, p. 58, “Building a College;” Volume 3, p. 227, “Louis Agassiz;” Volume 4, p. 185, “Easter,” and Volume 6,

p. 240, "Evolution." As some of you know, Prof. Moore was for two years a student of Agassiz at Harvard and hence that article at least is well worth re-reading. Born in 1832 on the 29th of February, few birthdays came to him in his long life of 73 years. Some of the readers of this article may remember how we celebrated his birthday in 1888 by presenting him with a reading chair and stand. The way such things affected him was a lesson in itself, manifesting to all the great *humility* of the man.

Joseph Moore passed away July 9, 1905. His passing has truthfully been likened to "the ceasing of exquisite music," for he was indeed a man of whom it can well be said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." At his own request the body was cremated, a short service being previously held with the family and those especially near; and also a memorial service at Earlham College, where all who cared (and they were many) tried to express appreciation of the noble life which had gone out. Of his incineration one said, "The spirit which had been so eager and zealous for service here, had entered upon the joy of full, free service there, unhampered by weariness or physical pain. Even his physical nature had been purified and refined and given back in its free elements to the nature he so loved."

Of his life, all who came within the circle of his influence will join in saying, "For whom thanks be unto God."

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### AN AWAKENING.

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"Hurry! Lucy, or you won't get the dishes washed in time for church."

Mother Dodd spoke querulously. She had always resented the fact that one of her daughters had failed to make a match; it seemed to her to reflect on her own maternal ability.

"Don't worry, mother, I'll get there."

"Of course you will, Lucy. You ought to be thankful you are well and strong and can go. You can give thanks for the rest of us. They say the new minister, who is visiting the Thompson's, from Dobson, is to preach the Thanksgiving sermon. How I wish I could go."

Mrs. Dodd was afflicted with rheumatic twinges that made her a semi-invalid, and exonerated her from all necessity of being amiable. Lucy in a few moments went to her room to get ready for church.

Outdoors the frozen snow gleamed white in the sun. It was an ideal Thanksgiving day, but in her heart there was only bitterness and the aches of emptiness and frustrated hopes. All her life she had been told that she was plain. Even when a child she had gone hungry for the admiration that rosy-cheeked, yellow-braided maidens won so easily and accepted so consciously. This morning as she dressed for church she seemed plainer than ever and her face grew bitter as she contemplated her tall angular form and saw reflected in the mirror her sallow skin and pinched features.

"What on earth I have to be thankful for, is what I would like to know," she murmured to herself as she put on her hat. "Who could be thankful with such a name—Lucy Dodd? It is enough to make a girl plain to have such a commonplace name, and it is not likely that I shall ever have a chance to change it."

Going up to the glass to take a parting glance at herself, she spoke the tragedy of her soul to the bitter sorrowful image confronting her in the little cracked mirror that for so many years had so frankly and uncompromisingly confirmed her personal defects. Somehow she could talk to that image in the glass; it seemed to understand how deep the hurt was, how the pain increased as the years passed by. "Dear girl, I am sorry for you," and pressing her lips to the glass she kissed the pale reflection. "You ought to have

been beautiful and charming. You ought to be loved and happy. Why God makes some women so beautiful and others so homely, who knows? But oh! the terrible injustice of it all." Pressing her hands to her eyes to stop the hot blinding tears, Lucy ran down stairs and was soon on her way to church.

The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Atkins, had announced the previous Sunday that a young friend of his, Rev. Robert Brown, of Dobson, would preach the Thanksgiving sermon.

When Lucy arrived the church was crowded. The organ pealed forth waves of melody. Bright animated faces were expectantly looking for the young minister. Lucy, looking across the aisle, saw Alice Atkins, beautiful, dainty and high bred, just the kind of girl she had longed to be. Why had God made that girl so charming? Oh! why am I so plain and common! were the thoughts welling up in Lucy's heart all through the Doxology. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," sang Alice. Lucy could see her round throat in its dainty lace fichu, swell with the melody. No wonder she could sing praises, and as Lucy glanced down at her own heavy shoes, her cotton gloves, she felt the bitterness of years springing up in her heart. What a mockery life is—"be thankful," sang the choir—"for what?" echoed Lucy's heart.

At last the great event of the day was at hand. Rev. Mr. Brown arose to preach. The silence of the church was impressive. "Beloved, let us love one another for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." The beautiful words of the first Epistle of John rang out in the stillness like a prophecy. Lucy thrilled with emotion. Somehow his voice stirred the deeps. He knew. "Friends, we surrender our hearts in thanksgiving this beautiful day for the divine promise that God is love. Do you know what that means?" And here Lucy divined that the Rev. Mr.

Brown was looking into her own soul. "Do you know that he who becomes all beautiful is all powerful; that to love is life; that under the glow of His transforming power the common becomes divine; the ugly, beautiful; the petty, noble? This is Thanksgiving day, not alone for food and clothes and the things of the world, but for the joy of love, for to love is to know God. The man who feels most, loves most. Would you have your body beautiful, make your soul beautiful and you will irradiate beauty. Would you win love, give love; would you have life glorious, make it so. Nothing is beyond the power of love, for love is God."

The organ pealed forth a melody of joy and something inside the starved heart of Lucy thrilled into conscious being. The sun streamed in and touched her hair, as she stood a moment waiting to depart. Alice looked over and smiled and Lucy smiled back. "To love is to be beautiful; to love is to be beautiful," the organ seemed to say in its masterful tones.

"Why, Lucy, how happy you look! You were so white and miserable-looking when you came into church this morning and now you are radiant. Why is it?"

"Oh, I don't know," laughed Lucy. "I guess it is the beautiful day."

All the way home Lucy trod on air. "How beautiful life is! Oh, how happy I am." She opened the door of the house gayly, flung her wraps on the sofa and took her mother in her arms.

"Dear me, Lucy. What's come over you?"

"Oh, mother, I am so happy; I love you," and she squeezed her so tightly that Mrs. Dodd could hardly breathe.

"Well, I must say you are a caution. Going out so glum and coming back so spry and frisky. What is the minister like? Is he handsome?"

"I—I don't know, mother."



"You don't know? Well, I should think you had had plenty of time to see, during the sermon."

"I wasn't thinking of his looks, mother, I only heard what he said."

"What did he say so wonderful?"

But Lucy had bounded up the stairs to her room before she could answer.

"Goodness me," soliloquized the old lady. "I haven't seen Lucy so gay for years; wonder what's up!"

Creeping upstairs softly she peeped through the partly opened door. Lucy was kneeling before the looking glass, which she had resting on a chair. She was talking to herself in the glass. Mrs. Dodd stood petrified a few moments as the girl's words became audible. "You dear girl, you are going to be beautiful, beautiful, do you understand? You are not lonely or miserable or ugly or forsaken. You are happy and life is beautiful, and you are going to have all the love and beauty in life. There now, Lucy, wake up, be glad you are alive. You are bound —." Here Mrs. Dodd went down stairs as quickly as her rheumatic limbs could carry her. In a few minutes Lucy came down bright and active. And with the color in her cheeks and the light in her eyes, she seemed to her mother to be a younger embodiment of womanhood come to life; a Lucy of power, of resources, never recognized before.

Z.

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## THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CONCEPTS IN SOCIOLOGY.

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There is no doubt in my mind that Sociology today is psychological. But what do mean by this? We must first find out what we mean by sociology. It is taken here to mean a method of research which leads to a point of view. The association of ideas is a fundamental fact in psychology, but there can be no sociology until there is an association of minds.

But why should we contend that sociology either is psychological or biological? Why should it be any other than just sociological? We do not seek for other basis for mathematics than mathematical. The answer to this question lies in the field of psychology rather than sociology. Under the old psychology, which mapped off the geography of the mind into faculties, and claimed that these various faculties of the mind did certain things for the mind, like the eyes, hands and feet did things for the body, under this conception of psychology the biological analogy was fascinating. The present day psychology has entirely abandoned this ground. A study of consciousness reveals no such functions in the mind. There is one field of consciousness and but one, and in this field there is but one actor, one indivisible person who throws himself as a whole into all his acts of feeling, willing and knowing. It is not the will that acts but the whole person.

The psychologists rather than the sociologists have forced this analogy upon the world. Prof. Royce, a psychologist, has shown how the test of truth is in agreement, and that one cannot believe a thing until he finds society in this view. Prof. Baldwin in his two books, *Social and Ethical Interpretations* and *Mental Development*, has worked out social psychology along genetic lines. Prof. James has written on the *Social Self*. Mr. Bryce has also done much to set men to thinking along these lines. We cannot see how social origins could antedate psychical conditions, and there is much evidence that society springs out of psychical conditions and that there is no society where there is no psychical action. Natural science deals with man as an animal or physical organism. Psychology has its foundations in the physical organism, and is thus a derived science. It is a problem of philosophy to classify the sciences accurately and naturally. Certain sciences are concrete, descriptive and inductive, while others are abstract, hypothetical and deductive. Soci-

ology is a concrete science, but it presupposes both the concrete sciences of psychology and biology. That is, there can be no sociology until these sciences appear; they need not be worked out as science but the facts must antedate any science of sociology.

The word *society* connotes unity and likeness; but what does unity connote? Is it a thing or a process or a condition? Does it exist in our physical or psychological world? A brick is a unity. What are united in the brick? Particles of clay, and the condition of those particles makes the unity of the brick. What are united to make society? We generally answer that it is a union of human beings. But what do we mean by this? Is it of the Siamese Twins kind of union? Evidently not. Is a man biologically different when he is alone and when he is in society? Evidently not, for in society or alone the bodily functions go on. But in society the mind acts and reacts quite differently from what it does when alone. Society, then, is not a physical unity.

Are there any facts corresponding to such terms as "Social Mind?" "Social consciousness?" What are the contents of the social mind? Can mental and spiritual possessions be socialized? How can we explain social influence, the crowd, the mob, imitation, the difference between a crowd and a mob? Will an adequate explanation be physical or psychological, or both? A full understanding of such terms as "unconscious cerebration" and "apperception" will aid very much in this discussion. All mental processes are not conscious processes. Every perception is a synthesis and is made up in part of sensations and in part of apperceptions. I look at a square-topped table from the side. I get no sensation of squareness, yet I announce that it "looks square." I do not follow my sensations, but ordinarily I am not conscious of this fact.

There are physical conditions for any associated action or community of ideas, for there must be an opportunity for



actual exchange of ideas. What is the nature of the force that brings man to associate in families, church, school, industry, state, and other social institutions? It may be answered that the appetites, the desires and the affections are the spring to action. The appetites arise from the body, and the desires and affections are mental processes, and these two latter forces are both social. Such desires as intellectual, aesthetic, religious and social, are psychical, as are such affections as love, anger, beneficence and hatred. Anger is a psychical state, and the fact that a man uses his fist, a club, or a gun in venting his anger does not make it physical.

It seems to me that much of the current discussion on the question now under consideration is a war of words, a genuine logomachy. Sociology must establish itself in the fact of having a field and matter peculiar to itself, just as surely as chemistry, and physics, and mathematics have done. Chemistry and physics use much of language and mathematics, yet they have their own fields. Now the field of sociology lies in the facts and laws of human association, and here association is the fundamental and common term, although it uses economic, religious, political and educational forces and processes.

No one has ever been foolish enough to imagine that there is any social brain, common to a group of men, or a social mind as an entity apart from the community of minds, or a social will apart from the members of society.

Now social causation must be distinguished sharply from physical causation. Social causation is always psychical. If I strike a man and knock him down, that has a psychical causation; if I slip and in falling knock a man down that act has physical causation. A social cause has a thought of both means and end, and always chooses the means and ends. A mechanism also has an end, but this end is outside of itself, and it never can be conscious of this end.

There is beyond doubt such a thing as society; there is also in the minds of common people such a unity as society. This society is composed of social persons, who, although very unlike, are yet capable of communion, and in spite of all philosophy on the subject do agree and share the same thoughts, emotions and actions. There is nothing mysterious about these facts of common life; that there is a spiritual community is granted by most men. Now this is all that is meant by "social mind" and "social consciousness." Of course this consciousness is not subjective, for there is no "social over-soul" to be the subject, but it is real nevertheless. Until there is this social consciousness there is no progress. There is a common thought and intelligence in regard to President Roosevelt's vacation trip. This goes deeper in a common policy, as when President McKinley was shot. There was a common will as shown in the election of Judge Dunne as mayor of Chicago. Many students and writers have gone astray over the definition of psychology which Prof. James adopts and quotes from Prof. Ladd, that "psychology is the description and explanation of states of consciousness *as such*." But James straightway calls psychology a natural science. Now taking a state of consciousness apart and describing and explaining it is not subjective but objective work. This is just what James does, and this is exactly analogous to what we claim for social psychology. Psychology studies thought as a process. He does not know where this process is coming out. We must get the data of consciousness "alive," and then view these data objectively, make inferences and deductions. The content of thought, then, is to a great degree the subject matter of psychology. Now this is again an exact analogue of sociology. The only way to study society is to study it "alive," as a living process, but as no one is exactly conscious of what he is doing in a psychical experiment, until the record is made and he sees what he has done, so society does not know what it is doing

until the action is complete, and then it can study the action and make deductions. It seems clear, then, that there is a union of elements in a unity. What is the essential factor of the social unity, that which is found in every social unity and without which a social unity cannot exist? It is found in man's rational, psychical nature, for the mind is one, not many faculties.

But what is the psychical process in sociology? How is the social union formed? It seems that there are various psychical processes in the social union. The process begins in impressions which are made to numbers of individuals. These impressions are the very atmosphere of consciousness. Ideas pass from mind to mind by some common presentation. This process is always social and is gathered from the outside. This is followed by suggestion and imitation. But this is not the whole process of socialization.

The next process is one of instruction, which is observed in various stages in the different degrees of civilization, but whatever stage it is it will be a socializing process, and it is a psychical process also. Imitation may be the origin of instruction, but it is not instruction.

A third process is environment. In such matters as food, clothing and housing environment has a large influence in the formation of character, but the largest part by far of its influence lies in the personal factors. In every group there is a power to develop a certain type of character. Natural tendencies have much force here, but these are all social in their nature. Young people particularly are very susceptible to the group influence in association. Politics and religion are both much a matter of environment as well as education.

A fourth process in complete socialization is self-expression; this really effects the adjustment to the social order. A human being is never fully socialized until he has committed himself in words or acts.

These four psychical processes when fully worked out

will form individual socialized characters. These may all be on-going at one time, but this is the best psychical category that I can make out. When this process is complete, the public needs will correspond with the private requirements. Thus sociology adjusts itself to the process going on in the race and justifies itself as a science in the facts and laws of human association, and every law and fact of human association is psychical.

THOMAS NEWLIN.

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### NOTES ON THE YEARLY MEETING.

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This year marks a very important epoch in the history of North Carolina Yearly Meeting. This is true not only because of the quantity and quality of the work done and the spirit which pervaded the whole meeting but also because the meeting was held this year at Guilford College. Perhaps no meeting in recent years has been marked by such harmony and healthy progress.

Several distinguished visitors were present, among whom were Willis R. Hotchkiss of Ohio, J. Lindley Spicer of New York, Prof. Edgar H. Stranahan of Wilmington College, and Prof. Elbert Russell of Earlham College.

The various reports were very encouraging, especially the reports of the work done during the year in Sunday Schools, the Friends' Orphanage at High Point, the Blue Ridge Institute, and Guilford College. The educational outlook was especially encouraging. Great stress was laid on the work at Blue Ridge Institute and other Friends' schools throughout the State as supporters of Guilford College, and the condition of the college itself was shown to be better financially and otherwise than ever before.

Although the weather was very rainy the accommodations were quite satisfactory, more so in fact than any other place



could have afforded, as the college buildings, where practically all of the delegates were accommodated, were all near together on the campus.

Taking all things into consideration it seems that the college is a peculiarly fit place for holding the meeting not only because of its superior equipment and convenient location but because of its influence on those who attend. The life of both the church and the college depends upon their co-operation. But no one will support a thing until he understands it. Many people have not supported Guilford College as they would if they had known it better. By holding the meeting here regularly many would come in touch with the spirit of the college and see its progress from year to year who would never take this privilege, were it not for the meeting. It would also tend to place the college in a better light before the public.

Reports show that we have increased in numbers considerably during the year and that at present the church is in a very prosperous condition. But we are still a very small church. This should not be the case for we certainly stand for some of the highest principles that any church can hold. But it seems that our number of ministers and workers is not large enough to increase the membership very rapidly. They are doing all they can and will continue to do an important work. Yet they should be augmented and it is paramount that more of the young people who go out from our colleges should enter this field. Their training along modern lines of thought has especially fitted them for this position, and their knowledge of the intellectual, social and scientific problems of the time will be their greatest aids to the effective setting forth of moral and spiritual questions. Other churches have realized this and have made special provision for the training of young men for the ministry. We are beginning to realize it. This is shown in the establishment of a Biblical department at Guilford College. But in order

for this to do its proper work people must be encouraged to attend and be given some hope of support should they enter the work of the church.

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### AN INDIAN LOVE TALE.

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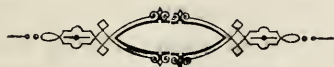
In the early part of the nineteenth century, on the banks of the Niagara, just above the falls, dwelt the Chippewa Indians, a powerful tribe of the Algonquin family. Red Bear, the chief of this tribe, had a beautiful daughter named Night Eyes, the fame of whose beauty was known throughout all that part of the country, so that suitors for her hand could be seen at any time around her father's wigwam. Night Eyes accepted their homage as a matter of course, never showing preference for any particular one. According to the Chippewa custom, a girl was allowed to test the love of her suitor in any way she saw fit, and, when any one of the many wooers annoyed Night Eyes with his attentions, she, after having given him the usual tasks, would dare him to shoot over the falls in his canoe. For a long time this had the desired effect; and the crest-fallen brave would leave the village amid the scoffs and jeers of the entire population.

But the summer when Night Eyes was nineteen years old, Swift Foot, a young chief of the Mohican tribe, came to the village of Red Bear and proclaimed himself an aspirant for the hand of the maiden. It was soon seen that she paid more attention to him than to any of those who had come before and in a week it was plain that she was violently in love with him. Swift Foot was put to most of the tests undergone by his predecessors and came through with flying colors. The great test, however, had not been tried. Night Eyes loved him too well to dare him to shoot the falls, but

her father said that, as she had required it of the others, Swift Foot would have to make the trip before he could claim her as his bride. All attempts to change her father's decision were unsuccessful, and at last she told the Mohican what he would have to do. He knew that this meant almost certain death; nevertheless, he began to make the trial. The next day the whole tribe gathered near what is known as the American Fall to watch Swift Foot's attempt. Everything was made ready, and without the least hesitation he stepped into his canoe and started on his journey. The frail craft was soon in the grasp of the terrible current, and from the shore the watchers could see that he was having a hard time keeping the bow of the boat towards the falls. Before the brink was reached the spectators knew he was doomed, and when the runners who had been stationed below came up and reported that he had not risen, none were surprised.

Stunned by this sad fate, the Chippewas were preparing to return home, when suddenly they were startled by a loud cry, and on looking up they saw Night Eyes in a large canoe shooting toward the falls. All hope of catching her was out of the question, for she was now in the grasp of the mighty current, and in a few moments she had joined the man she loved.

F. Q.



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## Editorials.

We regret very much that four of our most valued teachers, R. N. Wilson, Raymond Binford, Miss Annie K. Blair and Miss Lena Watson, will not be with us this year. But we are glad that two of them, Profs. Binford and Wilson, expect to be back next year. Prof. Binford is doing work in Biology at Chicago University, and Prof. Wilson is taking Chemistry at Harvard.

To fill these vacancies we are very fortunate in securing Prof. Vivian Floyd for the department of chemistry, Miss



Iro C. Trueblood as teacher of Biology, Miss Edith F. Sharpless as assistant in English and history, and Miss Jennie W. Papworth as teacher of music. We wish to welcome our new friends and hope that they will have pleasant work among us. We are also very glad to have Prof. Thomas Newlin with us again. Prof. Newlin has just returned from a very successful year's work at Chicago University and will again have charge of the Biblical department.

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The colleges of North Carolina have taken a great step forward this year by the establishment of a State Oratorical Contest to be held at the Fair in Raleigh on October 20. For some years we have been without such an organization. In fact the whole South is far behind the West in this respect. In recent years we have given much time to athletics and today it is the most prominent phase of our college life. This has not been without results, for at the present time the average Southern college is able to compete successfully in this line with any other college of like size in the country. It is right that this should be so and we should not think for a moment of lessening our enthusiasm for intercollegiate athletics. Nothing else could inspire a large part of the student body with such college spirit, and certainly nothing else but such contests could keep alive the spirit of athletics in our colleges.

But our educational institutions are the centres from which all lines of activity should radiate. They are the places where we go to prepare for all the duties, privileges and responsibilities of life, and it is to the college man more than to any other that the world is looking for leadership. Therefore it is necessary that college contests should be intellectual as well as physical contests. Of all such the oratorical contest and the intercollegiate debate are the practical possibilities and they should be more strongly emphasized in the South. Such occasions should bring out as

much genuine college spirit and be looked forward to with as much pride and enthusiasm as anything that the college undertakes.

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Recently one of the leading daily newspapers of this State contained an account of the all too prevalent practice of hazing. The persons in question were compelled to return to their homes because of ill treatment by the sophomores. It would seem too pitiful that such a thing should occur as that, men and boys by virtue of strength and two years collegiate training should feel duty bound to torture the new boys. How must they feel in their first days of loneliness and home-sickness to be welcomed by such unkind treatment? A probable defense of the hazers would be that they were subjected to the same ordeal in their "fresh" days. Does it, then, become obligatory to return evil for evil? On the contrary, this would be the suitable time to practice the Golden Rule. Then, too, they may say that this is the only way to try the new boy's mettle. You would not be able to "break in" a horse this way successfully, and surely not a boy. The "bronchos" are lassoed, choked and beaten, but they can never be trusted and relied on, even after they are considered broken.

The Christian Associations in our colleges should see to it that this brutal measure is stopped; then, instead of dread on the part of the new students, there would be undying loyalty to their future Alma Mater because of the good-fellowship shown them.

---

During the summer vacation, possibly no event has claimed the attention of the college students of our country more than the death of the great diplomatist, John Hay. His death is a loss not only to our own State Department, which he has so ably guided, but to eighty million Americans and to all the civilized world where peace and justice are valued.

His career approaches in our mind very nearly what should be a college man's ideal in political life; and in paying this simple tribute to his memory it is our desire that some inspiration may be received by some one to look upon politics not as a mad, dishonest fight for office, but the most powerful instrument for upbuilding the integrity and influence of our country.

Behold John Hay as he "sits at the feet" of the great Lincoln! You see not a political manipulator but an unselfish man who was there for a high purpose, that of serving his country in the best meaning of the word. Not an officer whose every deed was with "an eye single" for re-election, but the upright statesman who never aspired to an elective office.

It can be truly said of John Hay that he began at the bottom and worked his way steadily to the top. Beginning as the private secretary of President Lincoln in 1861 when a mere boy; he afterwards became secretary to our foreign legation at Paris. Thence onward his work was as a diplomat. Although he attained high rank as a scholar and writer he will be remembered chiefly on account of his great achievements in carrying out our foreign policy. He, more than any other man, has raised modern diplomatic negotiations from the depths of duplicity and dishonesty to the level of simple sincerity and truth.

His works, among which were the settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute and the securing of the "open door" in China, will entitle him to high rank among our greatest statesmen—not to the class of latter-day statesmen, but to the "old school." Place him beside Franklin, Jefferson, Adams or Seward, and his lustre is not dimmed. It is without doubt, although the floral tributes had already withered on his tomb, that his "silent voice" was heard in the great peace proceedings at Portsmouth. Truly the works of John Hay, the scholar, author, diplomat and Christian gentleman, will live not only in history but in the minds and hearts of his fellow countrymen.

On another page will be found an able sketch of the life of Prof. Joseph Moore. Very few Friends were better known in North Carolina for their efforts in behalf of education than was Prof. Moore. Yet it is a sad fact that we who are younger seldom appreciate as we should the efforts and sacrifices of such men. By years of toil and devotion they build for us the great institutions of which we are the beneficiaries and which we proudly call ours. Perhaps it is only natural that we should thus fail to appreciate the sources of our conveniences since we have received so much from the past. We are inclined to take things as a matter of course. Yet it would certainly be better to take time to appreciate fully our surroundings and the men who have made them.

## Y. M. C. A.

SOUTHERN STUDENT CONFERENCE.

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In pursuance of a plan outlined in the last issue of last year's COLLEGIAN the local Y. M. C. A. was represented in the Southern Student Conference, which met in Asheville June 17-25, by the following young men: R. A. Ricks, D. D. Carroll, John Anderson, A. E. Lindley, Fred Hill, W. S. Nicholson and E. J. Coltrane.

It would be extremely difficult to give a thorough report of the conference, especially such a report as would be appreciated by our readers, because only those who have been there can rightly appreciate what the conference is. It is safe to say that there is no one movement that means more to the young men in our Southern colleges and universities than this conference. Some one has said that the colleges which do not send delegates are few and isolated, and it can be said also that the young man who does not attend one of these conferences does not get all there is out of his college life.

The Young Men's Christian Association stands as much for physical development as for any other line of development, and therefore one of the important features of the conference was athletics. The afternoons were given entirely to recreation. Baseball, tennis, track work, swimming and mountain climbing were all engaged in. A series of games of baseball was arranged among the colleges, and a large pennant awarded to the college winning the championship. Owing to a misunderstanding Guilford did not enter the series. We feel confident, however, that we could have made a creditable showing. North Carolina won the championship in the inter-State games, and it might be said to our credit that Guilford had four men on the team. The Y. M. C. A.



stands for athletics, but only for pure athletics. Perhaps there is no other movement that has done so much to elevate athletics and to free them from professionalism.

Public addresses are also an important feature of the work. This year we were very fortunate in having such men as Drs. H. P. Beach, of New York, Floyd Tompkins, of Philadelphia, and D. K. Lambuth, of Nashville; and also the two greatest men in America for college men, Robert E. Speer and John R. Mott. It will be impossible to give full reports of their addresses, but we wish to give extracts from a few of them.

Mr. Speer gave the first three addresses of the conference. Perhaps his greatest effort was on "Man as Related to His Failure." He said in part that all men belong to the failing class. There are three classes of men: men who fail and will not admit it; men who fail and are disheartened; and men who fail and are encouraged. Mr. Mott's great effort was on the "Price of Leadership," which is thoroughness, study, intensity, steadfastness, reality, self-denial and service. Dr. Beach gave a very inspiring address from the text, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." He illustrated his points by numerous references to his experiences and observations in China, where he has been engaged for the greater part of his life in mission work.

The subject of Missions received special emphasis. Classes were organized to study both Home and Foreign Missions. There was a time when the college student had a very narrow conception of missions, but through the influence of the World's Student Christian Federation young people in our colleges are becoming enlightened on the subject and are giving their lives to the needy fields. The mission boards look to the colleges for workers, and the colleges must look to the Christian Associations. Thus we see that the Association is the great feeder of the mission fields. The Student Volunteer Movement was ably represented by Mr. W. B. Pettus, traveling secretary of the movement.

If there was one line of work which was emphasized more than any other, it was Bible Study. Mr. Thornton B. Penfield, of New York, had the supervision of this work. He used the system of group classes and student leaders, of which he is pioneer. Only six men were in a class. The importance of having students for leaders was emphasized, because a student can get a better hold of his fellow-student than the professor. This plan is being followed largely throughout the United States. Particular attention was given to the Morning Watch. Students were urged to give the first thirty minutes of the day to devotional study of the Bible.

Every evening at seven o'clock the entire conference would assemble on the mountain side and listen to a life-work address. Such men as Dr. Beach and Mr. Speer and other men of experience spoke to us on the importance of deciding right for a life-work. A young man should not look for lucrative and prominent positions, but for places where he can be of the greatest service to humanity. The claims of the Y. M. C. A. Secretaryship, of the mission field and of the ministry were presented.

More time and effort were given to ministerial students than in previous conferences. All candidates for the ministry were brought together in an institute with Dr. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt University, as the instructor. Such questions as the nature of a call to the ministry, the dangers that beset theological students, and the work of the ministry in the world were discussed. By a system of questions Dr. Brown discovered the fact that a large per cent. of ministerial students are coming from the rural districts and from ordinary homes. Out of the fifty candidates for the ministry only four had parents whose annual income was over \$2,500. Dr. Brown said that one of the greatest problems of the day is to get young men in the cities and from the more wealthy homes into active Christian work. Dr. Tomp

kins gave a very interesting address on the ministry. He said that a young man should not ask himself why he should enter the ministry, but why he should not enter the ministry.

Great credit should be given to Mr. W. D. Weatherford who had charge of the conference and whose efforts are largely responsible for its success. Other important leaders were Mr. A. J. Elliott, of Brooklyn, who had charge of the Personal Worker's class; Mr. C. L. Gates, of Atlanta, who conducted an institute on city problems; and Mr. H. P. Anderson, who assisted Mr. Weatherford in the general supervision of the conference.

But it would seem that the thing of greatest concern to the readers of these pages would be: how are we putting the conference into practice here at Guilford? We realize that our responsibility is greater, and we think that we have been more effective in the opening of the term than previously. By special arrangement five boys who went to Asheville returned to the college on Saturday before school opened. On Monday and Tuesday we met the new students at the station and gave them hand-books and cards extending an invitation to our meetings. Around the college we endeavored to be as helpful as we could to the new students who were seeking information about various things.

Our first meeting was a decided success. Mr. J. Waldo Woody, of the class of 1901, was present and spoke to us on "Decision." Again, in our second meeting, which was a joint meeting of the two Associations, Mr. Woody addressed us on the subject of mission study. The meeting was a very great success, as is evidenced by the fact that nearly sixty men were enrolled in mission study classes.

Our plans for the future are more extensive than ever. On the evenings of Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st we expect Mr. Chas. Ross, of Asheboro, to make two addresses before the Association, and on Oct. 18th the Bible Study Institute will



be held here. Delegates are expected from Davidson, Oak Ridge, Catawba and other colleges and schools in this part of the State.

All we ask of our friends both here and elsewhere is that they will cooperate with us in our efforts to build up young men of strong Christian character.

E. J. COLTRANE.

## Y. W. C. A.

### THE ASHEVILLE CONFERENCE.

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The eleventh Southern Conference of the Young Women's Christian Associations was held this year at Kenilworth Inn, Asheville, N. C., June 9-20. At this conference were assembled more than three hundred and sixty delegates and friends representing the city and student associations of the Gulf States, the Carolinas, the Virginias, Kentucky and Tennessee, making it the largest conference yet held in our Southern territory. Mrs. H. C. Tillman, of Chicago, presided over the conference, Miss Emma Hays had charge of the City Home each day, while Miss Frances Bridges, member of the American Committee, conducted the Student Conference. The work of the seven standing committees of the Y. W. C. A. was discussed, emphasizing those points about which there seemed to be the most general desire for information. The chief note sounded by Miss Bridges was to raise the standard of our work; also, that better organization should be effected along with the rapid extension of the work, it having increased five fold within the past three years.

There were two Bible classes in which were enrolled almost the entire membership of the conference, one of these was taught by Prof. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt University, the other by Miss May Blodgett, of Detroit. Three mission study classes were taught each morning of the conference. A large proportion of those in attendance were enrolled in some one of these classes. The Student Volunteer Movement was represented by Harlan P. Beach, a medical missionary who has been on the field for a number of years. Our foreign association work was presented by Mrs. Thos. S. Gladding, member of the World Committee.

The morning and evening platform speakers were the Rev.

Egbert Smith, D. D., of Greensboro, N. C., Rev. Len G. Broughton, of Atlanta, Ga., Prof. Brown, of Nashville, Tenn., Rev. W. K. Lambeth and Mr. Robert E. Speer, of New York. The trend of the thought of these speakers as well as of the leaders of the conference, was the importance, the privilege and the duty of prayer on the part of students as members of Christian Associations. The gospel meeting held on the last Sunday and led by Miss Bridges marked the culmination of influences; stirred by the earnest pleas made by speakers and friends, a considerable number made the decision, choosing henceforth to let Christ rule their hearts and lives. A large and enthusiastic gathering, strong platform work, able and helpful Bible teaching, and the marked daily manifestation of the presence of God made this conference a time of refreshment and strength to every member present. On coming down from the mount, each girl had a clearer conception of the work of the Y. W. C. A. and a keener sense of the nobility along with the greater importance and responsibility of Christian service. Each one returned to her home association better fitted for carrying out the spirit of the conference text found in John 1:41: "He first findeth his own brother \* \* and he brought him to Jesus."

ANNIE LOIS HENLEY.

## Locals and Personals

ALVAH E. LINDLEY, '08 } EDITORS.  
ANNIE LOIS HENLEY, '07 }

Enrollment 208—and still they come.

Have you joined the sight-singing class?

Ask Prof. White how he likes automobiles.

The Mission Study Rally under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was held on the evening of the 14th. As a result a large number of students were enrolled in mission study.

Prof. R. J. Davis delivered the first of the faculty lectures on the evening of the 16th. His subject, "The Outlook in the Far East."

Mr. O. V. Woosley, of the class of '05, has taken charge of the High School at Pleasant Garden, N. C.

Miss Iro Trueblood, graduate of Earlham College, has succeeded Prof. Binford, who, on leave of absence, is taking a special course at Chicago University.

Prof. of History—How many States in the Union?

L. Hobbs, Jr.—Fifty-two.

We are glad to note the return of Linnie Shamburger, who was called away from school on account of her brother's illness.

J. O. Fitzgerald, Jr., '05, has entered the University of North Carolina.

The college regrets very much to lose the services of Prof. R. N. Wilson, who has taught for seven years and for the last two years has been the able and esteemed governor. He left on the 25th for Harvard University, where he will pursue advanced work in Physics and Chemistry. We wish him a successful and prosperous year.

The semi-annual reception given by the Christian Associations was held on the lawn Saturday evening, Sept. 9th. After a few interesting remarks made by the presidents of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., President Hobbs gave a cordial welcome to all new students, after which refreshments were served.

✓ We are sorry to learn that Mary Holmes, '05, is in poor health. THE COLLEGIAN wishes her a speedy recovery in order that she may enjoy her well-earned year at Bryn Mawr.

Haynes—Have you solved that problem yet?

White—What problem?

H.—Miss Louise's problem—How to keep you away from the girls.

✓ *reference*  
C. H. Whitlock, '05, has accepted the position of principal of Lewisville Academy, Lewisville, N. C.

Guilford will be represented in the Intercollegiate Contest at Raleigh, Oct. 20th.

Saza Peck visited friends at the College recently.

✓ Annie K. Blair, who has been a member of the faculty for the past three years, and W. W. Allen, Jr., connected with a prominent bank in Camden, N. J., were married June 22nd. THE COLLEGIAN wishes them much happiness.

✓ We are glad to learn of the improvement of E. P. *Ernest* Dixon, '04, who has had a serious attack of typhoid fever.

✓ Henryanna Hackney, formerly a member of the Faculty, and David White, a prominent business man of Greensboro, both members of the Alumni, were married September 6th. THE COLLEGIAN wishes them much happiness.

Why does Miss Roberson wear mourning?

✓ J. Waldo Woody, '01, who spent a few days with his parents at the beginning of the term, is at Princeton for further training in ministerial work.

Teacher in English—Give me a word expressing feeling.

S—— “Way down in my heart I have a feeling for you.”

We are glad to note the marked improvement in the line of tennis. Under the management of Prof. Wilson and D. H. Couch a number of courts have been well fitted for both boys and girls. All students are encouraged to take part in this phase of athletics.

✓ R. Ernest Lewis, '05, is filling a position as assistant Y. M. C. A. Secretary in New York City. THE COLLEGIAN wishes him much success.

Girls in the rain—

Boys so polite

Umbrellas bring—

Girls take to flight—

Boys in a plight.

For particulars ask Anderson and Morehead.

## Athletics.

### TENNIS.

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The outlook for tennis this year is very encouraging. During the summer the courts have been improved and back nets put up. At present we have four first-class courts with back nets and expect to make one or two more. At this writing we are holding a tournament in singles among the home students. In this we expect to give prizes. These tournaments are for the purpose of encouraging the game and to enable us to pick out a team to represent us in inter-collegiate matches.

It is our purpose to make tennis count for more this year than it ever has. It will be the only game in which we shall have matches with other colleges until basket ball comes on, as we are not playing foot ball this fall. Games are being arranged with other colleges and we hope to be able to publish a good schedule in our next issue.



# Directory.

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## Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, *President.*

GEO. W. WHITE, *Treasurer.*

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## Literary Societies.

### PHILAGOREAN.

Elsie White, *Pres.*

Lucy White, *Sec.*

Kitty John, *Mar.*

### HENRY CLAY.

D. D. Carroll, *Pres.*

T. C. Hinkle, *Sec.*

G. C. Haynes, *Mar.*

---

### WEBSTERIAN.

D. H. Couch, *Pres.*

E. J. Coltrane, *Sec.*

John Anderson, *Mar.*

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## Young Men's Christian Association.

E. J. Coltrane, *Pres.*

R. A. Ricks, *Sec.*

---

## Young Women's Christian Association.

Annie L. Henley, *Pres.*

Frances Marshall, *Sec.*

---

## Athletic Association.

R. C. Lindsay, *Pres.*

T. C. Hinkle, *Sec.*

D. D. Carroll, *Base Ball Mgr.*

R. C. Lindsay, *Foot Ball Mgr.*

D. H. Couch, *Tennis Mgr.*

C. E. Rabb, *Track Mgr.*

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## Classes.

### SENIOR CLASS.

R. C. Lindsay, *Pres.*

Gertrude Wilson, *Sec.*

Jos. M. Purdie, *Mar.*

### SOPHOMORE.

J. L. Becton, *Pres.*

Annie Holland, *Sec.*

D. M. Petty, *Mar.*

### JUNIOR CLASS.

A. W. Hobbs, *Pres.*

Annie L. Henley, *Sec.*

### FRESHMAN.

J. E. White, *Pres.*

Dore Korner, *Sec.*

E. E. White, *Mar.*

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VOL. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

NO. 2

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## A MARTYR.

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"Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?  
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,  
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:  
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;  
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

—*Browning.*

"Where are the prophets of the soul? Where dwells the sacred clan?  
Ah, they live in fields and cities, yea wherever dwells a man."

—*Foss.*

It was 2305 years ago. The fruits of passion and sophistry were ripening in ancient Greece. Doubt and corrupt practices were undermining society. The epoch called for a man of undaunted courage and definite ideas—a man of great genius and unclouded character, who should arise to sound the clarion of salvation. It was necessary that a reformer should turn the eyes of men toward God and the life beyond. This reformer, this man, was Socrates.

Pericles, the greatest Athenian statesman, was engaged in public affairs. Aeschylus, an Athenian soldier and poet who fought in the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, died when Socrates was about fifteen years old. Sophocles and Euripides, celebrated tragic poets, were flourishing. The latter even studied ethics under Socrates. Athens was the most splendid of Grecian cities. Socrates saw the proud city in the height of her illustriousness and lived to see her fall.

In the midst of such men and such glory Socrates was trained to play an immortal part in the history of the ages. At first his mind began to run in the deeply cut channel of

the pre-Socratic philosophers who had given their time to Physics and Metaphysics. They had endeavored to solve the problems of the Universe. They had found such principles as Air, Fire and Water to be sufficient to explain the mysteries of the Cosmos. Why things existed and why they came to decay were their great themes. Mathematics, Astronomy and Advanced Geometry were the whetstones for their brains. In these subjects Socrates found himself somewhat unsatisfied, for those philosophers could not give a good answer to such a question as: "Why is anything said to be just, or right, or good?" At this stage of his cloudy thinking he heard as it were "a sound of gentle stillness." "God has commanded me," he says, "to examine men in oracles, and in dreams, and in every way in which His will was ever declared to man. \* \* \* I cannot hold my peace, for that would be to disobey God."

As a man among men he began to study human nature. In Phaedrus he says: "In the city I can learn from men." He began to examine those who were reputed to be wise. Of one of these he says: "When I conversed with him I came to see that, though a great many persons, and most of all he himself, thought that he was wise, yet he was not wise. And I tried to prove to him that he was not wise, though he fancied that he was." His greatest knowledge was that he knew that he was not wise, and wherever he went he tried to show men their ignorance ere he would begin to force, as it were, the germ of investigation from their minds. He conversed with old and young, rich and poor, and he accommodated himself to any inquiry, no matter how mean the source. Thus we may say that he was "the friend of publicans and sinners." In his Apology he says: "But, oh! men, it is likely, in fact, that God is wise; and that in the oracle he meant this, that human wisdom is worth little or nothing. It seems as if he would say that he among you, oh! men, is the wisest who just like Socrates (to add my name, making

me an example) is in truth worth nothing in respect to wisdom." About 400 years after this a citizen of Tarsus said: "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise."

As a citizen Socrates played a very important part, altho "the voice" many times checked him in civil undertakings. He was at one time a senator. While he held this position he was determined to do that which he considered right. In his *Apology* he refers to a time when the thirty tyrants wished to try in a body the ten generals who had neglected to rescue their men after the battle of Arginusae. Such trial was illegal. "I alone of all the presidents opposed to do anything contrary to the law." On another occasion he said: "Oh! Athenian men, I shall embrace and kiss you, but I shall obey God rather than you, and as long as I breathe and have strength, I shall not cease from philosophy and from exhorting you, and declaring the truth to whomsoever of you I happen to meet." Some 400 years afterwards a Jewish fisherman answered the authorities of his nation with similar words: "We ought to obey God rather than men." From these strokes of the character of Socrates we can imagine his activity in battles. He fought against Polidaea, an Athenian dependency which had revolted about 432. At Delium, where the Athenians were defeated by the Boeotians in 424 B. C., he showed his loyalty to the state. Again in Amphipolis, when the Athenians drove out the Edonians in 437, he fought bravely against the Peloponnesian forces. In these battles as a common soldier he was found stronger than anyone else in his power of enduring hunger, thirst and the bitter Thracian winters. He wore the same kind of clothes all the year round and thus he was better accustomed to the changes of the weather.

About the time when he was acting so courageously in behalf of his country, Aristophanes in the comedy, the *Clouds*, was holding the noble man up to hatred, contempt and ridi-



cule. The play had the desired effect, and the once famous man began to lose the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Three bitter enemies had arisen against him: Meletus, Anytus and Lyco. It seems that Socrates had offended Meletus's poetic nature; Anytus doubtless had a political grudge against him; and Lyco being a demagogue was perhaps also hurt. Socrates, nevertheless, was fearless in his defense against their two-fold accusation: corrupting the Athenian youths, and introducing new divinities into the city.

With an undaunted spirit, however, and without appealing to the passions of the judges, Socrates accepted the challenge of his enemies and boldly made his defense.

Socrates was persuaded that God had given him a special religious work. To do this he bent the powers of his great intellectual originality. His subject was new; his method was unique. From his great mind we get the clearest arguments for the existence of the soul and of its immortality. His ideas on this subject are far ahead of anything the Jews had brought forward up to that time. His business, then, he considered to be to go about teaching these great truths and trying to uplift the youth of Athens. Altho he had not been reared in the atmosphere of Elijah's Jehovah, yet he was guided in his actions by "a still small voice." This voice came to him when he was about to do a wrong act and hindered him. Thus he says to those who had voted in his favor: "The accustomed voice of the spirit has always been very active in all former time even in opposing very small matters if I were about to do something not rightly. \* \* \* But neither on coming up from home this morning did the voice oppose me, nor coming up here into the Court, nor in the speech when about to say anything. However, at other times it has often checked me in the midst of my speaking." Therefore, "It is likely that this thing that has happened to me is a good."

Seeing that the accusation against him had passed and

that the verdict of guilty would not be removed, he revelled in the thought that if death was a journey to another place, he might soon see the true judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Aeacus and Triptolemus, and converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer. "I am willing to die many times, if this be true." He argues that no evil can happen to a man, either in life or in death. Four hundred years before Christ the forgiving spirit swells this noble heart. "I am hardly angry with those who voted against me and with my accusers. However, it was not with this intention that they accused me and condemned me to die, but thinking to do me an injury." Like Stephen, his soul holds no gall which he would offer to his enemies. With the deepest pathos he closes his defence: "But now the hour has come; for me to die, and you to live. Which fortune is the better is not plain to anyone but to God only."

The lot of Socrates was that of prophets and reformers. He was a martyr to the narrowness of the times. Such a man is like seed cast into stony ground. And yet we may say with Phillips Brooks: "God wastes no history. In every age and every land He is working for the elucidation of some moral truth, some riper culture for the character of man."

JOS. M. PURDIE, '06.

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### A MOONLIGHT ESCAPE.

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"What a good thing it is that one of the Everett twins is a boy, and the other a girl, for if they both were boys or girls, we never should be able to tell them apart. Why, even their voices are alike," exclaimed the school-mates of Agnes and Tom, after their entry into college.

Their dispositions were alike too easy-going, in for all the fun and standing up for each other through thick and thin, no matter at what cost.

Knowing only too well their dispositions the fond mother at home felt great anxiety for her only two, and only reconciled herself to the thought of their going, on the promise of an aunt who lived in the neighborhood to look after their welfare.

The first semester passed with its usual round of work and fun. Agnes had firmly established herself as a favorite among the girls, for her ready wit and general good nature added pleasure to any gathering. Tom, too, had gained many friends by the same qualities that made Agnes liked. "To be sure he is a flirt," they said. "But any one will flirt with Maude Saxon, for she lives only a mile away and certainly will feed you on cake."

One day Tom stopped Agnes in the parlor with a mournful face. "Agnes," he said, "I am strictly into it and you must help me."

Of course she said she would.

"Well, it's this way," he replied. "You know I have been putting off writing my thesis, and now that bald-headed professor says I must have it tomorrow or flunk. That means burning the midnight oil for me. I had a date with Maude Saxon for tonight, and if you'll get this note to her I'll owe you lasting gratitude, ma'am," with a mock courtesy.

"I don't"—Agnes began.

"I know you don't like her, Ag., and if you'll do this for me I won't go with her any more, but you know my weakness for cake."

"I'll do my best," Agnes said as she left him, and her demure smile didn't betray the thought that was forming in her ever-scheming brain. Slowly she climbed the stairs, but when she shut her door she grabbed her amazed roommate by the waist and danced the length of the room.

"You didn't know I was born to do great things, did you, Marie?" Agnes asked with mock dignity. "Well, wait until you find out what a scheme has evolved itself in this top-

knot of mine, and ever afterward you will prostrate yourself full-length at the mention of my name."

"Well, suppose you relieve a body's anxiety," returned Marie, recovering from the shock.

"Ask no questions now, but do as I tell you, and tomorrow you shall know all. You know that suit of Tom's I brought? Well, fish it out of the bottom of my trunk while I get my suit case. Now, I want to borrow your little black tie and a linen collar."

Hastily cramming these things into the suit case, Agnes left Marie wondering if her room-mate was planning a trip to the moon, or if she was merely an escaped lunatic. Agnes approached the governess with no trace of mischief in her face. "May I spend the night with aunt Helen, Miss Black? Uncle Jack has gone and she's awfully lonesome."

"Why, certainly," returned that lady with dignity. "But why do you carry a suit-case when you are just going to spend the night?"

"She promised to have some shirt waist suits laundered for me," returned Agnes, neglecting to state, however, that they were still in her room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You'll know I'm here, Aunt Helen, and that will be company for you, but I've got just piles of studying I ought to do tonight," Agnes remarked to her aunt soon after supper.

"That's right, dearie, go right to the room and no one shall disturb you till morning," her aunt returned, thinking with pride of her industrious niece.

"If I only knew what to do with this mop of hair," Agnes said, as she surveyed her brother's counterpart in the mirror. "Well, now, that's like it," as an idea struck her. "With that stuck down my coat collar I guess Miss Saxon will never detect it. I wonder," she continued, "if it's very ill-mannered for a boy to sit on the front porch with his hat on. I think I'll try it, any way."



Stealthily she crept down, carrying her aunt's night key with her, and made her way to the home of Miss Saxon.

"I had begun to think you weren't coming, Mr. Everett," said a feminine voice in response to a bold knock on the front door.

"Do come in."

"No, thank you," Agnes replied, "let's sit out here; it's such lovely moonlight."

"Why, I thought you didn't like moonlight nights," Maude replied.

"Well," Agnes said, hurriedly, "it is so pretty tonight I'm about to change my mind."

"Take it," she said to herself, "I had forgotten Tom didn't like moonlight nights."

"Excuse me, Mr. Everett, and I will get you some cake," said Maude, disappearing into the open door.

"Thank my lucky stars, I know Tom likes cake of any sort, kind or description," mused Agnes, "but aside from that I don't know what I can say, for—"

Her reverie was cut short by the appearance of the young lady, bearing a huge plate of cake.

"Now, you must eat it every bit, Mr. Everett," Maude insisted, "for that was part of the bargain, you know."

"This is getting serious," thought Agnes, dutifully beginning; "good thing I have pockets. Wonder what the other part of the bargain is."

Feeling her way Agnes began, "And when is your part of the bargain to be fulfilled, Miss Saxon?"

A look of astonishment greeted her. "Well, if you haven't a memory—I have fulfilled my part."

"Worse still," groaned Agnes to herself. Aloud she said, "Well, this is the best cake I ever ate."

"The last time you were here," returned Maude, "you said o one could quite equal your sister in making cake. I'm

glad I have improved, although it didn't seem near as nice as the last one to me."

"Well-er-er—isn't that moon a beauty though—believe I shall like moonlight nights sometime."

"So glad you will—I was afraid you never would," returned the young lady.

"What shall I say next?" groaned Agnes to herself; then a thought struck her.

"Say-er-Miss Saxon, I can't stay long tonight—some unexpected work to do, and I thought I would ask you if you wouldn't go to the ball game tomorrow."

"I thought you were going to town on important business."

"I found I could postpone it," Agnes replied.

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Everett, but I have another date."

"Good thing I happened to know she had one," Agnes murmured to herself. Then bowing herself off she said, "Well, I guess I'll go on to town tomorrow as I can't be with you."

Walking along the road she mused: "Well, if the gods weren't propitious to send May Walton out to spend the day with me tomorrow! Now I understand why Tom was so loathe to promise to take her to the game—it will place him in a bad light with Maude, but that's what I've done so much manoeuvring for. If Maude don't get mad when she sees him with May, she hasn't as much sense as I give her credit for having, and goodness knows that's not much. If things work out as I think they will, I guess I've settled Tom's hash with her. She'll think he's a changeable specimen of humanity, but 'nobody keers' what she thinks—the mess."

Perhaps the ball game was not so especially interesting to an outsider, but it afforded Agnes Everett a good deal of amusement. When Maude rode up with Karl Huntington, affairs began to be interesting to the fair observer. Tom,



busily chatting to the girl at his side, noticed Maude's arrival, and bowed in his usual jocular manner, but a haughty nod was the only recognition he received.

As it happened, the only vacant seats were near Agnes, and these were soon appropriated by the newcomers.

"There is fire in your eyes all of a sudden, Miss Saxon," said Mr. Huntington, not understanding the sudden change in her manner.

"Well, if Tom Everett isn't the biggest 'it' I ever saw," exploded the young lady; "pretended he was crazy to take me to this game, but had to go to town. Last night he asked to take me, saying he could postpone his urgent business. When I informed him that I had an engagement, he decided to go to town, and now he appears with May Walton. I'll fix his Lordship. I don't care to have anything to do with one so changeable. I'm afraid he might suddenly decide he wanted to go 'possum hunting sometime and leave me sitting in the middle of the road."

"That suits me just fine," returned her companion, "but you had better modulate your voice as Miss Agnes is right back of you."

"I hope she'll tell him," Maude rejoined, "and add anything she pleases."

"Whew! but the old lady was mad some," Agnes confided to Marie that night; "affairs couldn't have worked better, and now that I have a cold indifference on her part, and a promise on his not to have anything more to do with her, I'm going to retire into my shell, Marie, and not interfere with Tom's affairs any more until I judge he needs some sisterly advice. It's really better than an open fuss, for that might get me into it."

WINONA.

WHEN WASHINGTON WAS PRESIDENT.

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On the afternoon of the 27th of August, 1789, George Washington gave a dinner to certain of the government officials and a few others, one of whom, Senator Maclay, of Pennsylvania, wrote this account in his diary:

"Senate adjourned early. At a little after four I called on Mr. Bassett, of the Delaware State. We went to the President's for dinner. The President and Mrs. Washington sat opposite each other in the middle of the table. It was a great dinner, and the best of the kind I ever was at. The room, however, was disagreeably warm.

"First was the soup; fish, roasted and boiled; meats, gammon, fowls, etc. This was the dinner. The middle of the table was garnished in the usual way, with small images, flowers (artificial), etc. The dessert was, first, apple pies, pudding, etc.: then iced creams, jellies, etc.; then water-melons, musk-melons, apples, peaches, nuts.

"It was the most solemn dinner ever I sat at. Not a health drunk; scarce a word said until the cloth was taken away. Then the President, filling a glass of wine, with great formality, drank to the health of every individual by name round the table. Everybody imitated him, charged glasses, and such a buzz of 'health, sir,' and 'health, madam,' and 'thank you, sir,' and 'thank you, madam,' never had I heard before. Indeed, I had like to have been thrown out in the hurry; but I got a little wine in my glass, and passed the ceremony. The ladies sat a good while and the bottles passed about; but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies.

"I expected the men would now begin, but the same stillness remained. The President told of a New England clergyman who had lost a hat and wig in passing a river called the Brunks. He smiled, and everybody else laughed. He

now and then said a sentence or two on some common subject, and what he said was not amiss. The President kept a fork in his hand, when the cloth was taken away, I thought for the purpose of picking nuts. He ate no nuts, however, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it. We did not sit long after the ladies retired. The President rose and went upstairs to drink coffee; the company followed. I took my hat and came home."

On another occasion the Senator wrote:

"Dined with the President of the United States. It was a dinner of dignity. All the Senators were present, and the Vice-President. The President seemed to bear in his countenance a settled aspect of melancholy. No cheering ray of convivial sunshine broke through the cloudy gloom of settled seriousness. At every interval of eating or drinking he played on the table with a fork or knife, like a drumstick. Next to him, on his right, sat Bonnie Johnny Adams, ever and anon mantling his visage with the most unmeaning simper that ever dimpled the face of folly."

"Bonny Johnny Adams!" And shall we, then, speak of "Bonny Charley Fairbanks?"

Like Lincoln, Washington seems seldom to have been mirthful. Both men, nevertheless, sought relief from official cares in the scenes of the playhouse. Of one such evening Maclay notes:

"I received a ticket from the President of the United States to use his box this evening at the theatre, being the first of his appearance at the playhouse since his entering on his office. Went. The President, Governor of the State, foreign ministers, Senators from New Hampshire, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina, and some ladies in the same box. I am old, and notices or attentions are lost on me. I could have wished some of my dear children in my place; they are young and would have enjoyed it. Long might they live to boast of having been seated in the

same box with the first Character in the world. The play was the 'School for Scandal.' The house was greatly crowded, and I thought the players acted well; but I wish we had seen the 'Conscious Lovers,' or some one that inculcated more prudential manners."

Despite Washington's perfect dignity, he was ill at ease in addressing a public assembly. Maclay was an eye witness of his first inauguration, of which he writes:

"As the company returned into the Senate chamber, the President took the chair and the Senators and Representatives their seats. He arose, and all rose also, and addressed them. This great man was agitated and embarrassed more than ever he was by the leveled cannon or pointed musket. He trembled, and several times could scarce make out to read, though it must be supposed he had often read it before." At one point he "put part of the fingers of his left hand" into his side pocket, at the same time changing the paper to his right hand. "After some time he then did the same with some of the fingers of his right hand. When he came to the words *all the world*, he made a flourish with his right hand, which left rather an ungainly impression. I sincerely, for my part, wished all set ceremony in the hands of the dancing masters, and that this first of men had read off his address in the plainest manner, without even taking his eyes from the paper, for I felt hurt that he was not first in everything. He was dressed in deep brown, with metal buttons, with an eagle on them, white stockings, a bag and sword."

In 1790 the capital was removed from New York, where Washington had been inaugurated the preceding year; to Philadelphia, where it was to remain for a decade. What one man thought of the city at that time is sufficiently shown in these words of Maclay:

"And now, at last, we have taken leave of New York. It is natural to look at the prospect before me. The citizens of



Philadelphia (such is the strange infatuation of self-love) believe that ten years is eternity to them with respect to the residence, and that Congress will in that time be so enamored of them as never to leave them; and all this with the recent example of New York before their eyes, whose allurements are more than ten to two compared to Philadelphia. To tell the truth, I know no such unsocial city as Philadelphia. The gloomy severity of the Quakers has proscribed all fashionable dress and amusement. Denying themselves these enjoyments, they, as much as in them lies, endeavor to deprive others of them also; while at the same time there are not in the world more scornful or insolent characters than the wealthy among them."

Nor does the amiable Senator scruple to mention in his diary the names of some of these "insolent" Philadelphians. Rather harsh words about the leading city of his own State as well as of the nation!

We are not surprised to find him looking forward with eagerness to the end of his term. Here are the words with which, on the 3rd of March, 1791, he leaves the turmoil of the Senate for the seclusion of his Harrisburg farm:

"They all agreed at last that the business was done. The President left the chair and the members scampered down stairs. I stayed a moment to pack up my papers. Dalton alone came to me, and said he supposed we two would not see each other soon. We exchanged wishes for mutual welfare. As I left the Hall, I gave it a look with that kind of satisfaction which a man feels on leaving a place where he has been ill at ease, being fully satisfied that many a culprit has served two years at the wheelbarrow without feeling half the pain and mortification that I experienced in my honorable station."

ROYAL J. DAVIS.

## BROKEN IDOLS.

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“Right and proper I expect,  
Old times can’t come back again.”

The man turned his head wearily on the pillow and asked the nurse to please not read any more as he was sleepy.

Quickly she laid the book aside and attended to his wants. Soon the sleep of childhood had this once strong form in its embrace, leaving the nurse of hazel eyes and tender touch for a few moments unoccupied. For ten long weeks she had kept watch by his side in a sunny old Southern city. Day after day she had kept her sleepless vigil as his life hung on the balance. The fates were merciful and now her duty had changed from watching to that of amusing the sufferer during his waking hours.

Today she had thought to bring the scenes of earlier days to his mind by reading some of Riley’s child-rhymes, only now to find her patient asleep and herself the victim of memory of by-gone times, with this couplet of the interrupted poem haunting the deserted chambers of her heart.

Just five years ago tonight she had stood on the rose embowered balcony of the old home in Alabama talking very firmly and seriously to Thornton De Vere, the playmate of happy days and more recently her importunate suitor. Very vividly the scene came into her mind again. She could see him as the color heightened in his fair, fine-chiseled face when he said in desperate, half-despairing tones, “Then, you will persist in that odious profession way of thinking instead of becoming a happy home-maker as our mothers and other Southern belles have done?”

“Yes, I think every woman should be self-supporting and I am speaking for one who means to be. You must remember we have had different environments and new fields



opened to us since our parents were young," she spiritedly replied.

"More's the pity, too, if it makes you false to feminine ideals and discontented seekers for a semi-independence. Why will you go to a hospital and work as a slave for those who have not the shadow of a claim on you? And—you might make me so happy. I should hate you in a nurse's uniform."

"Hate if you like, but you shan't blight my chosen career by your selfish whims," she hotly retorted.

True to the rules, she had the last word, for she sped into the room immediately, leaving him standing dejectedly outside. Only for a moment, however, did he linger. Then he turned down the long walk to the roadway with a heavy heart. For him the beautiful night was but a mockery and the balmy south-winds burned his heated brow.

The following day she came away to the hospital to begin training. Here for four years she had studied eagerly and had graduated with honors. Her charming personality and ability had secured her a permanent position in the hospital. She was what the world calls successful. Those whom she had nursed back to health were sure that hers was the life of a ministering angel.

All this she had gained but was not happy. Could that lack in her heart be thus satisfied? Was fame or a love for humanity the incentive?

Her reverie was broken by the demands of the waking patient. She was doubly dutiful, and made everything as comfortable as only a woman can. Noticing that she was rather subdued, he inquired, "Miss Hunter, why are you so quiet?"

Evasively she returned, "I did not know I was, but I have been thinking of home while you slept."

"Then tell me about it, please," he begged.

Just then the maid came to the door with a card which she

handed to Miss Hunter with the words, "He is waiting below."

"I shall get some one to come to you for a few moments," she said to the sick one, who noted her quick movements and apparent nervousness, but responded, "Very well; don't stay long. I miss you so much."

One hasty glance at the card had set her wondering how such a thing could happen in real, every-day life, but there was no time for thinking now; she must not keep him waiting longer. She rearranged her snowy cap on the refractory brown curls and went down to the parlors.

"Mr. De Vere," she said, "I hardly know whether I am pleased to see you or not as I am clad in the garb to you so hideous."

He had planned to say that she looked lovelier to him than any other woman, but her cold hauteur evoked, "I was on business in the city and thought I would call in to see how you were advancing in the profession."

"I hope your curiosity is satisfied and that life has been equally as fair toward you. I have a very sick patient who needs me and I must go."

He fired the parting shot this time: "Good-bye. I do hate you in that uniform. I knew I should."

Back at her duty she informed the wan fellow who was watching her intently that it was only a business call, but he saw her wipe away a tear as she read the crumpled bit of paper she held in her hand—a note as he supposed, but in reality a bit of verse she had copied from a newspaper a few days after that night of parting:

"Winds that come with the breath of June,  
Clover-scented and deep with dew,  
Waters that murmur liquid croon,  
Singing of youth and hope to you:  
Wistful eyes that as magnets drew,  
How you treasured their long-lashed glance,  
Tang of rosemary—hint of rue;  
These are the idols of lost romance."

Before she had fully composed herself, the maid reappeared and called her to the telephone. She took down the receiver.

"Hello!"

"Is that Bess? Say, I can't go away without seeing you again. Please go out to your aunt's. I must see you."

"Yes, I'll try to. Good-bye."

And as she hung the receiver up, she felt as if she had met the enemy on a little more than half-way ground.

She readily excused herself and caught the outgoing car to her aunt's home in the suburbs. As she neared the country, the old life rose anew in all its fresh sweetness.

The wise auntie saw that some trouble was brewing when both these young people, for so long enemies, came at the same time, so she quietly withdrew and let the peace treaty be drawn up by the opposing forces.

The mellow moonlight flooded the snowy cotton fields while the silvery songs of the mocking birds floated from the neighboring deep green magnolias. The negroes returning from their labors were chanting low sweet snatches of a mournful strain as these young folks sat on the balcony just as they had done in dear old Alabama five years before. But they are wiser children in Experience's school now and happier, too—for home-making is best of all at last and they are going to mend their broken idols.

# The Guilford Collegian.

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## Editorials.

The Collegian is very glad to learn that through the efforts of President Hobbs and others the conditions necessary to secure the gifts of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Pearsons amounting respectively to \$45,000 and \$25,000 have been complied with, and that since our last issue Guilford's endowment has been increased \$115,000. In addition to this the Harriet Green Memorial Fund has been increased to over \$11,000. This is even more encouraging since it comes at a time when we have more students than ever before in our history.

People talk as if the strenuous life were an invention of this century or a new style set by our President Roosevelt instead of a natural result of a purposeful life.

Those who work with an end in view find that they must not only advance by a new trail but must hew it out as they go. Such people are always in demand.

The notion is likely to creep upon us that literary productions thrive best in times of ease and luxurious rest. There is a pleasing contradiction to this idea in our own State now. While the Old North State is exerting every power to be in the forefront of industrial and educational progress, one of her brave daughters has seen fit to offer as an incentive to young writers a magnificent loving-cup. This has just been awarded for the first time to a noble son of Carolina who is not a recluse, but, on the contrary, one of the everyday world, who walks with men amidst the throng. Doubtless much of the present-day work is done under pressure, yet if it bears the stamp of worth it should be rated none the less precious. Carolina should be proud of her sons who toil as they spin the fabrics of their minds.

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A few weeks ago there appeared in one of the leading daily papers of our State an article written by a prominent athlete of a neighboring college reflecting upon the honesty and the methods of a certain branch of our athletics. The writer brought charges against us of which we are perfectly clear. Our record is open and will compare favorably with that of any college with whom we have athletic relations. Strange to say, the college which this gentleman represents, if we are correctly informed, employed methods exactly the same as those he lays at our door. We do not bring this as a charge but only to show that he, least of all, has the right to condemn us, and that unjustly. It is an old saying that "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," and it is especially applicable to college athletics. It is in



order for our "reform" friend "to sweep around his own door" before he attempts to condemn others. We do not intend by this protest to discourage those who are sincere in their endeavors to purify athletics, but only to show that it is high time for the colleges of North Carolina to deal more honestly with one another, and to refrain from bringing the charge of professionalism for the simple reason that they have been defeated. In dealing with this problem it would be well to cast first the beam out of your own eye before attempting to remove the mote from your brother's eye.

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The fact that the State oratorical contest was not held as proposed should be a source of regret to all of us who are interested in this phase of college effort in North Carolina. We are glad, however, to learn that this failure was not due to a lack of interest on the part of the colleges, but because very few knew of the contest in time to prepare for it. Guilford, we believe, was the only college that entered, and we would not have known of the contest if we had not happened to see a few lines about it in one of the daily papers last summer. This condition of affairs should not occur again. The question of oratorical contests is one of increasing interest to college men in most parts of the country. May North Carolina not be without a share in this movement, and let us hope that next year the contest may be established and looked forward to with great interest.



## Y. M. C. A.

According to the announcement in the last issue of THE COLLEGIAN Mr. Chas. Ross conducted the Bible Study Rally on the evening of September 30th. His subject was, "The Layman's Attitude to the Bible." After the address Miss Marguerite Cartland sang a solo, which added a great deal to the occasion, and the various courses were explained by the leaders. Following the meeting the committee on Bible Study made a systematic canvas of the student body, and we are glad to report that about sixty-five men were enrolled. This shows an increase of about 30 per cent. over last year's enrollment. Of course it is a very difficult matter to keep up the attendance, but by thorough committee organization we expect to do it.

Again, on the evening of October 1st Mr. Ross made an address on "The Layman's Attitude to the World." Both of his addresses were well prepared and contained material of vital interest to college students. This was Mr. Ross's first visit among us, and, judging from the approval that his remarks met among both the faculty and the students, he will be welcome again.

One of the greatest blessings that has come to our Association was the Bible Study Institute conducted by Mr. Kenneth C. McArthur of the International Committee. Delegates were present from Davidson, Catawba and Oak Ridge. The first session was devoted to a discussion of the work of the Bible Study Committee, the leaders of classes, the division of the class-hour, and other points of equal importance. The second meeting was addressed by Mr. McArthur, his subject being "Bible Study in American Colleges." He spoke

very rapidly and in a very attractive manner. A great many said that they had never heard so many good things in forty minutes. We feel much encouraged by having our friends with us, and we hope that the Institute suggestions may be put into practice in the very best way possible.

Our devotional meetings have been well attended, and increasing interest is manifested. The committee has had a neat topic card printed, and a great many copies have been tacked up in the dormitories. Recently we have had the following subjects presented: "Indecision—The Paralysis of Usefulness," by R. A. Ricks; "The Outreach of Influence," by D. H. Couch; and "Is the Christian Life Worth Living?" by Prof. C. O. Meredith. We are very much in need of an organ for our meetings. Sometime ago a movement was instituted to raise the necessary funds, and by the next issue we hope to report that the organ is in the hall.

We are pleased to know that a number of our members are working on Sunday afternoons in the Sunday-school and meeting at New Salem, which is situated about three miles west of the college. We have five candidates for the ministry and as many other young men who are willing and anxious to do such work. This is the first time in a number of years that we have had young men doing this kind of work, and it is a cause for great encouragement. May we of the Association continue to seize the opportunities before us.

## Y. W. C. A.

Since our last issue some work in the Y. W. C. A. has been accomplished and plans laid for further work. A large per cent. of the new girls have affiliated themselves with the Association and the prospects are good for a profitable year's work. After a joint Bible Study Rally of the Y. M. and the Y. W. C. A., a canvas by the Bible Study Committee was made which resulted in the enrollment of a large number of the girls in Bible classes. Two classes are organized; the one for the girls in the college classes is taught by Mrs. Mary Hobbs; in this class the Acts and the Epistles are studied. The class for preparatory students is taking "Studies of the Parables;" this class has student leaders. The mission class taught by Miss Edith Sharpless uses as a text book, "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom." Thirty are enrolled in mission study. We trust that each member of these classes will not fail to contribute her part to make them both interesting and profitable.

Our Association has been very much benefited by the services of the State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.—Miss Inez Kenney. By meeting each committee separately she purposed to come in contact with every individual member and to recommend plans by which their work could be better accomplished. Perhaps the most significant part of Miss Kenney's visit was the establishment of systematic giving. At a meeting held for this purpose, she pointed out the value, the duty and the need of systematic and proportionate giving. Cards were distributed on which was to be placed the amount given weekly for the support of Y. W. C. A. work. When the cards were collected they showed that about three-fourths of the members had taken the pledge to give systematically.

We expect to observe the World's Week of Prayer November 12-18 and we hope and trust that every member and friend of the Y. W. C. A. will be faithful to petition "Him who is faithful that promised" for the extension and the elevation of Christian womanhood the world around.

## Locals and Personals

ALVAH E. LINDLEY, '08 } EDITORS.  
ANNIE LOIS HENLEY, '07 }

Did you see Teddy?

Quite a number of the students attended the Central Carolina Fair at Greensboro.

A joint Bible Study Rally of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. was held on the evening of October 30th. The exercise was led by Chas. Ross, of Asheboro. Much interest was manifested and a large per cent. of the students were enrolled in Bible study.

✓ T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the Audubon Society of North Carolina, gave an interesting stereopticon lecture on "Bird Life" Saturday evening, October 14th.

For advice on riding with strangers ask Dick.

✓ Laura D. Worth, '92, has just finished the course at the Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte, N. C.

A tennis tournament between Wake Forest and Guilford was played here on the 14th. The match was very interesting and resulted in a score of three to one in Wake Forest's favor.

Prof. White (in Scripture)—What fable is found in the Bible?

Petty—Fable of the Sprouts.

Among the visitors at the college since the last issue of THE COLLEGIAN we note Miss Virginia Ragsdale, '92, Mr. Samuel Hodgkin, formerly a member of the faculty, Joseph Glaister, of England, Alice Cartland, Mrs. Lambertson and many others.

Much work is being done on the pond in order that it may be ready for skating when cold weather comes.

A Demorest contest was held in Memorial Hall October 7th.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees was held here September 27th.

Miss Inez Kenney, Y. W. C. A. Secretary of the Carolinas, recently spent a few days at the College.

Ask Miss Shamberger what book in the Bible is called the Decalogue.

An interesting lecture was given recently by Prof. Newlin, his subject being: "England and English Quakerism."

The student body extends their heart-felt sympathy to James T. Morehead who has a serious attack of hippo.

The annual Senior-Junior debate will be held November 18th, the Sophomore-Freshman debate December 2nd.

A collection of new books has been recently added to the library, also some new song books for use at collection.

THE COLLEGIAN extends sympathy to Prof. and Mrs. Newlin on account of the sudden death of her brother, Dr. Wilson, of Indianapolis.

Why has Whittington given up the idea of forming a Cotten trust?

— We are sorry to note the death of Mary Frazier, who was in college last year.

The postmaster has been compelled to call in assistance on account of the heavy mail bearing on the tariff question. For details ask the Juniors and Seniors.



President Hobbs has returned from an extended trip to the north in behalf of the college.

Can you guess why Becton's eyes are growing weak? Ask Lucy.

Haynes—Are you going to the social tonight?

Domanecker—No, I can't.

H.—Why?

D.—Oh, I can't be with her this time. You know Miss Louise has forbidden it.

It is reported that Prof. R. J. Davis is getting up quite a number of correspondents. If you have any back work, look out.

The following students have been duly elected as officers of Saturday school for fall term, 1905:

President—Kid Lambertson.

Vice-President—Wyatt McNairy.

Secretary—Miss Genevieve Farlow.

Marshal—Robert Simpson.

Look-out Committee—Prof. Meredith, Miss Louise.

Advisory Committee—Miss Sharpless, Miss Ada Blair.

## Exchanges.

The exchange editor is glad to note that the following College Magazines have been received and hopes the list will be longer another time: "*Red and White*," "*The Collegian*," "*The Websterian*," "*Brown Alumni Monthly*," "*The Comenian*," "*The Penn Chronicle*," "*The Haverfordian*," "*The Oak Leaf*." All of these papers are read with much interest and are always welcome.

"*The Red and White*" is to be congratulated upon having its first issue out so promptly, and being up to such a good standard. It gives promise of having a successful year. The story of "How it Happened" is a commendable one and is a credit to its author. The story, "Won From the Sea," also is worthy of comment. "The Forgotten Graduate" in "*The Collegian*" is worth anyone's time. It makes one stop a moment for meditation over his past life—whether a graduate or not.

The space given to "Topics of the Month," in the "*Brown Alumni Monthly*," is well used and doubtless the topics will be of much interest to the majority of the readers of the magazine.

"*The Westonian*," although it is deficient in long articles of a general type, nearly always has a number of short stories, some of which are instructive as well as interesting. Short stories from the student body are lacking in most of the college magazines and yet they are of prime importance; first because of the personal benefit the students derive from writing them, and second, because they add very much to the quality of the magazine.

Another thing lacking in the college magazines is poetry, the one thing for which every one should cultivate a fondness. Had Darwin, the great scientist, cultivated a love for poetry and the fine arts, he would not have been compelled to confess his loss of interest in one of the richest sources of human enjoyment and refinement.

# The Guilford Collegian.

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## ARABIC CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.

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For centuries there lived a people in the desert wilds of the Arabian Peninsula, very little known to the outside world. Divided into scattered tribes, each with its own religion and warring among themselves, they presented no united front to their enemies nor did they show much capacity for culture. Hedged in by the desert and the sea, they were almost unknown to history until the rise of their great prophet Mohammed. But the advent of this great leader changed the whole course of their activity and marks the beginning of an era of inestimable value to science and art.

By the influence of Mohammed and by the power of his new religion these scattered Semitic tribes were soon united into a powerful nation. Swayed by the power of religious enthusiasm, they set out with sword in hand to spread the new faith. Soon they had subdued Syria and Mesopotamia; Persia, even to distant India, fell into their hands and then Northern Africa and Southern and Western Europe became the seat of their operations. All this was done in less than a century and in 732 A. D., just one hundred and ten years after the establishment of the new faith, we see them disputing with Charles Martel in the battle of Tours the question whether Europe should be Mohammedan or Christian.

Their dominions now extended from India to Spain, but, more wonderful than all this, they had thrown off their former nomadic life, adopted a higher civilization and assumed sovereignty over cultivated people. They made Arabic the language of the conquered lands. Their eastern capital at Bagdad on the Euphrates lay midway between the two oldest and greatest centuries of scientific thought—India in the east and Greece

in the west. Thus they were peculiarly fitted to unite the two civilizations and preserve during the period of depression in the west all that was good in art and science in the countries over which they ruled. They did not introduce many things of their own invention but they had a remarkable faculty for discovering and employing all that was good in the inventions of others. Thus science passed from the Aryan to the Semitic races and thence back to the Aryan.

Their greatest fields were in astronomy and mathematics, but it was in the former that they showed their highest originality; they tented to make mathematics its servant. Astronomy was encouraged by certain of their religious observances, which made some practical knowledge of it necessary. As their dominions increased in extent, it became necessary for the astronomer to determine in certain localities which way the "Believer" should turn in order that he might pray with his face toward Mecca. These prayers, moreover, must take place at certain definite hours during the day and night, thus making a more exact knowledge of time necessary. The motions of the moon had to be studied in order that the Mohammedan feasts might come at the proper time and in addition to all these things they were led to this study by the Oriental superstition that unusual occurrences in the heavens, such as eclipses, influence the progress of human affairs.

For these reasons the Arabs made considerable progress in astronomy; many tables and instruments were devised and observatories erected. Throughout their whole scientific period they devoted much time to it and in this connection much of their mathematics was developed. Nearly all their mathematicians were astronomers.

Yet in the field of mathematics they made considerable progress and in it they have given us some valuable contributions, both as original productions and especially as collections and revisions of the works of others. Much of their mathematics came from India but they got a large part from the Greeks. Before the time of Mohammed the Arabs had no numerals; they wrote out their numbers in words. But as they extended their

conquests and took more races under their control, their financial affairs grew to such proportions that it became necessary to adopt a shorter method of computation. In some localities they adopted the numerals of the conquered nations. In Syria they used the Greek notations; in Egypt the Coptic; in some cases they abbreviated the numeral adjectives. After a time, however, they employed the twenty-eight letters of the Arabic alphabet for numerals. This in turn was finally superseded by Indian or Hindoo notation. We are accustomed to speak of our notation as being the invention of the Arabs, but this is not the case, for they borrowed it from the Hindoos. This fact, however, is no discredit to the Arab. To him is due as much credit for finding this method and revising and handing it on to us as if he himself had invented it.

About the year 825, valuable translations of arithmetic were made from the Indian by Hovarezmi and it was about this time that the same author produced a treatise on algebra. This is the first time that the term algebra is used. This science, however, did not come directly from the Hindoos nor was it entirely of Arabic origin; it seems to have been compiled in large measure from the Greek. Considerable work was done by the Arabs in trigonometry also and in higher algebra. In other lines of science as well they were very active, especially in medicine.

The Arabs showed a remarkable intellectual activity, which is even more striking when we remember that, only a few centuries before, they were ignorant barbarians wandering in the desert. In this time they had done a great work; knowledge had been collected and put into the most available form. During this period the nations of western Europe were developing out of scattered barbarian tribes and gradually rising to the place where they could receive from the hand of the Semite the priceless treasures of the Ancients which they had so carefully guarded.

D. H. COUCH.



BY FROWNING POPOCATEPETL.

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"I'm not afraid of this rolling, staggering world. Why should I be? There is lofty Popocatepetl in his glory; there are the deep and verdant vales below in their charming freshness, telling me that something mysterious rules these sites."

It was on one of those sultry afternoons in the month of August when the atmosphere seems to be laden with mystery, such as often attends earthquakes, that these words were spoken. After feeling a slight seismic movement, Juanita, a modest Mexic maiden whose thirteen summers had been spent in a cozy corner at the foot of the volcano, was trying to reassure her young friend Blas, who had come to pay her people a visit. Her candid features, her erect and decided body, clad in neat and simple array, were enough to inspire trust in his heart. But Blas, unaccustomed to what he thought such heavy earthquakes, showed signs of amazement, while Juanita manifested perfect tranquility in her countenance. And yet, she felt that inexpressible awe which everyone feels when the earth seems to slip from under him. There at the foot of Popocatepetl she had lived without a knowledge of the working-world about her. Her home was a small hut built of forked poles for corner posts, and upright sticks for a wall. It was covered with a thick palm roof which not only protected from the rain, but also turned the hot rays of tropical sunlight. A large image of the Virgin in one end of the room—for there was but one room in the hut—was neatly decorated, and before it a light was always kept burning. Here Juanita's life was a happy one by the side of her poor, but loving parents, who as yet had not been able to see after her education. Blas had just arrived from puebla. To him country life was slow and dreary—and yet he admired the scenery that now surrounded him. As he heard Juanita speak with such confidence about this moving world, he could not but think of his home and loved ones.

"Yes, Juanita, you are full of trust, I see; but do you know what mischief such an earthquake can do in a place like

Puebla? The houses would fall! Thousands would die! You, here in your solid little cabin partly sunk in the ground, need not fear."

"Blas, I'm sure you are getting homesick already. Your thoughts revert to more familiar scenes. Come with me and let us see the shrine of La Guadalupana, by the bank of yonder river. But wait a minute until I get my large wax candle. I must worship there, today." Blas did not wait long until Juanita came out with her candle, beads, prayer-book and the whole apparatus for genuine worship; then he asked her:

"Do you often go to see the Virgin?"

"Yes," she responded; "I love her and worship her. She is the mother of God, you know. I can't tell you the number of miracles she has wrought."

Blas listened eagerly, but his heart was far from assenting to all the fancy day-dreams of Juanita. 'Tis true he had been brought up in the midst of monasteries and had breathed, for fourteen years, an atmosphere impregnated with the almost incessant ringing of church bells. Nevertheless, even now in his tender days he had learned to look at this mechanical worship with disgust. He knew that miracles or wonders were wrought by believing in different images; he also knew that only certain nervous illnesses were so cured. From this he reasoned that after all it was that perfect confidence that the wonder would be done that wrought the change.

Yet he would not rob the maiden of her faith, nor sow the seeds of doubt in an unprepared brain. And so he went with Juanita to the shrine. As Juanita approached the massive gate-like doors of the heavy-built lime-stone temple, she drew her shawl over her head and crossed her bare arm upon her breast. Blas, looking downward, took off his hat and reverently followed the girl. They stopped as they entered and, putting their fingers in the Holy Water, made the sign of the cross upon their foreheads. They walked on through a long row of heavy pillars and soon were kneeling before the wonder-working virgin. Juanita lighted her candle and placed it before the image. She took her prayer-book and looked over some

pages slowly and reverently; then she took her beads and began to count her *Aves* and *Pater-nosters*. Blas in the meantime, kneeling by her side, had his eyes fixed on the Holy Mother before him. His mind was not in prayer; he thought of the scheme that was cunningly involved in this image worship, for making money. He deeply felt how men in their extremity had taken the holiest sentiments in the heart of man to make them the channel for their own wealth.

In the church they had not spoken a word to each other. After they had worshipped together, they came out together to the atrium and Blas made bold to ask:

"Juanita, do you think she heard your prayer?"

"Oh! yes," she replied. "She has often heard and answered before. Only a week ago a man who had palsy in his right arm was healed. A year ago a mother lost her son and she asked the virgin for him and he soon appeared. I think La Guadalupe is a wonderful saint."

Blas did not reveal his thoughts to the girl, for he thought the palsy might have a mind cure, and the other case was no miracle at all. They walked toward the cabin, at times looking at the clouds as they embraced the snow-capped, imposing Popocatepetl. Away to the east in the hazy distance, Orizaba towered majestically toward heaven. A few miles to the south the fields of corn and cane spoke of a fruitful harvest. Coffee fincas appeared like so many lovely dimples about the base of that smoking monster. But for Blas the city, with all its turmoil, was still more attractive. As they arrived at the tent, night was stealing over them. They found the good folk of the house with their supper ready. This was not a very expensive meal, yet it was such as every Mexican likes. The chief dish was *enchiladas*—thin, round corn cakes fried in lard, mixed with red pepper and then doubled in the middle, having inside country cheese and onions and the same sprinkled above it. Also there was on the table fried rice, beans, roast armadillo and coffee. After this feast, for it was a feast in this lowly dwelling, they took their raw-hide-bottomed chairs outside to enjoy the cool night breeze ere going to bed. As they talked

and laughed, Don Lucas, Juanita's father, called their attention to the Southern Cross. Indeed it was a beautiful sight. As they looked at that set of stars, he remarked: "There in the center of that cross is a deep-blue spot, or perhaps a black spot. No stars are to be seen in the space beyond. That is the gateway to another world." His wife, touched by the thought of the life beyond, soon joined in the conversation.

"Blas," she asked, "are you true to your mother church?" At this question Blas felt a nervous shock all through his body. For a moment he was speechless. Then he answered that he thought he was faithful to the church. His reply seemed to satisfy the woman, for she questioned him no more on personal, religious matters. But she continued: "I have heard that the monasteries in Puebla are to be torn down. They say that much corruption has been found in them. What can you tell us about them?"

"Well," began Blas, "the government has made an investigation and has found that many abuses are committed there. I understand that the nuns, as well as the monks, have not been faithful to their vow of celibacy. For my part, I shall be glad to be in Puebla to see them tear those big prison-like houses down." Then, turning to Juanita:

"Will you go back to Puebla with me? You can stay at your uncle's, you know."

Before Juanita could answer, her father, moved with joy, said:

"I have often wished that she might go to that city to study, but I've had no opportunity, so far, to send her. My wife and I shall be glad if she can make arrangements to go with you. I suppose you will care for her?"

A sudden thought; a new and undreamed flash of love stole all at once through the youth. He looked at Juanita in a new light. They had been friends hitherto and had seen each other a few times. Now Juanita's name touched a chord in his being that made that name sweeter than other names. It was then no trouble for him to say that he would care for Juanita. It is strange how a maiden who has not been attractive to a boy



may so soon become to him the loveliest and most angelic of mortals.

A few days after this, Blas and Juanita were on their way to Puebla. As they approached the last streets, Juanita's heart beat faster and faster. She had never seen such an arrangement of houses. She had heard of cities, but her mind-pictures of such places were much under-drawn. She was in a Babel of confusion. We who have been in cities from childhood can not even imagine the sensations such a first view would bring us. She noticed everything.

"Juanita, here is your uncle's house." Hardly were the words spoken when the uncle appeared at the door.

"Ave Maria," he exclaimed. "You take me by surprise. How did you come here?"

"Dear uncle, *bendito sea Dios*, I have wished for such a trip as this for many years. Here is a small deer my father sends to you."

"Blas, how are you?"

"Sir, by the ashes of my mother, I never felt better. What shall we do with these donkeys?"

Pedro, Juanita's uncle, ordered a servant to put the animals up.

"Uncle," said Juanita, as soon as they were seated, "as we were coming along the street we saw what seemed to be a mob. What do you think it was?"

"Why, the people are divided about the destruction of the monasteries. There have been several uproars in the city already," answered Pedro.

Blas was unusually interested in the religious change that was coming and was anxious to see the demolition of what had been a plague in the city. So he turned to Juanita and asked:

"Will you go with me tomorrow to see the monasteries?"

"I will, with pleasure. At what time, Blas?"

"Let us go before mass."

Next day, accordingly, early in the morning, the two started out on their visit. Slowly they went through a few dirty, narrow alleys and streets. Slowly—for their conversation had



now become very familiar—they were rapidly growing fond of each other. In half an hour they saw the largest of the monasteries partly in ruins.

"Look, Juanita, the men are tearing the wall down. It is said that they have found dead bodies walled up in this building. Let's watch, perhaps they will find another body."

They watched the workmen a few minutes. As there were digging what appeared to be a wall-support, a man shouted:

"Alto! hold, there! This thing is hollow!"

A little hole was made and through this the workmen could see a body inside. Digging with care, they soon had cleared away the stones, and the figure, preserved by the lime in the wall, stood against the wall proper.

"A woman!" cried Juanita; "look at her dress, her long hair—a woman! Oh! Look there below at her feet! What is that?"

There, near the feet of that mummy-like figure, was the body of a child. According to history, living bodies were interred in these walls; this was their penance.

"Juanita, that large one is the body of a nun, the small one is her child," said Blas, without more explanation.

Then Juanita, knowing something of the vows of a nun, spoke as if echoing Blas's words:

"A nun?—her child?"

"Ah! Juanita, your innocence suspects the same grace in others; you do not know the shameful acts that are being committed within the pales of the Church you love," said Blas, as they walked away.

"Shame?" the modest maiden softly questioned.

"Come, let us go to the church," said Blas. "I hardly ever go, but I want you to see how fine it is."

They proceeded to the largest church in the city. Juanita's heart was filled with awe as she approached that massive structure, so fortress-like and yet so imposing. They entered and sat down in silence in a corner so as to be unmolested in their meditation. Presently a finely-dressed lady, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, entered and, going to the confessional, pre-

pared herself to confess. A priest took his seat in the confessional and began to question her. In a few minutes he came out and sat by her side; blinded by frantic love he saw no one but this charming seducer. He whispered to her; his arm slowly stole around her; he softly pressed her lips with his. Her look was irresistible; his heart beat faster—he had broken his vow.

Off in a corner were two spectators filled with indignation. They went away in silence with bitter thoughts in their bosoms. For a long time not a word was spoken. Blas then broke the stillness:

“Juanita, what I’ve seen today almost makes me detest our religion.”

“Blas, religion is all right when it grows and blooms in a pure heart. But I doubt the need of all these beads, candles, crosses, prayer-books; yes, I doubt purgatory, for if Christ died for us as the Church says, I don’t see any room for it. But, dear Blas, there is something in religion.”

“Ah! Juanita, you are beginning to see these things as I see them. But, pray, how have you changed so soon?”

“I’ve been doing what I’ve seen others do; I’ve been worshipping because others did so; I thought that was right because that was all I knew. After our trip today I’m surprised at my different feelings about these things. God is the true and only God.”

Slowly they wended their way to their stopping place. An important question wrestled with Blas’s coward heart. Time and again he tried to speak it, but every time he failed. Now they were nearing the house—and he resolved to use this final opportunity.

“Juanita—I—I—” began Blas.

“What, Blas, are you about to renounce the Church?”

“No, Juanita, I—do you—love me?”

“I have ever loved you as I love all. You know we are commanded to hate no one.”

“But—do—you love me? Will you be my sweetheart?”

“Blas, you must run races with cowboys ere I consent.” As

she said this, she mildly dropped her tender eyes a little and looked into the heart of Blas.

Blas never forgot that look. It seemed to pierce and search and burn his very soul. It was a splendidly bewitching look. And the smile that accompanied it was an earnest of her hand.

Night after night for a month Juanita received calls from her lover. One night he did not come—that night her bosom heaved and her eyes were fountains of tears. The next morning, she was standing looking out on the street at the common ox-carts coming and going. Suddenly a rider on a noble steed rushed before the door where she was standing.

"I am sent to inform you that Mr. Blas, while racing yesterday, was thrown from his horse. Last night he died." Thus the unsentimental cowboy spoke.

"Dead!—Blas!" was the sorrowful echo in Juanita's heart. Then, as the cowboy rode away, he sobbed:

"He was noble; he was true; never shall I look, in love, into the eyes of another man."

The lovely Mexic maiden was true to her word. Blas, and he alone, had a place in her heart.

JOS. M. PURDIE.

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### THE SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE.

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The first of the series of debates between the college classes took place in Memorial Hall on the evening of November 18th, between the Seniors and the Juniors. The weather was ideal and almost every seat in the auditorium was filled. The all-absorbing question was: "Who will win?" To an observer, the Juniors were apparently more confident, but on the faces of the Seniors there was a look of grim determination. A week before the debate, the Juniors were at a disadvantage owing to the sickness of two of their speakers, but on the evening of the debate, "all was well," and everything indicated a hard-fought conflict. The question was:

*"Resolved, That the United States should collect a tariff for revenue only."*

The affirmative was upheld by the Juniors, represented by E. J. Coltrane, D. D. Carroll and C. C. Frazier. The Seniors, represented by R. C. Lindsay, D. H. Couch and R. A. Ricks, opposed the proposed measure and upheld protection.

Mr. Coltrane opened the debate for the affirmative by showing the difference between a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, and a protective tariff. He then outlined the chain of argument which the affirmative would follow. They were to prove that a protective tariff is detrimental to the principles of democratic government, to the people, and to trade and industries. By referring to the history of the low tariff of 1791 and 1846, and to the great progress of England during the last half century under a low tariff, he argued that the proposed system is not simply theoretical, but has worked well in practice. He also argued that our system of protection is not productive of prosperity, but that on the other hand, it has been detrimental to our democratic principles of government because it fosters class legislation, unjust taxation and political corruption..

Mr. Lindsay, the first speaker on the negative, outlined their plan of attack. He said that they intended to prove that a tariff for revenue only could not remedy existing evils and that a protective tariff, the system which they advocate, had worked so well that there was no demand for a change. He argued that a tariff for revenue only would not remedy the trust evil, which his opponents "laid at the feet" of protection. He then endeavored to show that the conditions in England, which has a system of tariff for revenue only, are not such as to warrant the adoption of such a system by us. He also pointed out the disastrous results of our nearest approaches to the proposed system. Finally he set forth in an impressive way the prosperity which we have enjoyed under a protective tariff.

Mr. Carroll, speaking for the affirmative, in the beginning of his argument denied that the panic of 1893 was caused by tariff legislation, declaring that it was due to the unsettled state of



our money system at that time. He called attention to the fallacy of the argument that protection increases wages and used statistics to show that the cost of living has increased much more than wages since 1897. He said that our laborer needs no protection as long as he maintains his present state of efficiency and he argued that the cost of production is less in this country than in Europe, notwithstanding our high wages. He asserted that the farmer is injured by protection and that it is the means by which trusts are able to sell goods cheaper abroad than at home.

Mr. Couch, the negative's second speaker, said that protection is essential to the development of industries in a new country and that we should not abandon it yet, since the South and the West are just entering upon their industrial era. He proved the legality of protection and argued that lowering the prices for the encouragement of manufacturers enables us to compete with other countries and to force down their prices, as shown in the case of steel rails. He pled for our home trade against the hope of gaining a few more sales abroad and argued that the masses are the real beneficiaries of a protective tariff.

Mr. Frazier closed the argument for the affirmative by replying to the point that diversification of industries depends on protection. He argued the disastrous effects of our protective tariff in that it has brought other nations to retaliate against us, on account of which retaliation our export trade in cotton, wheat, corn, etc., would be ruined. In a very forcible manner he argued that there are no "infant industries" which need protection, but that there are some small manufacturers who are being crushed by the corporations which are favored by our present tariff. Finally, he summarized the argument advanced by the affirmative and showed the effects of the proposed system.

Mr. Ricks was the last speaker for the negative. He said that in order to carry out the system proposed by the affirmative we would not manufacture our products at home, but would send them to foreign countries to be manufactured. He argued that a tariff for revenue only is impracticable because it



has proved a failure in the United States; because it would mean a national tax; because it would lower our standard of living, and, lastly, because it would cause a panic. He concluded by making a summary of the negative argument.

The rebuttal for the affirmative was made by Mr. Coltrane, who made a vigorous attack upon many of the strongest points made by the negative. In a brief way he replied to the objections to the proposed system and advanced arguments to strengthen the position of the affirmative.

Mr. Lindsay closed the debate with a speech full of wit and sarcasm. He made the point that the affirmative had condemned protection, but had not sufficiently established their argument for a tariff for revenue only. He ended with an appeal to the judges not to be guided by popular opinion in regard to the tariff question.

The debate had been a "battle royal;" it would hardly be amiss the say that it was "Greek against Greek." It was evident that both sides had made a careful study of the question, and the speeches were well delivered. The Juniors had put forth a strong line of argument and the Seniors had made severe inroads on it, but as a whole it had stood. By their superior "team work" and by throwing the burden of proof on the negative, the Juniors had been able to put up the strongest fight and the result was a unanimous verdict in their favor.

One of the most pleasing features of the debate was the good feeling manifested toward each other by the opposing classes and the apparent good humor of the audience. Scheming and trickery were conspicuous by their absence, and it is to be hoped that such will be the case throughout the whole series.

The judges were Messrs. T. C. Hoyle, J. A. Grimsley and A. W. Cooke, of Greensboro. Prof. Thomas Newlin, head of the Biblical Department, presided over the debate in an able and impartial manner. Miss Elsie White acted as secretary and Mr. D. M. Petty as chief marshal.

### A CRUMB OF LOVE FOOD.

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Of all the boys I ever heard of, I am the awfulest. I can't even smile at a girl without giving the danger signal, and that hurts me. The other boys can. Yes, boys that I could lick with my feet tied together can actually smile at a girl and not even blush behind the ears. Smile such a smile that the air becomes smiley and not the faintest tint of the morning's dawn will show itself upon their cheeks.

I suppose it is because they know how. There must be art in smiling at a girl, for I can smile at a rock or a tree and not pink very much. But once I tried a girl. Oh my! I don't know how I ever did it. I always was venturesome, though—mother has often said that I would come up missing some day if I didn't watch out. I think it was because I was watching out that this happened.

I was looking at a pretty girl last Sunday in church, when all at once she turned around and before I knew it a real sunsetty smile was coming right towards me. I seemed to see flashes of light and to hear a roaring as of many waters. Before I had time to dodge, the smile was upon me.

I had heard how it felt to be struck by bullets. I knew how it felt to be struck by sticks and stones; but I had never heard or known how it felt to be struck by a real girlish smile. It is impossible to describe it accurately; but I remember now that I felt that I had been electrocuted and had awoke in another world under a great load of responsibility.

It seemed necessary to return that smile or die. So with laborious effort, I raised first one corner of my mouth, then the other, and proceeded to lay bare my teeth to the cold, cruel world. I don't know how I ever accomplished this much, for at that moment a crimson tide swept over my face and it is evident that I would have drowned in the flood if it had not been stayed by my bristly hair. As it was, there was a battle royal between old "Bris" and old "Crim." "Crim" was a good dog, but "Bris" was a better, and when I saw old "Bris" standing

off the repeated attacks of old "Crim," I had some hope of escaping. Finally, old "Crim" cooled down and I emerged from the ordeal, congratulating myself on my escape.

But what makes me mad is, that when I looked around there sat a propagator of the greasy smile congratulating himself on having received "a smile that glowed celestial rosy red, love's proper hue."

It seemed that he was using me as a ground wire for his overcharged messages. I haven't had a chance to pitch into him yet, but when I do, it will be "Alas poor Yorik! I knew him well." And I want you to understand that Shakefellow says that "One may smile and smile and be a villain" still.

I. B. BASHFUL.

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### A FOWL ADVENTURE.

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"Nancy, Nancy," called a voice down the hall, accompanied by hurrying, scurrying footsteps; and in a moment the door of room 25 was flung open, and Jemimy had implanted her breathless self upon the pile of rugs her industrious chum had collected in the middle of the floor.

The young lady addressed, who had been energetically engaged in pulling tables, trunks, chairs, and other articles of furniture from their normal positions, and at that minute had her head thrust beyond the range of human eyes, gathering together the particles of dust, peeped from her fortress, and gasped, "Well, Jemimy, what on earth has happened? Are we to have chicken for dinner, or is the President coming?"

"No you wouldn't guess in a thousand years. I've the most glorious plan you ever heard of, and if you don't hurry and pull yourself from under that bed, I'll surely pull you out myself," at which the jolly Jemimy began the tugging. Soon the hostess, dusty and panting, was placed beside her visitor.

"Now, you naughty old Jem, you know how Saturday mornings are with Geometry, Latin, and such stuff, and I'm in the midst of my cleaning up, too," wailed the defenseless victim.

"Well, young lady, if you aren't in the least interested in fried chicken and gravy, then I shall withdraw," and the indignant Jemimy moved toward the door.

Nancy's eyes opened wide. "Wait! fried chicken!! where? Who? How?" and she pulled her yielding benefactress down beside her eagerly.

The words "fried chicken" had penetrated the wall between rooms 25 and 27, and at this juncture in the scene, the door again burst open, and Bridget and her companion, Polly, threw themselves at the feet of the girls before them.

"Fried chicken!! Whoever dreamed of such a thing?" they yelled in chorus. "Tell us about it! Whose imagination could possibly have taken such a flight?"

Then followed such a consultation as is seldom seen. Four heads were put very close together amid the litter of Saturday morning dustpans, brooms, and stacks of yesterday's school-books, and, now and anon, above the mysterious murmur could be heard such exclamations as, "Glorious!" "How lovely!" "Jemimy, you're a plunk!"

"I'll go tell Peorie," said the kind-hearted Jemimy, and she had soon aroused that intended participant, who, out on the campus, heard the yell, "Peorie, oh, Peorie," and knew by a certain note in that voice that something exciting was going to happen.

"Yes, I'll be tickled to death, you know," and the two next sought the guardian of the luckless Peorie, Roxana.

"'Roxeranner,' we are at present in quest of fried chicken, and desire your guardianship. Would the honor be irksome?" announced the tactful Jemimy. (Oh, the tact it requires to persuade a college girl to eat fried chicken.)

It is needless to say the "honor" was not irksome, and such a hurry and flurry as ensued!



Permission for the adventure was soon granted by the governess, who, in the secret depths of her heart, knew the disappointment of a refusal. In a jiffy rooms 18, 23, 21 and 27 were neat as new-made pins, and the party was off.

How very important and mystic those six white aprons looked, as the adventurers started down the forbidden walk! With what eagerness the six entered "the store" and gazed with enraptured eyes upon the long rows of boxes entitled, "Uneeda Biscuit," "Lemon Wafers" and "Zu Zu," and the array of marshmallows, chocolate almonds, and cream-drops! How very enthusiastically the chickens greeted the arrival of numerous boxes and sacks of various sizes!

The beginning of the adventure was certainly very interesting, but affairs began to grow exciting as the shrill cries of the surprised chickens, blended with the breathless shouts of their pursuers, floated out over the peaceful surroundings.

At last the race was over, the flying aprons were at half-mast, and the doomed creatures were awaiting execution.

"Jemimy, you'd better act as sheriff, as several camphor bottles would probably be needed if any other one of us should undertake to fill the office," warned some wise head. The dutiful hostess immediately did as she was bade.

"Bring the salt quick, before we pull the feathers off," expostulated Nancy wildly. Although this unexpected outburst was greeted with unsuppressed laughter, that lady insisted that her method was unmistakably right. Many theories were advanced, each being defended devotedly as a sure prelude to excellent fried chicken. Nevertheless, these opinions combined into one purpose, soon caused the competent Bridget to be busily engaged in frying the hunted creatures. "I tell you, girls, this gravy will be 'bum' with those crackers. It's up to one of you to haul in some other sort of bread," announced Bridget, superbly shaking one flour-bedecked finger at the interested spectators.

"Roxana and I will start out, and we'll see if you aren't surprised when we return," was the reply, and Jemimy, with her appointed disappeared, to return presently, loaded down with baked potatoes, apples, chestnuts, pickles and behold, a whole panful of delightful biscuits!



"Now, for the shade of 'the old apple-tree,' if only that filbert happened to be an apple-tree," cried Jemimy. Soon a detachment of the band had arranged the banqueting-table beneath the shady boughs with a crisp, cool breeze playfully making music among the leaves.

"I think it's horrid in the chicken not to hurry up and get done. Everything's fixed, so we'll have to wait I guess," said Polly, lazily throwing herself into a comfortable arm-chair.

The remainder of the unbusy, not being able to resist the temptation, took up the vigil around the little stove on which a pan rested, from whence issued a very bewitching sizzle and popping.

"It looks just like real 'sho-nuf' fried chicken," giggled Nancy, peering beneath the protecting lid.

"Just look how brown it's getting. Isn't it sublime," and the cool, dignified Roxana became almost over-whelmed at the sight of the brown crust appearing.

"I declare this suspense is awful," piped up the ever-hungry Peoria.

"Hi, there, you idlers, stop poking that chicken, or we'll be waiting when the roses bloom again. You know, too many cooks spoil the soup, and chicken surely isn't an exception to the rule," yelled Bridget, and the group gave back as that person came into their midst, carrying a huge platter. "It's about done now, and if some of you will fix the other things in a hurry, the crisis will soon be reached," she said, sliding back the lid, and revealing the crowning feature of the dinner.

Everyone obeyed the command without hesitation, and in a few moments, a very impressive procession was formed, Bridget leading, with the tempting chicken held high, followed by Nancy, with the steaming potatoes, Roxana, carrying the crackers and biscuits, Polly, bearing the wafers and cakes, and Jemimy, holding the destiny of the savory gravy. Peoria, having been missed in the distributing, grabbed poor Malt, the cat, for consolation, and brought up the rear, with that important factor tightly grasped in a fond embrace.

As this band was wending its way towards the destination a figure was seen approaching from another direction with a very conspicuous box.

"Oh, possum and taters, if you please," cried Polly as she deposited her burden upon the table and lifted the lid from the mysterious receptacle.

"Thank you so much, and tell your mother how very much we appreciate her kindness in cooking it all so nicely for us," quoth Roxana.

"It's all too good to be true," murmured Nancy, after such expressions as, "Sure enough?" "Lemme see," "How lovely," "How perfectly grand," and "Isn't it great," had died away, and the figure had entreated, amid the chorus of thanks and enthusiastic nonsense.

When the excitement had subsided and the girls had taken their places at the table, Jemimy arose and announced her intention of having a fit "finale" for the tempting viands, immediately disappearing into the cellar. Roxana sat in dignified silence, and a hint of a hardening expression crept into one or two faces.

"Oh, you-all needn't look so shocked, for it's only grape-juice that my W. C. T. U. mama made last summer," and, thus assured, the glasses were filled.

When, in the midst of the chicken and gravy course, the college dinner-bell sounded, in one breath the feasters exclaimed, "Beef!!"

At two o'clock, after the fourth replenishing of chicken, Bridget ventured, "Jemimy, won't you have some chicken?"

"Quoth the raven, 'nevermore.'" I gave some of that last piece to Malt," was the answer. With one accord the banquet was ended, and the dream over.

The awakening came when the stacks of dishes were mentioned, but, nothing daunted, pans galore were brought forth, and all six joined in the cleaning.

The chicken was eaten, the dishes washed, the tables and chairs restored to their proper places, the stove carried to its habitat, the cat fed, and nothing remained to mark the pro-

ceedings of the day save a deserted cracker-box, and here and there a straying feather.

"Jemimy, you're worth your weight in gold. I've had the bestes' time today I've ever had," exclaimed Polly as the party slowly made their way toward the college.

"Them's my sentiments, sho," added Bridget happily. This statement was quickly followed by Roxana's, "Mine, too," and an enthusiastic assent by Peoria.

"Well, we did have chicken for dinner, so I guessed right after all, Jem," reminded Nancy, as the girls climbed the stairs, and stood talking in the hall.

"I declare, life is worth living after all, much to the kindness of Jemimy," agreed all of that young lady's debtors, as they reluctantly untied their aprons, and laid them in the rose-leaves of the past.

"Undoubtedly; call the cat."

"PEORIA."

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## CONFUCIUS.

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In studying the lives of the men of the past we should measure by the past. We cannot appreciate their service to the world unless we see it in the true sense of the demands of their time. If we would appreciate the old sage we must see him rising above the level of his countrymen and shining like a star of the first magnitude in midnight darkness. This Confucius, the celebrated Chinese sage, seems to have done.

Confucius was born June 19, 551 B. C., at Shangping near the town of Tseuse, in the petty kingdom of Lu. His own name was Kong, but his disciples called him Kong-fu-tse (teacher or master), which the Jesuit missionaries Latinized into Confucius. His mother used to call him Kien (little hillock"), because he had an unusual elevation on the top of his forehead.

An illustrious pedigree has been invented for him by his fond

disciples, who derive his origin from Hoang-ti, a mythological monarch of China who flourished more than 2,000 years before Christ. His father, Shuh-leang-ho, died when Confucius was only three years of age, but he was very carefully brought up by his mother, Yan-she, and from his earliest years, displayed as extraordinary love of learning and veneration for the ancient laws of his country. The prudence, rectitude and philosophic gravity of his conduct while a boy are also highly extolled by Chinese writers.

At the age of 17, he was made an inspector of the corn-marts, and distinguished himself by his industry and energy in repressing fraud and introducing order and integrity into the whole business.

Confucius married at the age of 19, but divorced his wife four years later, that he might have more time for study. (I leave the merits of this act to the judgment of the reader.)

The death of his mother occurred in his 23d year, interrupted, for a time, his administrative functions, and gave occasion for the first solemn and important act of Confucius as a moral reformer. According to the ancient, but then almost forgotten laws of China, children were obliged to resign all public employments on the death of either of their parents, and Confucius, desirous of renewing the observance in his native land of all the practices of venerable antiquity, did not fail to conform to this long-neglected enactment. The solemnity and splendor with which he buried his mother (another old custom) struck his fellow-citizens with astonishment, and they determined to bury their dead with ancient honors. Their example was followed by neighboring states and continues a custom to the present day.

Confucius shut himself up in his house for three years, during which time he gave himself wholly to philosophic study. We are told that he reflected deeply on the eternal laws of morality, tracing them to their source, and that he realized the sense of duty which they impose indiscriminately on all men. Henceforth his career is only an illustration of his ethical system. He commenced to instruct his countrymen in the precepts of mor-



ality, and to practice all the virtues he demanded of others. Gradually his disciples increased as the practical character of his philosophy became more apparent.

The fact that generally the disciples of Confucius were middle-aged, sober, grave, respectable men throws light on his commanding personality. It is a fact that we find some very essential things lacking in his character and philosophy, yet where is there a man in the present age of such grand opportunities that rises as far above his countrymen in reverence and esteem as did Confucius in his time?

M. HINSHAW.

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### DEBATING AT GUILFORD.

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In writing on debating at Guilford we are well aware of the fact that we are considered by the colleges of the country as still being a back number in the forensic field; and we are not writing for the purpose of giving undue credit to Guilford's ability in this line of work. But we have been led to make this statement by two considerations: First, that the public may know more of the interest that the students of Guilford are manifesting in debate; and second, that a still greater interest may be aroused here in this subject.

Since the date of the establishment of the college an increasing interest has been shown in the development of ability for public speaking. Three literary societies, two for young men and one for young women, have existed for the last twenty years. In these societies such men as Dixon, Peele, Redding, Gillespie, Greenfield and Holton have learned the art of public speaking.

Although good work has thus been done, no inter-collegiate debates have been arranged and very few public debates of any nature have been held. Some years ago there were annual in-



ter-society debates, but for some reasons unknown to the writer the custom ceased and for a few years there was a lull in public debating in the college. In 1901, however, some friends of the graduating class of that year established a silver trophy cup to be contested for annually by the four college classes. The cup is awarded each year to the class winning not less than two inter-class debates. While the classes have not availed themselves of all the opportunities offered by the establishment of this cup, yet we are pleased to note that during the last four years eight debates have been held. In 1901 there was only one debate, the class of 1901 defeating the class of 1902 on the question: "Resolved that the United States should construct and operate the Nicaragua Canal;" in 1902 the class of 1904 defeated the class of 1903, the question being: "Resolved, that the American government will eventually perish;" in 1903 there was the full series of three debates, the class of 1905 defeating the class of 1906 on the question: "Resolved, That North Carolina should adopt a system of Compulsory Education;" and the class of 1904 defeating the class of 1905 on the question: "Resolved, that United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people;" the final contest of that year occurred between the classes of 1904 and 1905, the former winning on the question: "Resolved, that labor unions are detrimental to the laboring classes." Therefore, the class of 1904 was the first to win the cup.

In 1904 there were only two debates, the class of 1904 losing to the class of 1905 on the question: "Resolved, that trusts are a positive injury industrially;" the class of 1907 forfeited to the class of 1906 and the final contest was between the classes of 1905 and 1906, the latter winning on the question: "Resolved, That compulsory arbitration offers the best settlement of labor disputes." Therefore, the class of 1906 was the second to win the cup.

There have been no debates from that time until this year, when a new interest has been taken with the result that the full series of three debates is being held.

But we are not content with debating among ourselves. Recently a movement was inaugurated among the students look-

ing toward an inter-collegiate debate, and later, after permission had been granted by the Faculty, a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements for such a contest. This committee is corresponding about the matter, and we hope that an inter-collegiate debate can be arranged for some date later in the year. Let every student and every alumnus of the college support this, one of the greatest movements that has ever been begun for the advancement of old Guilford.



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## Editorials.

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AMERICANS are apt to think it a very long time since our first Thanksgiving. To them America seems an old country. It is, however, the product of a far riper civilization than is any other country. Not quite three centuries ago our Puritan ancestors landed on the Plymouth coast. Today our country ranks among the first nations of the world. Our millionaires have become proverbial. This advance has been made possible by American pluck and energy. The majority of these rich men have been farm-bred boys, whose capital consisted of push and

far-sighted common sense. Notable among them is Mr. Swift, of the great meat packing concern. At the age of eighteen he owned a good sound mind and body and a great quantity of energy. Today his annual sales amount to two hundred million dollars; and he is only one of many who have achieved wealth in this young country.

Yet, after all, shall this be our chief consideration? There is danger lest money in itself shall become a ruling passion as it has been seen to be from the revelations made in the much-talked of insurance scandals. Still we may be thankful that virtue and pluck remain in our government to bring this evil to light and to inflict the due punishment.

We as Americans have many reasons to be especially thankful for our nation and her leader.

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THE duties of an editor of a college magazine are very arduous. Even under the best conditions, when he receives the support of the whole student body, his work can not be considered light, although it might be a pleasure when such was the case. Very seldom, however, does an editor have material thrust upon him. It rarely falls to his lot to choose from a great number of articles the ones which he thinks best; but from the time one number goes to press, it is a continual hustle for him to rake together sufficient "stuff" to make up the next issue. From our observation, "the way of the editor is hard." If an issue falls below the standard, he receives all the blame. If it goes above it he seldom gets a word of encouragement. Then why does such a condition of affairs exist? The answer is not difficult to find. The student body, alumni and friends of the institution are not loyal to its literary magazine. They depend on the staff to do it all. Possibly ever and anon after considerable trouble on the part of the editor some one contributes an article, not because he takes an interest in his college magazine, but just to get rid of the editor. There can be no excuse for this general apathy of students in this line of col-

lege work. No better field is offered to the college student for the development of a ready and correct use of language. In such work, can be gained lessons and experience not to be had in a recitation room. Then let this phase of college work receive more attention. Let some of the enthusiasm which is exhibited in athletics, entertainments, etc., be shown in support of the college magazine which speaks more of the real power of an institution than any other production which goes before the public.

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AMONG the various incentives to the public-spirited college man of America the Rhodes scholarship is undoubtedly one of the highest. Of course, all college men cannot even hope to be counted in the race for such an appointment. In fact many of us do not even aspire to it, for our lines of work are such that other places offer us more attraction. But there is a class of college men for whom such an opportunity is of the greatest value. Oxford is peculiarly suited for rounding out and developing the best qualities of the public man. Especially is this true of the American. We have been accustomed to treat education like everything else, as only a factor in the mad race for gain and wealth. The Englishman does not look at it in this light. He treats education as an accomplishment and Oxford as a place where the very best men of the country may get together and develop along all lines. This is one of the things that we need to learn and the value of Oxford as a place of training for the men who are to guide our affairs cannot be over-estimated. There they meet more of the men who are to become the leaders of their time than is possible at any other university, and there they receive a breadth of view and practical training that cannot be equaled elsewhere.



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

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There have not been any recent developments of special importance in the Association. There has been a good attendance at the Thursday evening meetings and more than usual interest has been shown. The following subjects have been presented: "The Manly Type of Christian," by D. D. Carroll; "The Religion of Unspottedness," by E. J. Coltrane; "What is a Successful Life," by President Hobbs; "Missions," by J. M. Purdie and others; and "Temperance," by John Anderson and A. E. Lindley.

Our Bible and Mission Study classes are continuing to do good work. However, we notice that some of our best students are not interested in missions, as they should be. Partly on this account we insert here an article on "The Study of Missions in the North American Colleges," the material for which was recently sent to the Association through the courtesy of Mr. F. P. Turner, of the student volunteer movement.

Recently there has been a remarkable growth in the number of students of North America engaged in the study of missions. In the United States and Canada last year 12,629 students in 373 institutions were enrolled in 1,049 classes. This striking advance is due in part, no doubt, to the increased interest felt in missions by the Christian churches throughout the country, but probably in larger measure to certain considerations that appeal with peculiar force to students, among which the following may be pointed out:

In the first place, the study of missions removes narrow-mindedness and ignorance as nothing else can. He who knows nothing of the spread of Christianity can not read even the daily papers intelligently. The missionary enterprise has had so much to do with the great national movements—political, commercial, social and moral—that a knowledge of it is essential in understanding them. Christian missions and international politics are closely related. "Missionaries run the risk," Lord

Salisbury has said. "of producing terrible events on a gigantic scale, because their position is so closely mixed up with that of secular power." No doubt missionaries and their work are unpopular at many foreign chancelleries. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that the future foreign ministers, ambassadors, consuls, officers of armies and navies, and other officials of Christian nations should have a sympathetic knowledge of missions. Since the student of the present must fill the above mentioned offices in the future, it is necessary for him to be conversant with the difficulties and know what factors are essential to the success of missions. He should be familiar with missionary history, so as to be able, when it is necessary, to refute false charges which are so frequently brought against missionaries and their work.

The study of missions is also an aid to spiritual growth. For inspiration and encouragement nothing is better than biographies of the great missionaries. One's faith is lifted by coming in contact with them.

Missionary candidates, of course, should prosecute the study of missions that they may be better prepared for their work; and no Christian student should decide his life-work until the claims and needs of the world have been prayerfully considered. To do so would be to settle this momentous question on insufficient knowledge.

The stability of the missionary enterprise depends upon having a missionary pastorate in the home churches. The work in mission fields will languish unless support by the home churches is adequate. Pastors must throw themselves with enthusiasm and conviction into the advocacy of and work for missions. But how can they feel the impelling necessity of this without study?

Not only should the future pastor study missions, but it is important that those who are to become lay members of the churches should be enlisted. The enterprise must be intelligently advocated and supported by influential lawyers, doctors, editors and business men. The force of missionaries could

be greatly increased if the men of wealth in the churches were giving proportionately of their income for this work.

It is clear, therefore, that the subject should attract students of all classes and interests.

The most popular mission study courses last year were those on Japan, the Philippines, India, China and missionary biography, but apologetic, sociological and other courses were also largely used.

The prospects for 1905-6 indicate a much larger interest in the colleges of the United States and Canada than last year.

Courses are offered this year covering all the above mentioned countries and giving a thorough exposition of the prevailing non-Christian religions. We trust that these notes will arouse some one to take an active interest in the study of this very important subject.

## Locals and Personals.

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ALVAH E. LINDLEY, '08 } EDITORS.  
ANNIE LOIS HENLEY, '07 }

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Thanksgiving here! Christmas comin'!

✓ We are glad to note the return of R. E. Dalton from Holland.

✓ Marvin Hardin, '04, is pursuing the law course at South Carolina College, Columbia.

Schubert's string band, of Boston, visited us again on the evening of November 11th. This entertainment was highly appreciated by all lovers of classical music.

Prof. J. Franklin Davis gave a very interesting lecture recently on College life in Germany, he himself having spent some time at Leipsig University.

✓ C. M. Davis, '02, is teaching at Pacific College, Oregon.

The junior exhibition will occur on the evening of December 16th.

Ask Galdo how he likes Sunday singing.

✓ Lucile Armfield, '94, was married October 25th to Frank Armfield, a prominent attorney of Monroe, N. C.

Wake Forest's tennis team again defeated our team in a closely fought game.

The junior class was royally entertained by Mrs. Mary M. Hobbs on the evening of the 14th.

✓ Alice Cartland, '04, who spent last year at Bryn Mawr, is one of the teachers in the Greensboro graded schools.

Freshman: "Where do you board? At the Glee Club?"

The first of the series of annual debates occurred Saturday, the 18th, between the Junior and the Senior classes. The winning side proved to be the Juniors.

Rev. F. T. Marr, pastor of the Tryon Street Methodist church, Charlotte, preached an able sermon at this place Sunday, November 12th.

✓ <sup>u f u s</sup> R. W. McCulloch, '03, is a member of the Senior class of the University of North Carolina this year.

President Hobbs was away for a week recently attending Baltimore Yearly Meeting and the Inter-Church Conference on Federation in New York City. On his way back he was present at a meeting of the Quaker Round Table in Philadelphia, where he read a paper on "North Carolina Yearly Meeting."

✓ Philip D. N. Lord, '03, is studying law at the University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

✓ <sup>u n d e r</sup> L. L. White, '04, who is now principal of the Jamestown graded school, visited friends at the college recently. Mr. White went from Guilford to Haverford College, where he graduated with highest honors last June.

Mr. Fowell B. Hill, of Chicago, who is a brother-in-law of Elihu Mendenhall, visited friends and relatives at the college since our last issue.

Overheard—Carroll: I love democracy because it upholds "White supremacy."

Rabb: I believe in absolute monarchy, because it is ruled by a "King."

Charles Welborne, Wiley Pritchett and Oscar Sellars, formerly students here, were pleasant callers at the college Friday evening, the 24th.

Ask E. J. Coltrane and A. Wilson Hobbs how they like buttermilk.

✓ Mr. Chas. L. Holton, '03, is a very promising young lawyer in Winston-Salem.

Reptile: Say, Whittington, how many apples did you and Becton eat?

Whittington: Only a few—eighteen apiece.



We are sorry to notice that Miss Wilson has deteriorated from her individual subjectivity to an unutterably irrevocable degree and has taken up the heinous crime of "Idol" worship.

Rev. Chas. M. Short, '03, was a caller at the college recently. Mr. Short has been reappointed by the M. E. Conference to his pastorate in Charlotte.

Miss Flora Harding, '03, Messrs. Chase Idol, '02, Ralph Parker, '04, Terry D. Sharpe, '03, and Edgar and Harvey Snipes, attended the Senior-Junior debate.

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## Exchanges.

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This is the second time that the editor of this department has attempted to perform the duty assigned him, and he has now realized that the task is not as easy as many think it to be, and as he formerly thought it was. However, "with malice towards none," but "with charity for all," he takes up his work with the hope that he may offer a few suggestions that will be of value, and that he hopes will be taken in the spirit in which they are given.

*The Randolph-Macon Monthly* is one of the best magazines among our exchanges. It always has several poems which add much to the "tone" of the paper and credit to the respective poets. It also, as a rule, has two or three good articles and an equal number of stories. The criticism of "Poe's Methods," if criticism it may be called, is well written. The author shows not only a mastery of his subject, but a real talent for such work. The story of "The Widow," though well written, has an air of unnaturalness about it, for it is rather hard to conceive of a mother's urging her daughter to marry a man who is older than the girl's father. However, the thought intended to be expressed is very well brought out.

The November issue of *The Collegian* is well up to the standard. The subject matter is good, as are also the editorials. The page entitled "Joshes" is well filled with wit and humor. It seems rather odd for the advertisements to be on paper superior to that of the body of the magazine.

*The Haverfordian* is one of the neatest magazines, typographically, that we receive. The subject matter of the November number, however, is not quite up to the standard. One or two more short poems and articles or stories from the student body would add much to the quality of the paper. The contribution entitled "The Ministry and the College Man," is good reading. It sets forth an earnest appeal, in a logical and rational way, for more college students to enter the ministry. The opening lines immediately convey the thought to be presented. They are: "The law which regulates supply and demand is fairly accurate for everything in this world except one—"

*The University of North Carolina Magazine* is the largest of our exchanges and contains some of their best reading matter. The last number has a good variety of articles, some of which are: "John Hay: A Statesman of Greater America;" "Idle Observations on a Trip to the Far West," and "Death Was Only a Dream." The clippings and poems are also good, and the editor and the student body deserve much credit for their success in issuing a paper of such high grade.

*The Wilmingtonian* is always welcomed, although the October number is not quite up to the mark. Fewer poems copied from Longfellow and other poets, and more original ones would be of more value to the paper as well as benefiting those who write them.

*The Penn Chronicle* does not have a very attractive appearance. It looks as if it were being compressed in order to see how small it can be made. The reading matter, also, is not of so very much value. One or two short stories, however, are very creditable.

Among the other exchanges received we are glad to note the following: *The Wake Forest Student*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Carolinian*, *The Westonian*, *The Criterion*, *The Cornelian*, *Quachita Ripples*, *The Ivy*, *Crescent*, *Oak Leaves*, *George School Ides*, *Park School Gazette*, and *University Life*.

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### WEALTH—ADVICE.

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"Tell me not in mournful numbers,"  
 Cash is but an empty dream,  
 "For the soul is dead that slumbers"  
 And is not wakened by its gleam.

Trust nobody whatsoever,  
 Lest you make your friend a foe,  
 He may have a cold forever,  
 And never cough up any dough.

—EX.

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"Instruct me now what love will do;  
 'Twill make a tongueless man to woe.  
 Inform me next what love will do;  
 'Twill strangely make a one of two.  
 Teach me besides what love will do;  
 'Twill quickly mar and make ye too.  
 Tell me, now last, what love will do,  
 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierced thro'."

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### JUST A GIRL.

"Many a throne has had to fall  
     For a girl,  
     Just a girl.  
 Many a king has had to crawl  
     For a girl,  
     Just a girl.

"When a hero goes to war,  
 He may battle for the right,  
 But 'tis likelier by far  
 That he sallies forth to fight  
 For a girl,  
 Just a girl.

"Papa murmurs with dismay,  
 "What! A girl,  
 Just a girl?"  
 Ah, but why the sadness there;  
 Why the bitterness displayed?  
 Some day some strong man will swear  
 That the great round world was made  
 For a girl,  
 Just a girl.

"Why did Adam take the bite?  
 For a girl,  
 Just a girl.  
 Oh, would heaven still be bright,  
 And would any good man care  
 To achieve it if he might  
 Never claim forever there  
 Just a girl,  
 Glorious girl!"

---

NOT THERE.

"Ahoy, there, don't give up the ship!"  
 The captain wildly cried;  
 "I won't," the seasick passenger  
 Vehemently replied,  
 "For I've not had a symptom yet  
 That your old ship's inside."

—Chicago Chronicle.

# Directory.

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# The Guilford Collegian.

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## A SUNSET.

(From Moore's Knob.)

The mountain's knob, yon distant bleak,  
Is mossed with downy green,  
While trickling down with laughing jest  
From crevice yet unseen  
Are diamond-drops, by sunshine's smiling,  
Poured from nature's vial.

'Tis freshening here; see there the hills,  
The plains, the dells, the trees—  
And far across the sharpening peaks  
Are ships, the waves, the lees,  
Whose surging, tossing, breaking billows  
Neptune's grandeur rings.

Yes, peaceful is this silent place  
Where lowering clouds are captured,  
Where, all alone, they sweep and play,  
Content, as tho' enraptured  
Until, by icy fingers' gleaning,  
Sparkling drops chime into song.

These sweeping clouds are growing dim,  
The sun sinks slowly downward,  
Violet, silvery streaks the sky,  
And golden-red streams upward,  
While torches, splintering, lightly fading,  
Bright the softly glowing sky.

See—the greyish growing skylight  
Swiftly glides into the night,  
The heavens, glorious once in sunset  
Now glow with misty light,  
Until above that cloud-topped crest  
Fair Luna coolly gleams.

—“RANTHA.”

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT—THE TYPE OF THE NEW AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

Six months ago the Japanese under Oyama were facing the Russians under Linevitch, on the plains of Manchuria. The world was filled with apprehension. There was every prospect that the bloody battles of Liou Yang and Mukden would be repeated. It seemed probable that the area of disturbance and the virulence of the fight would pass far beyond former limits. When the papers reported that one regiment after another had joined the army of the Japanese and that the Russians were marshalling their forces, the old lurid pictures of misery and violence began to fill the popular imagination. Men already saw, on the one hand, fear and discontent stealing into the ranks of the Russians; on the other, confidence and determination rising up more prominent than ever because of Japan's apparent certainty of success. What would the outcome be? There seemed to be but one answer. Once more the raging mobs of the Russians would dash themselves in vain against the strongholds of the invincible Japanese. Once more the fair skies of Manchuria would blaze with baleful red. Once more her soil would drink the life-blood of dying heroes; and most pitiful and disheartening of all, once more the cause of peace would fall back shattered and defeated. "Such seemed to be the tragedy for which the stage was being set and the actors hastening to make their entrance."

The movements of Oyama and Linevitch are now history. The dust of the conflict has settled, and through the clearing air we note a happy reversal of the conditions formerly prevailing under such circumstances. The Japanese did indeed become aggressive and at times attacked the Russians. Evidences of hostility and bitterness increased steadily. But the final battle was never fought. Peace became the watchword. Both governments resolved that violence and outrage should cease. "It was a glorious resolution and not the least element of its glory was its day-spring of success."

But whence came this change in the attitude of these Eastern

warriors? Where was this new spirit of peace and brotherhood born? What master-hand introduced the force that was to avert the mad excesses of former conflicts and make the impending battle a noble exception to the former destruction, detrimental alike to victor and vanquished? How must we explain this fact of history, that although the two armies came into direct contact with each other in Manchuria, no immense loss of life, no great destruction of property, are to be recorded? In general, all this is a manifestation of the advanced spirit of the age. In particular, it is due to the personality and leadership of Theodore Roosevelt, the American diplomat, by whose moderation a peace conference was called and directed along a novel way to a successful issue.

One of the great forces of the age is a growing spirit of peace and universal brotherhood. In religion, it is banishing the discord of sectarian strife. In society, it is softening and removing the bitterness of class distinction. In diplomacy, it is supplanting international prejudice and personal abuse with calm appeals to reason and justice. Deeply sensible of this tendency and fully convinced that the world-wide sentiment would not tolerate the flagrant excesses of former conflicts, our Chief Executive began to educate his fellowmen along these broader humanitarian lines. He placed himself in opposition to that element that not only ignored international comity, but menaced even the fundamental principles of morality and justice. He impressed upon the nations the value of moderation and self-control. He denounced the shameful carnage and conflict going on in the East, and preached the gospel of conciliation and fraternity which unites all races in the bonds of brotherhood. Here, then, was a new leader, differing from the old agitator with his appeal to the passions as day differs from night—a new leader at last, adequately armed for the conflict and endowed with the true capacity for success.

In response to Roosevelt's call the two hostile nations send envoys to Portsmouth. With what rapidity is history made in a few short weeks. The conference has convened. Behold assembled. The frail Komura confronts the great Witte. What

will they do? See them as they face each other. The one representing a nation just risen into prominence; the other a once dreaded, but now humiliated nation. Baron Komura: "Will you pay us indemnity?" And Witte stands so firm, so calm, so proud; assailed by the unconquerable Japanese, yet determined. All the world stands breathless. The destiny of the conference lies trembling in the balance. The East's future depends upon the answer of one man. Slowly he declares, "Not one kopeck for indemnity will Russia give."

When the news spread that the envoys were unable to agree, the world was again filled with apprehension. Every one fully realized that Roosevelt's entire preparatory work was to be given the crucial test. At first he had attempted to end the war by simply calling a conference. He appeared not as the official representative of either nation, but as a neutral citizen eager to prevent the loss of millions of dollars and anxious to save from distress world-wide humanity. He knew that agreement meant peace; disagreement, the continuance of the most bitter and costly war on record. Wishing to avoid suspicion, however, he dared not interfere and the struggle continued.

Thus the situation at Portsmouth grew more critical.

Then Roosevelt knew that he must act or all his efforts would prove futile. Furthermore, he knew that the reputation of eighty millions of people was entrusted to him. Yet the time for the struggle could not have been more propitious. His interference at this moment was not only eminently fair, it was sure to be understood and acknowledged as fair by public opinion. And when, true to his instincts and training, he mapped out a plan of rectitude and order, he was sure of the sympathy of the great body of the American people. Day and night, therefore, he worked and planned to prevent the disruption of the conference. Burning and convincing were his words as he exhorted the two nations to moderation and patience. And his work began to meet the approval of the world. The envoys saw the wisdom of his counsel and made his principles of conservatism their own.

Days and weeks of the conference had passed and the eyes

of the world were still centered upon the envoys in Portsmouth. Suffering humanity and the excessive cost of the war pleaded eloquently for the cause of peace. Neither the misrepresentations in public interviews nor the mouthings of demagogues blinded the people to the justice of a settlement. The world-wide sentiment for peace rapidly crystalized in an avowed hostility to the shameful carnage and destruction in the Orient. But that the conference was about to end in a failure to establish peace became increasingly apparent.

How was this danger to be averted? All eyes were turned to President Roosevelt. He zealously continued his efforts to bring about friendly relations between the contending powers and thus avoid the further horrors of war. The representatives of the two nations were brought closer together. The climax had been reached. Few conferences more significant can be found in the annals of the nations. Picture the scene—victorious Japan pitted against proud, but defeated Russia. The situation demanded a master mind and a character as spotless as the emblem he represented. He had to blaze the way through an unexpected jungle of new experiences. He had to help answer such questions as whether Russia should pay Japan a great indemnity, and whether Russia's naval power in the East should be limited. But with keen mind and cool judgment, Roosevelt was equal to the emergency; he fathomed every question; he solved every problem. Although he had no precedents to guide him, yet with clearest vision he scanned the horizon of the future and by his efforts decisions were rendered that will shape the entire history of the world and stand the test of time. Those decisions established the true relations between the Russian and the Japanese governments. They bound the hostile nations together with bands that will not be broken. Stone upon stone, beam upon beam, he laid the foundation for an international structure that will withstand the storms of coming years; that will not be shaken by invasions, that will not be shattered by international jealousies.

What a great day to the world when the news spread that the struggle was at last ended. People everywhere were over-



whelmed with joy. Now after the long and bloody war, peace was assured and the two nations remained firm. The dark cloud that had hovered over the East had poured forth its fury and was now disappearing from sight. President Roosevelt's determined stand for right and honor had won for him the confidence and respect of the people all over the world. His manly appeal to a sense of fair play and his marvelous self-mastery and poise turned the tide of public approval completely in his direction. From all the leading nations came the voices of the thrones unanimously proclaiming Roosevelt the hero of peace and the greatest diplomat of the age.

This vindication of the methods and the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt signalized the most important advance that diplomacy has ever made. From that meeting at Oyster Bay there went forth to larger conquests the spirit which brought about friendly relations between the envoys at Portsmouth—a spirit which everywhere is tolling the knell of carnage and conflict; a spirit which narrow-minded statesmen cannot quench; “a spirit of justice and order, a spirit of fraternity and peace, a spirit of nobility and right.” It will secure the inviolability of treaties and of contracts; it will give America the highest place as a world power; “it will develop that self-control which is the essence of American liberty; it will appeal to and abide by that enlightened public opinion which in America is the herald of progress and the champion of peace.” For a new injection of this liberal spirit into our diplomatic life, every patriotic citizen must turn to that mighty and impetuous leader who today so largely embodies this spirit in his own character, and infuses it into his followers—to Theodore Roosevelt, the type of the new American diplomacy.

## A FAIR WIND.

It is the "Children's Hour," and over everything a deep twilight is stealing, as Hazel Haigler stands on one of the rocky eminences of Light House Island, gazing out upon the dark water.

Let us stop a moment and picture this maiden of the sea. As she stands, with a hand upraised to shield those wonderful blue eyes from the blinding light of the last ray of the sun, a gentle breeze lightly lifts the masses of golden ringlets, so that they hang suspended, throwing their golden radiance over the fair features. Although her clothes are dark, ill-fitting and coarse, her lithe young form presents a graceful figure against the sombre sky.

In one shapely, though toil-worn hand, a few pale blue flowers nestle, as if seeking to hide from the deepening shadows—fit companions, these flowers, of one who, like themselves, has "blushed unseen;" for it is of such as she that Gray speaks—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

On this desolate island, this flower has lived her eighteen years under the care of a maiden aunt, ignorant of any other life.

In her world there are seamen, and the roaring of the ocean; a great tower rising (as it seemed to her in her childhood) far above everything; a saving station down by the water; cold, bleak rocks outlined against the sky, and stories of ships wrecked against them. Still, upon her bright, happy nature this monotony has produced little effect.

As we saw her a few moments ago ascend with light steps to this lookout, and caught the glow of expectancy in her eyes, it seems hard to realize that she is only repeating a childish fancy—going through a custom of retreating here every evening to catch the first glimpse of her father's home-coming sail. What a thrill of happiness ever ran through her, as in her

parents' arms, she would hear him say, "Hessie, my dear, how bright the lights in the tower are tonight. You do your work well."

Why doesn't that sail appear? Why does her father tarry so long? Can any accident have happened? All these thoughts crowd upon her as she lingers. Already the last faint ray of sunlight has vanished, and in the east and south heavy black clouds are hovering, pierced anon by a fitful flash of lightning. The stillness is broken by the distant roll of thunder, and the gentle breeze, joined by many of its stronger play-fellows, has become a gale, which catches up the flowing golden locks, hurling them helter skelter about the slender shoulders.

In the glare of the lightning the "maid of the sea" has taken a more ghostly semblance than could have been imagined of the pleasing figure of a few moments ago; and although the girl well knows the meaning of the rising wind and the lightning, she still lingers at her post. The pale flowers are now crushed in a hand that has become rigid. Oh, when would her father come?

Suddenly, above the din and confusion, there comes a distant, indistinct call of "Hessie! Hessie!" Hazel recognizes this to be the voice of her aunt, whom she always knows to obey. As she turns and quietly steals through the gloom, a single ray from the tower gleams down upon her, and turning her face upward, she whispers, "Thanks for that."

At this moment there flashes into her mind a vision of her aged father being tossed to and fro upon the rough waves, perhaps on a sinking ship, and, as quickly, she remembers a tiny boat moored a short distance from where she now is. Without a minute's hesitation, she slips into the house, gathers up a few great coats and quilts, and without seeing her aunt, makes her way towards the landing. If she can only follow the gleam from that home-torch, all will be well. Gliding into the boat, she is soon lost to view over the turbulent water.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the deck of the "Oceana," Gordon Leighton sits in a great steamer-chair, as the big ship swiftly glides upon her

way. The same light breeze that had playfully lifted Hazel's golden ringlets, now stirs the pleasure-seeker's dark brown hair as he sits enjoying the same ruddy sunset that had been seen by the watcher on the island.

He also sees the dark clouds, and dreamily wonders if there is going to be a storm. Suddenly he is aroused by a voice. "Eh, Leighton, old man, we're going to have a flurry. Better bundle up and come in," is shouted from the cabin. He mumbles a protestation, and buttoning his coat determinedly and tilting his hat further over his eyes, settles back for a quiet rest.

A vision slowly floats before him, and slowly—very slowly—forms itself into the face of a girl. Other faces appear and gaze at him.

There is a girl—yes, assuredly a girl amid a crowd of other girls. Why is it he always steps nearer just for the sake of getting closer to her? What is there to distinguish her? Who is she, and why hasn't he ever seen her except in his dreams? Is she an ideal he has always heard that a person has? There's a better view of her—golden hair, blue eyes, golden hair, blue—Fire!!

Thus suddenly awakened, the dreamer finds himself—where? Where is he? Where is the face, the girl? What is the shouting about? Why does it seem so suffocating? Why—why has he been disturbed? A hand grasps him by the coat, and in an instant he is upon his feet. A voice close beside him, "Hurry, hurry for your life. The ship's afire," is a mere whisper.

Looking about, he sees people running to and fro, the lightning flashing and the waves tossing and dashing. Gordon shakes himself. Is it a dream? No—there!—a flame!! The sight fully arouses him, and leaping for the door, he bursts it open. He is met by a body of flames, but swinging open the next entrance, he is soon at work striving to redeem lost time. One, two, three, four fainting forms are carried to safety. He is exhausted, his throat is parched, and his eyes are burning. Can he endure another trip without falling? He starts back, and is met by a breath of suffocating smoke, but he staggers bravely

forward, for one more is missing. Suddenly he stumbles over an object; groping around, he at last grasps the prostrate form and makes his way again to relief. Is the body safe in the boat? Is there room for another person? No, all the places are full.

"Jump, jump for your life;" and gathering all his energy with one mighty effort, he flings himself from the ship, hearing, as he clears the side, a crash—and, how cool and refreshing the water is!

\* \* \* \* \*

Hazel, excited, rows, rows she knows not where, only that where her father is, there she is going.

Suddenly a light shines out upon the water far ahead. There is hope! The oars splash to and fro with rapid strokes, and the distance is surely lessening, for the light has developed into flames. A burning ship! Never before had this frail girl used the oars so dexterously, never had she been so inspired. A drenched form—and everything is forgotten in the one aim to reach the ship. At last, at last she has come within a short distance. Yes, there is her father.

"Why, Hessie, Hessie; child," and she is in his arms, and is placed in the little craft tossing upon the waves.

The blazing ship is silhouetted against the sky, and the unconscious forms of her passengers are being carried to the boats beside her. All the crafts are filled, all the people are safe except one—will someone volunteer to save that one?

There appear upon the deck of the vessel two figures. One is being carried and is soon lowered to those waiting below. Where is the other now? No one knows save Hazel, who, hearing a splash after the cry, "Jump for your life," sees a dark figure floating close by.

"There, father, there," she cries.

"Every place is filled. We must move," comes the reply.

"Father, how can you? I'll make room."

"Child, you cannot."

"I will."

Thus another dripping, unconscious body is brought into the



already over-loaded boat. Slowly the craft moves from the ship that once so proudly borne, is now but a charred skeleton, half-covered with water, with only a few blazing spars to mark its resting-place.

Darkness of night has settled completely with the oncoming storm, and amid the crash of thunder and the lightning's flash, the sturdy life-boats may be seen tossing on the wind-furied waves. A drop of rain! Hazel looks at the drenched form nearest her and a flash of light as if to aid her seaching glance, reveals the face of Gordon, with its closed eyes and the clusters of damp hair crowning the clear-cut forehead, and stays her eyes until again the flash of light throws upon the boat its frenzied glance. What is there in that uncouscious face that so thrills her? Why is it she finds her eyes fastened on the self-same spot, thanking the lightning for its never-ceasing watchfulness? Why, on awaking from her reverie and finding the drop of rain increased to a downpour, does she gently cover the silent figure with the cloak from her own shoulders? These are questions the girl has not thought to ask herself, but in her gentle heart she knows her happiness.

"Father, father, see; we are almost home," straining with eager eyes into the darkness.

"Yes, my brave lassie, we'll soon be as warm and bright as you gleam from the torch."

This seaman, as cheery as his light-hearted daughter, knows in his big, kindly heart that in so dreary a company, one hopeful word will brighten the drooping heads.

The thunder is gradually growing fainter and fainter, while the rain has diminished to a soft lish-lash, as the boats near the welcome shore. The flash of lanterns and the wild hurry of shouts betray the reception, and as the loaded crafts one by one slowly grind on the pebbles, the dripping forms are borne through the gleaming lines down into the sleeping rooms of the station.

\* \* \* \* \*

Weeks have passed and we find our heroine sitting by a lonely cot, dreamily gazing out upon the splashing water. With silent and loving care she has attended the shipwrecked party, sooth-

ing the feverish, tossing patients with her kind voice, and hovering about the unconscious ones with watchful tenderness.

Often has she turned her eyes to a dark head lying quietly among the white pillows, and now she is watching, watching for returning consciousness, for the crisis has passed.

Hazel has realized ere this that the happiness which she had felt was—did she dare say it? Of this she was thinking, when slowly the eyes of the man beside her opened, and—golden hair, blue eyes—Gordon's ideal! Was it all a dream; where was he? With returning consciousness he looks more closely at the form beside him that has not yet discovered his returned senses.

Slowly she turns her eyes from the rippling shore to her charge and the eyes of black and brown meet. A crimson flush mounts to her cheek, and she glides away to tell the physician of her patient. As the doctor nears the bedside, he notices the eyes of the sick man following Hazel's figure as she attends to her duties. The lips move with an indistinct "Who?"

"Now, be quiet, my man, no talking for days. That is Hessie," following Gordon's gaze.

"Doctor Watson, you are exhausted; leave the sick to me; I will do my best."

"All right, little brave heart, I think I will rest for an hour. You will soon need my care, I'm afraid, but it's only for one hour. The medicine is ready," and the doctor disappears.

Hazel approaches a sleeping figure and seats herself beside the cot, gazing out at the blue sky as is her wont. Again the dark eyes open and with a moment's hesitation, a thin, white hand moves along the coverlet and grasps a delicately-molded one extended to the edge of the cot. The girl quickly awakes from her dream—and looks straight into eyes of black.

"Hessie."

"Gordon."

And that is all.

"RANTHA."

## THE SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

On the evening of December 2d the Freshmen met the Sophomores in the second of the series of inter-class debates. The result was a unanimous decision for the Freshmen. Much interest was manifested in the contest, as it was the second time a Freshman class had ever put out a debating team, and there is always a strong rivalry between the Sophomores and the Freshmen. Both classes were well represented at the debate by ardent supporters.

The question for debate was: "*Resolved*, That United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people." The Freshmen took the affirmative and the Sophomores the negative.

The Freshmen were represented by Messrs. W. E. Younts, N. R. Hodgkin and W. T. Boyce, while Messrs. A. E. Lindley, D. M. Petty and F. A. Watson represented the Sophomores.

Mr. Younts, the first speaker, outlined the affirmative plan of attack, as follows: The proposed change is advocated by the people; it would do away with the present corruption and loss of time in electing; and the present method confuses State and National politics. He then showed that a resolution favoring the proposed plan had been passed four times by the House of Representatives, and that twenty-three States had passed similar resolutions. He also argued that under the system proposed by the affirmative, the present relation between the different departments of the government would still exist, the only change being in the manner of electing.

Mr. Lindley, of the negative, stated that the negative would prove that the present method has met and does now meet, the needs of the people, and that the proposed change would not eliminate the present evils. In support of the first proposition, he argued that the present method is necessary to good government; that the Senate is the center of gravity between the President and the House; that the proposed change would absolve the larger States from their constitutional obligations; and that it is the first amendment to threaten the whole scheme of our government.

Mr. Hodgin, of the affirmative, after a brief summary of his colleague's argument, declared that the Senate has degenerated and that this fact is due to the present method of election. He showed how legislatures have been bribed to elect Senators in New York, Oregon, Kansas, Montana and other States. Also, he proved that the present system is productive of deadlocks which frequently distract the minds of legislators from their business for weeks. The proposed change would eliminate this evil.

Mr. Petty, for the negative, answered the argument that the Senate has degenerated, and proved that the Senate is a stronger body now than it was fifty years ago. In support of this argument he showed how wisely the Senate has dealt with such questions as expansion. He also argued that under the proposed system there would be more fraud and bribery than under the present method. In conclusion he claimed that the conservatism and ability of the Senate is due to its double method of election.

Mr. Boyce, the last speaker for the affirmative, argued that the present method of election mixes State and National issues and offers a strong temptation to gerrymander State senatorial districts, a custom much practiced in Connecticut, Mississippi and North Carolina. After answering the point that the Senate's conservatism is due to its method of election, he gave a complete summary of the affirmative argument.

Mr. Watson closed the argument for the negative in a speech largely extemporaneous. He strengthened the argument of his colleagues and offered a plan by which deadlocks would be eliminated, thus answering the affirmative argument of deadlocks and loss of time by the present method. Referring to the question of mixed politics, he claimed that State and National issues would be confused more than under the present system. He then proceeded to sum up the argument of the negative.

Mr. Boyce, in the rebuttal for the affirmative, made attacks against many of the minor points of the negative.

For the negative, Mr. Petty claimed that gerrymandering could be made more effective under popular election than under

the present system. He also answered some other points of the affirmative and further strengthened the negative argument.

The debate was over. To the audience the question, "Who had won?" was a very difficult proposition. Both sides had shown good team work and a very thorough understanding of the question. The affirmative had presented their argument in a very eloquent manner, while the negative, though not so eloquent, had reasoned clearly and made severe attacks against their opponents' arguments. Judging from an impartial standpoint, perhaps Mr. Younts spoke best for the affirmative, and Mr. Petty for the negative.

The judges were Prof. R. B. Crawford, of Winston; Mr. W. E. Blair, of Greensboro, and Prof. Thos. R. Foust, of Greensboro.

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### THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The Juniors had their annual "field day" on the evening of December 16th. Nine speakers took turns in instructing and inspiring the audience that had assembled to listen to their efforts, and the exhibition was highly creditable to the class of 1907.

Dudley D. Carroll opened the program with an oration on "The Jews," in which he traced the history and outlined the achievements of the "scattered nation." Although his oration was slightly marred by inadequate memorizing, his glowing tributes to the wandering race were received with interest and evident approval.

Miss Linnie Shamberger, in "A Modern Revolution," gave a vivid picture of the recent wave of political reform and an estimate of its significance. Her reading was clear and forcible.

C. C. Frazier summed up the work of John Hay in a thoughtful analysis which gave proper praise to our "treaty-making secretary."



Miss Annie Lois Henley pictured the actual El Dorado of modern wealth, with its millions of golden treasure, in which war has been superseded by commercial competition, the Cæsars by the Rothschilds. The possible danger and the desirable use of this precious store were emphasized.

Two of the most wonderful engineering feats of history were interestingly described by Wilson Hobbs in an account of the Simplon tunnel and the Panama canal, in which modern engineering has scored distinct triumphs.

John Anderson drew a series of striking pictures illustrating the strenuous career of Bismarck, whose creation of Germany lent itself readily to the oratorical purposes of the speaker.

Waller S. Nicholson described the "Rebuilding of a Civilization," giving enthusiastic praise to those who in the dark days following the close of the Civil War labored to reconstruct the fabric of their shattered commonwealths.

A defense of John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company was the unusual theme of Louis L. Hobbs, Jr. The speaker argued forcefully that American business enterprise and the resulting prosperity for both owner and consumer, are due in an important degree to the much-maligned trust.

Eugene J. Coltrane closed the evening with an impressive oration on Theodore Roosevelt, which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Music was furnished by the ever-ready Glee Club.



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## Editorials.

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At least twice a year the student is confronted by what are generally known as examinations—times feared by many, dreaded by most and of great importance to all. And why are these times of such great importance? Not primarily because by them the teacher knows who is worthy of advancement, important as this may be, but because the student at such times stamps upon the parchment of his own character the seal of competency or incompetency, honor or shame. To fail on examination after one had done his very best throughout the term and availed himself of every possible opportunity and means to

master that study would not mean a lessening of character. In this case the fault would be due to some other cause than his.

The professor does not pass him, but he will not, therefore, condemn himself—he has not really failed. On the other hand, it makes no difference how good a show you make on paper, you have made a failure if you have not mastered the subject in so far as it was possible, or if in any way you have worked a deal on the teacher. There are many ways in which the latter might be done. Perhaps the student has suspected what would come up on examination and has prepared on that only. But it is not the few questions handed him by the professor that are at stake. He is laying aside a certain subject, a witness deep down in his own consciousness, of whether he has measured up to the best in him. Of this he himself is judge. There are, of course, other ways of cheating one's self in examinations and of these the most detestable is that of direct stealing of information from books or papers at the time. This, however, is the limit toward which the former is rapidly approaching.

There are two other things often spoken of in reference to examinations, which are of considerable importance—cramming and reviewing. In the minds of many people these terms are synonymous. In reality they are not. Cramming is the custom of leaving everything, or almost everything, until a week or two before the examination, and then forcing into the mind a lot of half intelligible, undigested facts and holding them there for a short time by the sheer force of memory. In this case the facts can never be arranged in any systematic order and few of them will remain much longer than the time for which they were stored. Cramming is not a crime in itself, only in so far as it tends to weaken the self-esteem of a person by having a lot of supposed power to escape him. The real crime lies farther back—all along through the term when he was not doing his best.

Reviewing, however, if properly done, is different—and should by all means be done. Every idea or thought a person gets forms a pathway in his brain. This path may be very

slight at first, but every time you think the same thought that pathway is made deeper and more permanent. This is the value of a thoughtful, systematic review.

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Before this issue of the COLLEGIAN reaches its readers, the Christmas holidays will have come and gone. A discourse on the proper observance of this welcome annual festival would hardly be in order from the present writer, but a few things might be said on the subject with propriety. Much to our sorrow, the mystery and joy and pleasure of Christmases gone by have not attended celebrations of Yule-tide in recent years. They, like all other things, seem to have taken on the twentieth century way of hustle and hurry. A Christmas experience of long ago would seem romantic today. The holiday is fast losing the charm it once had. Some one may say that it is because we are no longer children and consequently have "outgrown" it; but our observation has been that children do not regard it as we did. The Christmas of "twenty years ago" would be heartily welcomed as a substitute for the present business-like holidays. To our minds, to express it figuratively, "Old Santa's" visits would be appreciated much more if made in the sleigh drawn by the reindeer as of old, instead of in the more up-to-date automobile. Looking at it in a sober way, we are led to exclaim, "Oh! for a Christmas of long ago."

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In the good old days, when our republic was but an experiment and social life was full of courtly splendor and grace, the Queen of Hearts was fourth mistress of the White House. At the inauguration of her husband was given the first Presidential ball with its four hundred guests, from which occasion has grown our custom, and the number has become a common appellation of our people in high life. Although her husband's

administration was not all that could be hoped for, she took up the social sceptre, not to lay it down for forty years. Not beauty nor learning was her claim for wielding it so long, but the indefinable charm of a vivacious Southern woman whose heart never grew old. For Southern she was, and more than that, a North Carolinian—for the dashing mistress, Dolly Madison, was born in Guilford county and was a member of New Garden Meeting.

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#### PHILAGOREAN-WEBSTERIAN RECEPTION.

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“What priceless treasure did it hold,  
That new-born heir to all the past !  
To it have ages left their gold  
In works their thought and toil have cast.”

To every one who is a member of a literary society at Guilford College, the privilege of attending the reception given by the Philagorean Literary Society is a treat looked forward to throughout the year. Nor can one have too great expectations because it makes no difference how much one expects of the “Phis.”, he is never deceived in his expectations.

On December 15th, the “Phis.” entertained the “Webs.” and a grand treat it was. All the splendor and experience of past years seemed to be shown in that one evening’s exercise. It was a treat not only socially, but intellectually. The debate, “*Resolved, That strikes are a benefit to the United States,*” was ably discussed by Misses Edwards and Shamberger. Miss Edwards upheld the affirmative and showed the good results of strikes, while Miss Shamberger, representing the negative, pictured the horrors of the strike and destruction of life and property. The debate was a grand effort by able speakers.

The remainder of the program was a recitation by Miss Bradshaw and a piano solo by Miss Pauline White. Miss



Bradshaw's recitation was exceptionally good, while the music rendered by Miss White was splendid, showing the wonderful musical talent that she possesses.

After adjournment, refreshments were served in West Hall, which was beautifully decorated in yellow and white and the "Web." colors, blue and silver. Pretty little souvenirs were distributed among the young gentlemen, on which was the name of his partner. The souvenirs with the conundrums kept each lady and her partner busy for a while, but it is needless to say that this part of the reception was greatly enjoyed by all.

Before any one hardly realized it, it was time for "good nights," and the greatest event of the year was over. X.

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### THE CLAYS AS HOSTS.

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There's a time without peer,  
That's held very dear,  
To Guilford's Philagoreans;  
For visiting the Clays  
Is cherished for days  
In hearts that echo their peans.

Such was the sentiment of every loyal Phi. as she paused to cast one last lingering glance into the hall of the Henry Clay Literary society, ere she awoke to the realization that the event to which she had looked forward so long was only a memory.

On the evening of December the eighth, a flutter of excitement seemed to prevail amid a body of girls collected in the Philagorean Hall; on inquiry as to the cause, the answer invariably came, "We're going up to see the Clays." The party was soon on its way, accompanied by the Clays' marshal, Mr. T. C. Hinkle, and, being ushered into the beautifully decorated hall, all were proud to see the blending of the purple and the gold.

The president, Mr. Frank Watson, presided over the meeting in his own masterly way, while Mr. Carroll Rabb, as secretary, filled his office with equal dignity.

The first number on the program was music by Messrs. Benbow and Whittington, which lent a charm to the remainder of the entertainment. Following this, the question, "*Resolved*, that co-education is the best system of education," was debated—the affirmative being supported by Mr. D. D. Carroll, the negative being upheld by Mr. M. Hinshaw.

Mr. Carroll showed the many advantages of the present system of education at Guilford and other co-educational institutions, while Mr. Hinshaw asserted that the ideal training of men and women, being different, could not be attained in its perfection at a school where their interests were treated in the same manner. Both sides of the question were discussed forcibly, the negative winning.

Again a selection was rendered by Messrs. Benbow and Whittington, after which the Clays and the Phis. adjourned to the social "Finale," when delightful refreshments were served.

Carrying with them unique calendars as souvenirs, and a memory of an evening most pleasantly spent, the Philagoreans wended their way homewards, feeling an increasing interest in the progress of the Clays.

## Locals and Personals.

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ALVAH E. LINDLEY, '08 } EDITORS.  
ANNIE LOIS HENLEY, '07 }

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1906 !

New Year's Resolutions!

Examinations here.

✓ Rufus M. Jones, Editor of "*The American Friend*," gave a lecture in Memorial Hall, Friday, December 15. His subject, "Conquering the Wilderness within us," as usual was deep in thought and simple in expression.

Whittington has given up the idea of forming a cotton trust and has fallen into a deep "Hollo-well."

Guilford had a large delegation at High Point Dec. 16, 17 and 18 at the Christian Workers' Conference, held in the Friends church.

Stratford—"Say, Clark, I would like to have your girl at the reception to-night."

Clark—"If you will give me a hair-cut and a shave I will trade."

It is not necessary to say that the trade was made.

On the evening of Dec. 9, the Junior class spent a pleasant evening with Prof. and Mrs. Newlin.

Hammond, <sup>William</sup> class of '01, is a very promising young man in Asheboro, N. C. He is now filling the office of clerk of court in Randolph county.

✓ <sup>avid</sup> D. M. Petty has been night watchman at Guilford College station during Christmas holidays. He reports that no serious accidents have occurred.

✓ Dr. Chas. E. Tebbetts, president of Whitter College, Cal., spent a few days at the college recently. He and his wife have just returned from a visit to England. While in London they attended the funeral of the late Bevan Braithwaite, the prominent English Friend.

The hand has been found to be very useful for many different things, but one of the most recent discoveries in the sending of wireless telegrams from the finger tips. Those to whom is due the most extraordinary honor for their discovery are Misses Dicks, Hodgkin and Barrow and Messrs. Thompson, White and Haynes.

✓ On the evening of Dec. 14, Miss Isla Fraser and Mr. Carson Sinclair, a promising young lawyer of Marion, N. C., were married in the M. E. church at High Point. They left immediately for a short visit to Florida, after which they will return to make their home in Marion.

Mr. C. Scott Stockard visited friends at the college recently.

The Freshman-Sophomore debate on the evening of Dec. 2, was much enjoyed. It resulted in a victory for the Freshmen.

The last event in the college calendar for 1905 was a musical held on the evening of Dec. 20. It was highly enjoyed. Time and effort in preparing for this occasion were shown in the well-rendered program. The clarinet, played by Prof. Floyd, was a new feature. To Miss Papworth is due great praise for the fine program.

The Junior exhibition given on the evening of Dec. 16, was highly enjoyed by all those who attended.

For results of sleeping on wedding cake, ask "Dom" and "Moselle."

O. V. Woosely, '05, is one of our most loyal alumni. He is a frequent visitor and seems to be interested in some of the members of the present Senior class.

Carl Hill, class of '01, is connected with a lumber company in High Point, in which he is making rapid progress.

One of the most pleasant features that occurred during Christmas holidays was a surprise birthday party given in honor of Mary E. Woody.

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## Athletics.

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### BASE-BALL.

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The students and friends of Guilford have a right to feel proud of the record she made in base-ball last season. Thirteen college games were played and ten of them were won. Trinity, our old rival, suffered her first defeat on her home grounds at our hands in the fastest game ever played in the state. Wake Forest, one of the best coached teams in North Carolina, was also beaten. The games with the State University and Davidson were both lost by the narrow margin of one run. In each game Guilford secured more "hits" than her opponents but failed to win on account of careless base-running and a wild throw. This is a good record but the coming season bids fair to improve on it.

One of the things which justifies this prediction, is the promise of a better ground. Through the generosity of the trustees and alumni, steps have already been taken toward the enlargement and betterment of our home-grounds. It is to be hoped that this step forward will be marked by no retrograde movement. There is no reason whatever why Guilford should



not have better athletic grounds and we believe that the students, alumni and friends of the old institution are waking up to this fact as never before. We trust that ere the season of 1906 opens we shall have a ground entirely in keeping with the other improvements of Guilford. Let "an up-to-date diamond and a winning team," be the watchword for 1906.

Now for the outlook for the team. Prospects are very bright in this direction. Several men who were on last year's team are with us again. Among them we note the following: L. Hobbs, Capt. W. Hobbs, C. Lindsay, Sam Price, Hinkle and Doak. The new men also promise to be an important factor in making up this year's team. Hill, J. White and Kirkman are considered as very strong men and will doubtless do good service. With a new ground and the material in hand with good coaching there is no reason to doubt that Guilford will render an account of herself during the season of 1906 that will be a cause of pride to all who have her interest at heart.

The schedule so far is as follows:

March 24th, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

March 31st, Trinity at Durham.

April 5th, Trinity at Greensboro.

" 13th, Wake Forest at Guilford College.

" 16th, Davidson at Greensboro.

" 17th, St. Johns at Guilford College.

" 20th, Wake Forest at Wake Forest.

" 21st, A. and M. at Raleigh.

" 27th, Newberry at Newberry.

" 28th, South Carolina College at Columbia.

————— Wake Forest at Greensboro.

May 8th, University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

" 9th, Washington and Lee at Lexington, Va.

## Exchanges.

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We are glad to notice the general high standard reached by the last issues of exchanges received, and our remarks this time will be more of a complimentary sort than adverse criticism.

*The Wake Forest Student* for November is at hand and is a creditable magazine. "The Physician's Story" is good. Its variation from the thought usually expressed in stories is an agreeable change. Stories of a historical character or of romantic incidents, such as the one just mentioned, would do much more for the tone of college magazines than so many love stories. The article on "Mosquitoes" is instructive and interesting. "The Tragedy of Boston Bridge" is a vivid description of a railroad wreck; the thought wished to be emphasized, is expressed in a question in the last paragraph, which reads as follows: "When will the suffering public be safe in travel, when these greedy corporations take into consideration the saving of repair money when human souls are at stake?" The Editor's Portfolio is also of a high standard.

*The Criterion* shows no sign of a stagnant, disinterested body of students. It is well filled with a large variety of short stories and articles. The poems are also very good. If the present standard is maintained, the young lady editors of the paper will have much to be proud of when they retire from their honored and well-filled positions.

It might well be said of *The Carolinian*, what its exchange editor says about the *Converse Concept*. He says: "We can conscientiously praise its contents. Its variety of poetry, essay and fiction is so arranged as to splendidly preserve the balance of the magazine." The poems, "Clouds," "Mystic Manœu-

vers" and "In the Moonlight" show poetical talent that should be cultivated. "The Uses of the Literary Society" is a splendid article and we are glad to notice it is to be continued. The author could scarcely have chosen a subject that should appeal to every student more than this one, nor could he present it in a much more forceful way than he does.

*The Davidson College Magazine* is well filled with solid reading matter. "War and Its Remedy" and "Two Conceptions of our Democracy" are excellent. The poem also, "My Sure Pilot," is very good.

The December number of *The Earlhamite* is poor. There is only one article and of the four or five pages of poems, several are copied. The editorials also are lacking in number as well as quality. From a college like Earlham a better magazine should be issued. Better one good magazine a month than two poor ones.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

*The College Message, State Normal Magazine, The Westonian, The Collegian, The Wilmingtonian, The Penn Chronicle, The Hamptonian, University Life, The Crescent, George School Ides, The Haverfordian, The Oakwood Index, The Brown Alumni Monthly, The Randolph Macon Monthly, The Comenian, The Lenoirian, Park School Gazette, The High School Magazine.*

# The Guilford Collegian.

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## MR. ROCKEFELLER AND THE STANDARD OIL CO.

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*(Oration Delivered at Junior Exhibition December 16, 1905.)*

John D. Rockefeller, the president of the Standard Oil Company, some thirty years ago was a clerk in a commission house in Cleveland, Ohio. In 1864, oil was discovered in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Rockefeller, although a man of small means, went into partnership with a friend and purchased some of the oil producing land.

About the same time an ingenious man named Andrews discovered a new process of refining oil. Mr. Andrews was taken into partnership with Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Clark, and his method of refining oil was put into use. By this improved method of refining, they were able to put on the market oil that would bring them a fair profit. Feeling thus encouraged, they borrowed some money and set to work in earnest. After a short time their prospects grew still brighter, so that Mr. Rockefeller persuaded his brother William to join them in their venture. Yet, although their business thus increased and prospered, they still lacked capital to carry out their plans on as large a scale as they desired. This lack was supplied when the Rockefellers were joined by Mr. Henry H. Flagler, who invested \$60,000 in the establishment, an addition which gave the concern a start from which it never ceased to grow. As the company developed and grew more powerful, it began to buy up and overcome rival concerns until within seven years of its foundation, the Standard had a firm hold on the refining business, and at this early period practically controlled a large part of the oil interests of the United States.

As is well known, Mr. Rockefeller and his methods are severely criticized, and he is blamed and denounced by many

persons. There seems to be a tendency in people to criticize those who have gone ahead and in spite of all obstacles, become wealthy and powerful. Even Christian workers and many other people of good intent are often unjustly criticized when they have become prominent. Without saying that Mr. Rockefeller has not been self-interested, and that he may not often have resorted to harsh measures to carry his point, nevertheless, since he has put into practice modern business methods, what is the result? Has it been good or bad? No one who makes a careful investigation can deny that there are many benefits that have been brought about by this gigantic combination.

Before the formation of the Standard Oil Company many smaller refiners were carrying on a cut-throat competition that made it hard for any one to prosper in the oil business. Thus the men that were engaged in it were actually benefited by being forced into an organization that was on a safer foundation. Men were actually losing money, but keeping on with the hope that they would finally win out. In the hurry to put oil on the market, however, they wasted much and created such a state of affairs that there was really no chance for any one to succeed in that industry. Under the trust this has been changed. Losses have been turned into profits. Consumers, too, are greatly benefited. They get a better grade of oil, get it more cheaply and are not subject to continual changes in the price. We have often heard that the Standard Oil Company holds back oil and raises the price at every opportunity. That this is far from the truth, the price of oil has plainly shown. Since the Standard Oil Company got control of the business, the price of oil has been reduced. At the close of the year 1887, just six years after the formation of the trust, it was found that over twenty-six million barrels more than usual had been put on the market, and that the price had been so reduced that it benefited the public to the surprising amount of \$100,000,000 for the year 1887 alone.

The question might now be asked: How could the Standard Oil Company afford to reduce the price to this extent? The answer is simple. The association of refiners combined the



best knowledge and skill in the business; they worked together; what was learned by one was for the good of all. The results of the different methods in use in different refineries were compared. If those in one refinery were found to be good and those in another bad, the defect was carefully searched out and corrected. Scientific men were employed to find some use for the by-products, with the result that many of the by-products formerly thrown away as waste, are now manufactured into useful articles and sold.

By the aid of combination, the refiners have been able to reduce the cost of barrels, tin cans, glue and acids. In 1872 barrels cost the company \$2.35 each; they are now manufactured by the Standard Oil Company at a cost of \$1.25 each. This single item amounts to a saving of \$4,000,000 a year. In 1872 cans cost 30 cents each; the Standard now makes them for less than 15 cents. As thirty-six millions of cans are used every year, this saving amounts to over \$5,000,000 annually. The same cheapening process has taken place in nearly all the articles used in the production of oil. The result of this improvement since 1872 has reduced the cost of refining oil 66 per cent., and the benefit to the public amounts to millions annually.

A few years ago the Standard Oil Company often received complaints about their oil. In each case they at once sent experts to determine the cause for the complaint. These experts often found oil that was produced by other companies, put up in the Standard's cans. They discovered also that a great many of the wicks then in use were poor, so poor that they would not burn with any oil, no matter how pure it might be. To overcome this difficulty the Standard Oil Company established a factory where it manufactured wicks of the very best kind, which it then sold so cheaply as to force them on the market. The manufacture of these wicks does not pay for itself, and thus the Standard sinks money every year in the investment; but it is such a large company that it can afford to manufacture good wicks in order to make sure of the sale of its oil.

The remarkable success that attended the early operations of the Standard Oil Company was said by many to have been

due to the fact that it got from the railroads rebates and special rates which other companies could not get. This, however, is not exactly the case, and the rates that the Standard did get were not secured so much by fraud as is sometimes thought. In many cases the railroads made the arrangement to carry oil for the Standard at special rates because that company furnished the railroads regularly with freight. The Standard Oil Company also introduced better facilities for carrying oil and for handling it at the terminals, and therefore deserved something from the railroads in return, for its improvements benefited the railroad as much as they did the oil company.

During the eighties and early nineties, the different railroads all over the country were doing all they could to get the large corporations that were then growing up, bound to them as closely as possible. This brought about a railroad competition that the Standard took advantage of, as did many other companies. It is true that the Standard Oil Company thrived more than any other company, but it did so because it took advantage of every opportunity and because its officers were enterprising, and at the same time cautious.

Miss Ida Tarbell has carefully written a great many suppositions about the personal character of Mr. Rockefeller. She tries to show him up in as bad a light as is possible. She fails to give him credit for the many benefactions he has bestowed on the public, for Mr. Rockefeller has given millions to colleges and other good causes. She says that he forces people to sell their property to him, but she says nothing about the fact that he always pays them the worth of their property, and often more. In one of her articles she takes several pages to show how he swindled a poor widow out of her oil refinery. But, when the truth was learned, it was found that Mr. Rockefeller paid the woman more than the price for which she had offered to sell her refinery to another company, and that after the bargain was closed, Mr. Rockefeller had actually had his secretary pay the woman \$10,000 more than he had promised her. Often have Mr. Rockefeller's actions in similar business transactions been similarly misrepresented.

He is often charged with making a corner in oil. Miss Tarbell thought that she would make a corner in reputations, and for filthy lucre's sake she defamed Mr. Rockefeller.

Looking at the good results of the Standard Oil Company, let us think of it as a great corporation which is an outgrowth of this industrial age; and let us remember Mr. Rockefeller as a great public benefactor.

L. L. HOBBS, JR.

There is so much bad in the best of us,  
There is so much good in the most of us,  
It hardly behooves any of us  
To talk about the rest of us.

—*J. D. Rockefeller's verse.*

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### A QUESTION OF HONOR.

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It was growing late, as Ruffin Merritt looked up from his last page of Latin and glanced nervously at the little ticking clock beside him.

"And I told them I'd be there at six," the belated muttered as he shoved his chair noisily from the study-table and jerked his overcoat from a neighboring chair. As he strode to the opposite side of the room for his coat, he glanced out the window and shuddered at the whirling flakes of snow and the drifts he could see dimly outlined through the gloom.

"Uh, but it's a terror of a night to start out. I wish I hadn't promised, but they'll be expecting me, and Aunt Lucy will have things cooked, so there's an end to it," as he started for the door. He noticed, as he passed the crowd of boys collected in the hall, that his room-mate was not there, but it was only a momentary thought, and its significance did not occur to him.

"Where have you started, old chap?" was yelled to him from the group, and Ruffin did not stop as he cheerily answered:

"Aunt Lucy Hasten told me to run down there tonight, and I thought I'd better be off."

Could he have seen the scurrying and hustle of the boys as soon as the door was closed upon him, he would probably have wondered, but, as it was, he only dug his hands deeper into his pockets and trudged contentedly through the drifting snow. Little did he dream of the experience he should have before the four miles which lay between him and his aunt's should be traversed.

"I declare, it's almost a shame to work the trick on him. He's a good sort," one boy remarked, as he joined the crowd that was waiting outside the door, impatient to depart.

"Oh, we'll be good to him. We want to try his grit," came from the midst of those waiting, and the band moved away. Although every boy in the company felt in his heart the same thought that their mate had voiced, they would not give up the plan, or even admit their soft-heartedness to each other.

Ruffin was a new man. That was the secret of all the plotting and proceedings. Everybody liked the big, kind-hearted fellow, who had arrived a few days before. He was always in his proper place, so that nothing in that line could be laid at his door. He spoke jovially with his mates, but was always thoughtful. He did not ask too many questions. He was not "fresh." In truth, it seemed that nothing could be found to justify his "initiation" to the place he should occupy, for was he not already becoming one of the most popular boys? All this had been silently considered. But, he was a new man! That was always the conclusion. It had been a long-prevailing custom for the college boys promptly to "station" any newly-arrived student, and they felt it would be a violation of an iron-clad rule to make him an exception.

Merritt must be hazed! This was evident. Still, every boy felt a reluctance in carrying it out. It was a strange sensation to them to think of hesitating, for always before it had been their supposed duty and "lots of fun." But now they were following this unsuspecting companion, to whom they were all attached, in a half-hearted way, and deep in their hearts wishing themselves in their rooms. But this was the best chance!

All the while, Ruffin plunged thoughtlessly through the snow, unconscious that his existence was being given even a thought. The wind was piercing, and he was beginning to feel numb with cold. The flakes were whirling about him, and he shivered, for his coat was that of two winters ago, and it was thinning, but his parents were sacrificing much to send him to school. That was enough, and he did not murmur.

When about two miles had been covered, and he was forgetting the dreary night, being engrossed in his own thoughts, he suddenly stumbled upon a dark object, now half-covered with snow, which lay in his path. He stopped to see more clearly, and in an instant, from unseen coverts a dozen dark figures sprang, and before he realized what was happening, he was surrounded and was being tied hand and foot. A lantern was brought, and by its dim light he could see that the faces were masked. No word was spoken, and he made no protest, except when by a sudden flurry a mask dropped, and he gasped "Henry!" He now realized what was happening, and as he was carried along, he silently scrutinized each moving form, and—there was Will, who roomed across the hall, and Tom, and—Henry, his room-mate, yes, he was there, and the rest—well, he knew who they were, too. He was borne on, on, on.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Lucy, didn't Ruffin say he would be here at six?" asked Mr. Hasten of his wife, as he entered a spacious kitchen where an array of cakes was displayed.

"Yes, and everything has been cooked so long I'm afraid it won't be good."

"Well, it's now half past eight, and I can't see a sign of him coming up the road. What shall we do? Do you reckon he decided not to come?"

"No, Ruffin'll come. He allus does when he promises. Wait a bit, and I reckon you'd better start up that way. He might of got lost comin' by the new-cut road. He ain't used to that one."

The wait was decided upon, and two hours passed. Still these old people, who had no son to love, watched for this nephew they adored.



"Lucy, I can't stand it no longer. I'm a-goin' after that boy," and a lantern was taken from its peg and brought forth, a bent figure started down the walk, followed by the gleam of a lamp held at the door.

Mrs. Hasten went back to watch the clock. She had listened at the window dozens of times since the clock struck eleven. An hour passed—still no one appeared.

She was leaning helplessly upon the table, her head sunk in her hands, when she was aroused by a "hurrah" at the gate. In an instant the house was ablaze with lights, and an unconscious boy was lying on the "spare-room" bed. The anxious aunt was hovering about, and the tears were silently trickling down the wrinkled cheeks.

"Boys, don't, oh, don't. I can't bear it. What have I done? Please, please stop," rang out in agonized tones. "Yes, I'll do that; but please let me go to Auntie's. She's waiting," and another tear dropped upon the white coverlet.

Thus it was through the whole night. Pleading to be released, but not once mentioning a name in those delirious cries, which, until unconscious, he had suppressed.

A month later, a group of dejected boys stood about the hall stove in "The Inn," as a pale, haggard person entered, and, with a pleasant "Good evening," passed on into a room down a side hall.

"Do you suppose he will tell?" one of the assembly whispered, and no one answered as they gazed sadly into the glowing coals.

"Has Merritt gotten here yet? President would like to speak to him in his office," announced a messenger, approaching the circle. Several swift glances told the minds of the conscience-stricken.

When Ruffin entered the office of the president of the college, he was surprised to find the entire faculty gathered there, and he noticed that a hush fell upon the conversation when his arrival was announced. He instinctively knew that he was being discussed.

"Mr. Merritt, we thought best to speak to you in this evening's session. That explains your call at this untimely hour,"

said the president, pleasantly. Then, in deeply serious tones, "Probably you can guess our object. But I will tell you what we expect. We want you to tell us clearly and candidly what you remember of the circumstance which has thrown a shadow over yourself as well as over the whole college. Did you recognize any of the persons who treated you in the manner which was indicated by your illness and which you spoke of in your delirious moments?"

Delirious moments? Had he betrayed the secret? Ruffin turned cold at the thought. He gazed fixedly at the opposite wall, and his head whirled. He had determined no one should ever know, and not until now had he thought of the possibility of his disclosing the affair in his delirium. Should he tell everything? He thought of the inevitable result for those implicated. But, had they not mistreated him without a single cause? Had he not a right to avenge his wrong? Did they not deserve punishment? Here was a chance for revenge.

A great temptation to make known his suffering and the whole horrible occurrence came over him, almost overwhelmingly. Then, the manly thought of the cowardice of telling presented itself, and he gripped his hands determinedly. The cold perspiration was standing on his forehead, and he felt exhausted, but the battle was won. He would not tell, and no one should know save himself and those boys, who, he firmly believed, had meant no harm.

When he recovered himself, he found all eyes bent upon him and the president speaking.

"Mr. Merritt, we had hoped you could remember the incidents without so much study. We are all sorry it has happened. Will you now tell us if you recognized anyone?"

Ruffin straightened himself, and, looking his questioner squarely in the face, steadily answered: "President, I cannot tell."

The eyes of the impulsive "supreme" blazed. Was his plan of freeing the college from the widespread ignominy to be trampled upon and utterly destroyed by this boy's stubbornness? The old loyal college spirit of the man had not yet been aroused.

"Will you then narrate the proceedings?"

"That, also, is impossible."

"Do you not realize of what importance it is that you tell? Do you not see that the reputation of the college depends upon my request and your answer?" was demanded of him, but he stood firm. This was a new phase of the question, but he did not think it right to tell, and he would not.

"Do you care nothing at all for the institution which you have recently entered? Can you not see that we are doing all this for your good as well as our own? Do you have no respect for the members of this faculty and myself that you refuse to comply with this request—yes, I say this *demand*?" the president hotly argued, but nothing could turn the boy's honest purpose.

"I cannot tell," was his simple reply.

The president, whose demands had never before been refused, was exasperated. He almost glared at the boy before him as he furiously said, "Sir, have you thought that there is a probable penalty for your refusal?"

Ruffin did not flinch. His eyes were fastened upon the enraged man as he coolly stood for his own belief as to the right.

"I am sorry, indeed very sorry not to obey you, but my own penalty does not concern my views of right and wrong. I do not think that I should tell, and I cannot."

More than one professor, hearing, feared the outcome. Several found themselves gradually grasping the boy's meaning, and they secretly admired him. But the furious temper of the president was aroused, and he would have no other than his own way.

"If you persist in your refusal, you will be expelled," and the professors groaned. Ruffin's heart almost failed him. Disgrace! His father and mother! He wavered. Should he? He was himself again. He would not!

"That does not alter the case. Do you wish me to remain longer?"

"No. Go!" The president almost hissed the words.

Ruffin quietly withdrew and started for his room. Again the thought of his dear father's and mother's sorrow! He

stopped. Should he go back? Tears stood in his eyes, but he would not tell! He hurried lest his purpose should fail, and once there came an earnest "God help me."

On the following morning, when the boys heard of Ruffin's firm refusal, he was their hero. He was a man. They came to his room in a body and those who had never before been known to admit a fault, now almost groveled in the dust for forgiveness.

"Oh, boys, don't make me feel so silly. I know; I understand; and I want to make one request. Will you promise?"

"Let's hear it," came the response.

"Will you promise not to betray the least part of our adventure?"

The boys hesitated. It was their intention to confess everything and they were on their way to their fate at that very time.

"We can't promise that, pard. It'll get you into trouble. We know the whole story."

"But you must promise. You shall promise, do you hear? I command it. Please excuse me for a while. Won't you stay till I get back?" and he had gone before any one realized what he had said.

"President, will you promise me one thing, if I tell you what you requested?" Ruffin asked when he had reached the office of the president.

"That depends," was the reply of a somewhat softened anger.

"I have everything packed, and am going away this afternoon. I want you to promise this: If I tell you all, you will not punish the boys?"

Before a reply could be formed, he continued: "President, you have been a schoolboy. Do you not see how I feel? Do you not know I love every one of those boys that are down in my room at this very minute? Do you think I care for myself? I do not. I care for them, and I cannot do that which would do them injury. Can't you see how I feel when I tell you I have made them promise to keep still? I am willing to bear anything, everything, but please, President, do not punish

those fellows who meant no harm." The words were spoken calmly, but with all the earnestness of a boy's soul.

The light was dawning. Ruffin could see it, and he quietly gazed at the man before him. The old spirit of college-honor was taking the place of an unrelenting will. The man was realizing Ruffin's position, and Ruffin knew it.

Slowly the president arose from his chair, walked to the boy, and, placing a hand upon his shoulder, grasped a willing hand silently.

"My boy, you are brave, brave. You have set an example which is seldom set. Would more were like you. Stay with us as long as you can, for we all need you. I do not care to know your secret. Go, now, and tell the boys I am with them and with you in whatever is honest and true. I'm sure they will never repeat this experience."

"RANTHA."

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### THE RECENT INCREASE IN GUILFORD'S ENDOWMENT.

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The alumni and all former students of Guilford College and of its predecessor, New Garden Boarding School, are interested in the movement begun several years ago to place the college on a sure financial basis, and doubtless have learned something of the recent large increase of its endowment.

Three years ago while active measures were being taken to obtain an adequate supply of good water, on account of two donations of a thousand dollars each—one by R. J. Reynolds and one by W. W. Mills—made to encourage the establishment of an electric light plant, it was decided to combine the arrangement for water supply with the electric light plant. For this purpose search was made on the farm for water and a fine spring was discovered northeast of Founders, which now



supplies about twelve thousand gallons daily, enough to furnish all the buildings. The State chemist has pronounced this excellent drinking water.

After these valuable improvements were completed, the expense incurred, together with some other liabilities of several years' standing, put the college \$27,000 in debt. Just two years ago this condition was staring us in the face; and it was determined boldly to meet the crisis. The well-known and beloved Friend, Allen Jay, of Richmond, Indiana, with the help of the president of the college, most kindly devoted two months in an effort to collect funds to pay this debt. The success of this appeal to the friends of the college was most gratifying. The improvements were thus made and paid for and the total debt on the college liquidated. This was a necessary first step before we could make headway in raising endowment.

In April of last year application was made to Mr. Andrew Carnegie for assistance. He was asked to contribute to Guilford College \$45,000.00, provided the same amount should be obtained elsewhere. Within a few days after the application was made, word was received from Mr. Carnegie that he would be glad to comply with the condition proposed. Early in May Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, kindly offered to give \$25,000 on condition that \$75,000 should be secured elsewhere. These conditions were both complied with in less than six months, and the total sum of \$115,000.00 was added to the permanent fund and the same placed in the hands of the trustees for investment.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, when he sent his check for \$25,000.00, stated that it was his wish that this sum should serve as a memorial of his friend, Dr. Oliver Woodson Nixon, for a long time the distinguished literary editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. There was in this a peculiar fitness as well as a beautiful mark of friendship. Dr. Nixon was born in Guilford county near the Deep River Meeting House, in 1825. His father was Samuel Nixon, a member of the Friends' Church, and removed from the State with his family in 1830. He was said to be the first man in North Carolina who freed his slaves. This memorial fund will perpetuate the memory both of its distinguished

donor and benefactor, Dr. D. K. Pearsons, and also that of Dr. Nixon, a man of eminent ability, unswerving integrity of character, and distinguished patriotism. It will also benefit many young people in the Old North State that gave him birth.

The fund in memory of Harriet Green has reached the sum of \$12,000.00, and it is hoped that additions will soon bring it up to \$25,000.00 in order that the income may be sufficient to support a chair in Biblical study. The need of Bible study as a preparation for church work is a pressing one, and is in line with what Harriet Green prayed might come to North Carolina Yearly Meeting.

L. L. HOBBS.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Andrew Carnegie shares with Grover Cleveland the distinction of being the most eminent private citizen in the world. Other men have amassed immense fortunes, though few have piled up the equal of the \$200,000,000 with which he is popularly credited. But no one else has ever devoted his attention to disposing of his wealth as has Carnegie. The "canny Scotsman" has made the spending of millions a science and, having devoted the energies of his prime to gaining riches, is using his declining years in bestowing his gains in ways that seem to him to pay best for society.

The story of his life is one of the many marvelous nineteenth century romances. What the heroes of the Arabian Nights tales did by magic, Andrew Carnegie has accomplished by brains and energy. Landing in New York a poor Scotch lad, he was not long in finding in Pittsburg the beginnings of opportunities that were to raise him from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to princely power. In course of time he was at the head of the leading steel works in the United States and one of the country's chief multi-millionaires. A few years ago, when J. Pierpont Morgan was forming his famous billion-dollar steel trust, he found his plans depending on the assent of Carnegie to selling his plant. The steel magnate consented to sell, but the price was heavy—\$200,000,000 in 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds on the property of the newly formed corporation. Morgan paid the price and Carnegie, throwing off

the burden of business cares, entered on his interesting career of systematizing benevolence. Libraries, technical schools, college endowments and a multitude of other gifts witness to his efficiency as a practical money-spender. His utterance that "to die rich is to die disgraced," is perhaps his best known sentence. Yet to reduce a fortune whose annual income is a million dollars a month is by no means easy. It requires little experience to hazard the statement that to spend wisely is a more difficult task than to gain rapidly.

With a palace on Fifth avenue and Skibo castle in his native Scotland, Andrew Carnegie is still the genial, shrewd, companionable, generous "Andy" who once toiled with his hands at what he could get to do. Whether planning a \$10,000,000 college gift or speaking at a Mark Twain birthday dinner, he is equally at home and equally interesting. His twinkling eyes and snowy hair are the prominent features of one of the most distinguished men of our time.

DR. D. K. PEARSONS.

The recent action of Dr. Pearsons, of Chicago, in giving to Guilford College \$25,000.00 to be added to our endowment, is the result of genuine interest in Guilford College when he came to know our needs and opportunities. Dr. Pearsons believes in boys and girls, and especially in poor boys and girls. A trip through the South a few years ago aroused his interest in the education of the whites in this region; he came to the conclusion that the colored people in the South were better cared for than the whites in the matter of education, and he believes that the poor white children of the South deserve much from those who have wealth. He says of himself: "I am from the mountains away up in Vermont; I am a mountain white and I was once as poor as any and as ignorant."

He was born nearly 86 years ago on a farm among the mountains of Vermont. These are the same mountains that continuing south, run through Virginia and Carolina. He got most of his education at Montpelier Seminary, where he boarded himself at an expense of 40 cents a week. He struggled on, taught school, studied medicine and started in prac-

tice in Massachusetts near where Mary Lyon organized Mount Holyoke Seminary. He was a personal friend of Mary Lyon and many a girl did he help at that school in its early days. Later he was able to give Mount Holyoke College \$100,000. When he lived there, he was a poor young doctor struggling to get a start in life.

A little later Dr. Pearsons went west, made valuable investments in timber lands, and in a long life has accumulated a fortune with no suspicion of taint or dishonesty. His gifts to schools and colleges amount to more than five million dollars. He is his own executor and makes sure that his money goes where he intends it to go and without any fees or court charges. He claims to do all he does on business principles, with no pretense at benevolence or philanthropy. He says: "I am the most economical, close-fisted man you ever put your eyes on." Yet is not his benevolence of the purest type? Being deprived through poverty of a college education himself, he has enabled and will enable thousands of boys and girls to go to college who never could have gone except for his gifts.

Dr. Pearsons has placed Guilford College, both teachers and pupils, under new obligations, and the only way in which we can pay this debt is to make the best type of intelligent, Christian citizenship.

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## AN EGYPTIAN GUIDE ON EVOLUTION.

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More than five hundred miles up the Nile there once stood the one hundred-gated city of ancient Thebes, whence great rulers led forth their armies to world conquests.

Only magnificent ruins now remain to mark the place and greatness of the old city—prominent among these are the imposing ruins of the temples of Luxor and Karnak, on the east bank of the river, and the tombs of the kings cut into the rock hills of the desert on the west.

The temple ruins of Luxor and those of Karnak more than a mile down the river, are connected by what seems to be the re-



mains of a once broad and splendid avenue. Between this avenue and the Nile, which flows in majestic stillness to the west of it, there stands an up-to-date hotel. This hotel is situated on a well-kept park of some four or five acres, extending from the avenue to the river's bank. The surface of the park is raised a few feet above the surrounding level and inclosed by a stone wall to mark the boundaries and keep out the river in time of its overflow. At the west side an artistic stone landing is arranged for the use of guests who may come and go, or who may desire a boat ride on the Nile, so clear and placid at this point.

It was while sitting in a pleasant pavilion by this landing that the writer was approached by a venerable and wise-looking Egyptian guide. After exhibiting what he claimed to be some very ancient relics and presenting some testimonials of his archæological standing in that country, the following colloquy ensued:

"This is a great country," I remarked.

"Yea, sure," said my new friend, "great country—great country. Everything begin in great country of the Nile. Great university here first. People here first. World begin here. Nile made country. Nile made plants, animals and all."

"Then you are an evolutionist?"

"Evolutionist you say? What is it?"

"An evolutionist is a scholarly person who thinks that man grew up out of some lower order of life, some very little animal."

"Yes, I see man come from a tadpole. Yes I be that you says. I think man come from a tadpole."

"Tell me how that was. Tell me how man began in Egypt and how man came from a tadpole. Sit here in the shade and tell me about it and I give you backsheesh. I give you two backsheesh. Tell me; I want to know."

After some parley about more backsheesh, the wise-looking old gentleman, with an air of great thoughtfulness, proceeds in the main as follows:

"You sees that before man was, great big animals was—some in the Nile and some on land. At one time a great splash-



ing of water was in the Nile and many tadpoles almost turned to frogs—they had legs and also tails. I say many of these tadpoles were scared out of the Nile and being afraid on land, climbed the trees near the bank of the river. Sees you how?"

"Yes, I see."

"As these little animals climbed about on the limbs, their legs got bigger and also their tails begin to grow again as the animals would use them to hang by. Some of these little four-footed, tailed animals learned to live on the lower side of the limbs and others lived on the top of the limbs. The ones living on the underside of the limbs, by looking backward to their enemies on land, learned to move the upper jaw, you see? and when they got large, dropped off, went back into the river and made crocodiles. The animals living on the top of the limbs kept looking from over the limb down to the enemies below and pushed their mouths back and pulled their faces and the back part of their heads forward. See you? As time went on, the animals grew larger and as the enemies went away, they formed the habit of living part of the time on the land and part of the time on the trees. By feeding on the berries growing on the small bushes, these animals learned to walk about on their two back legs, which developed more and more until the animals were two-legged animals with arms and hands rather than four-legged as at the first step from the tadpole state. They were then like the monkey you now see. In their great freedom they lived a part of the time among the small trees near the Nile and at other times among the bluffs at the edge of the desert. On a time you see some of these monkey-like animals took a fad of standing on their heads as boys, you know, do—see you?"

"Yes, I see."

"By this habit of standing on their heads and at times hanging on the limbs by their back legs, their fore legs grew like arms and feet like hands and their back legs grew straight, more like man's legs be now, you see?"

"Yes, I see, and their heads were made more round and stouter on top. Yes, I see, but how about the tail?"

"Yes, yes, I see. Well, this is how about the tail. You sees how once on a time some of these round-headed monkeys took on a fad of sliding down the sides of the hills and bluffs on the edge of the desert as a game of fun, you see?"

I saw.

He got the backsheesh.

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### SCIRE QUOD SCIENDUM.

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To know what ought to be known is a question which should be uppermost in the minds of any people. Accident does very little towards the production of any great result in life. Sedulous attention and painstaking application always mark the truly successful man in any walk of life.

However, neither the naked hand nor the understanding, left to itself, can do much. Training is required no less for the understanding than for the hand. Knowing when and how are essentials to success. There is a Latin proverb which runs as follows:

"Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

To know how and when are qualities which are characteristic not of the non-aggressive and slothful, but of the wide-awake and energetic. There are many who would fain have these qualities, but fail to apply themselves because it takes days of toil and honest training. Young people are often unwilling to go through the machine which will turn out the finished product. They would go by leaps, touching only the high places and ignoring the so-called little things of life. The great men are not those who "despise the day of small things,"

but those who improve them most carefully. So trifling a matter as the sight of sea-weed floating past his ship, enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose among his sailors at not discovering land. There is nothing so small that it should remain forgotten. Human knowledge, in fact, is but an accumulation of small facts made by successive generations of men. Little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up grow at length into a mighty pyramid.

There are many who would like to become scholars, but who are not resolved to face all difficulty to gain the desired end. The most prolific school of all has been the school of difficulty. Men who have resolved to find a way for themselves will always find opportunities enough. If they do not lie ready at hand they will make them. The battle of life must necessarily be fought up hill. The history of difficulty is but the history of all the great and good things that have yet been accomplished by men. "If I could do such and such a thing," sighs the desponding youth. But he will never do, if he only wishes; desire must ripen into purpose and effort.

The difference between men of untrained intellect and those of trained intellect consists, chiefly, in the intelligence of their observation. "The wise man's eyes are in his head," says Solomon, "but the fool walketh in darkness." It is the mind that sees as well as the eye. Cicero says, "We do not discern those things which we see with the eyes, but the eyes are, as it were, the windows of the mind." Many, before Galileo, had seen a suspended weight swing before their eyes with a measured beat; but he was the first to detect the value of the fact. Where unthinkinking gazers observe nothing, men of intelligent vision penetrate into the very fibre of the phenomena, noting differences, making comparisons, and detecting underlying ideas.

The person with the trained hand, the trained intellect, and the trained heart possesses all in himself. The story of Simonides illustrates this truth. Simonides wrote eminent poetry and through this art he became known throughout the renowned cities of Asia. After he had travelled through all the cities of Asia and had gained great wealth, he desired to return to his native island, Cea. Having put on board his great pos-

sessions, he, in company with men of other occupations, set sail. A great storm arose and shattered the ship in the midst of the sea. His comrades put on their life preservers and loaded themselves down with their precious jewels. A certain rather curious fellow noticed that Simonides was taking none of his possessions; so he asked the reason. Simonides replied that all of his possessions were with him. Very few swam out. Many loaded down with their burdens perished. Those who reached the shore were robbed immediately. The ship-wrecked ones sought a near-by town. In this town was a certain learned man who had read the verses of Simonides, and who was the greatest admirer of him, even in his absence. When he had become acquainted with Simonides personally, he heaped upon him clothing, food, money and servants. The others went about begging food. When Simonides saw them in this condition, he said: "I told you that all of my possessions were with me; you have acquired what has perished."

"The morning hour has gold in its mouth," is a saying which is quite true. It is a great point for the young to begin well; for in the beginning of life that system of conduct is adopted which soon assumes the force of habit. Begin well and the habit of doing well will become quite as easy as the habit of doing badly. Many promising young men have irretrievably injured themselves by a first false step or decision at the commencement of life. There is many a poor creature, now crawling through life, miserable himself and a cause of sorrow to others, who might have lifted his head and prospered if he had applied himself and made a good practical beginning. Too many are impatient of results. They are not willing to begin where their fathers did. They think to enjoy the fruits of labor and toil without working for them.

One of the most valuable qualities which a young person can possess, is that of cheerfulness in their work. Cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit. Difficulties give such a spirit no despair. The fervent spirit is always a healthy and happy spirit, working cheerfully itself and stimulating others to work. The most effective work is that which passes through the hands or head of him whose heart is glad. The expression

used by Virgil in his treatise about bees teaches a great lesson: "*Fervet opus*," "the work is aglow."

Finally, if a man who has health, eyes, hands, a trained intellect and moral backing, wants an object, it is only because the Great Maker has bestowed all those blessings upon a man who does not deserve them.

C. O. MEREDITH.

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### DOROTHY.

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In the hurry and turmoil of getting ready to start to college for the first time, one almost forgets the sadness that is sure to come.

It was certainly this way with Dorothy Thorton, a sixteen-year old girl who lived in a happy Southern home. When her father told her in June that it was his intention to send her north to school the following fall, we can scarcely imagine the joyous expression that came over the girl's face. She had always longed for a college education, but as there were several children in the family besides herself, she had almost given up the idea as an impossibility. After this joyful news was made known to her, she could neither talk nor think of anything else. Almost all her time was occupied in preparation, so that she did not have time to think of the sad "good-bye" that she would soon have to say to the dearest friends she had. Oh, that we could always be so busy doing that which is right that we should never have time to think of life's dark pictures.

The appointed day for starting was cold and rainy, such a one as has a tendency to make every one feel gloomy and sad. It seemed to Dorothy that no day in her life had ever made her so miserable. Home was never so dear to her as now. Every



moment that passed brought the time nearer when she must start, and made her heart grow sadder and her eyes fill with tears. But she was a girl with much energy, and she was determined to keep as brave a heart as possible. So she kissed the dear loved ones at home "good-bye" and started with her father on the ten-mile drive to the station. Only those who have experienced such an occasion can imagine her feelings as they drove on and her home was left out of sight. They reached the station just in time to get the baggage checked and for Dorothy to get on the train. There were hurried good-byes and before she realized it the northbound train was far on its way. The car was crowded with a jolly set of people, and for the time being she forgot everything but the fact that she was speeding away. She reached her destination on the second evening after she had left home. She was immediately taken to supper in a large dining hall where everything was so new and so winderfully strange. Such a crowd of girls she had never seen; would she ever learn them all and would she ever be happy and gay as some of them were? These were the thoughts that were rapidly passing through her mind. She was the only new girl at the table where she sat. The others talked of what a grand vacation they had had, and how happy they were to see one another again, but took no notice of the loneliness of Dorothy, nor did they see the tears that were fast filling her eyes. How she longed for home and a word of encouragement from her dear mother.

She spent almost a sleepless night, and when her tired body at last sank into repose, it was only to dream of her happy home and to fancy that she was there again. Happy feelings that were only to be mocked by the loud ringing of the rising bell! She realized the fact that she was now on duty, and that much toil was before her.

She was a Freshman. Yes, only a Freshman, and it was quite different with her from what it was with most all the other girls of her class. She did not have money to spend lavishly as some of them did, and, too, she was the only Southern girl in the Freshman class, and her ways were somewhat different from theirs. So her classmates left her to herself, say-

ing that she was an odd girl and green company; but they did not know the pure heart that was in the girl whom they styled "odd," or the great struggle that was going on there that she might achieve success. Dorothy tried to comfort herself by thinking that perhaps some of those stately Seniors were once Freshmen like herself.

Days pass on and the blue-eyed Freshman is still lonely. No one is intimate with her. When she strolls out on the campus she is all alone. One day in early spring as she is out walking, taking the necessary evening exercise, and feeling somewhat more gloomy than usual, for her lessons this day have been very difficult, she notices that Grace Fielding, a Senior, is approaching her. She trembles, thinking that something is wrong; her mind is busy wondering if there is anything that she possibly might have done for which to be corrected and reported by a Senior.

But when she hears the kind voice, her countenance is at once changed, and after a few moments' conversation, Dorothy finds that at last she has a friend, one to whom she can go for comfort in her hours of loneliness.

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Three years have passed. Dorothy Thorton is now a Senior. There is a large graduating class. Many are wishing and working that they may have the highest honors. But the girl who was once the lonely Freshman stands above them all. She is now loved and admired by every one, for never had she in those gloomy days mistreated anyone, though many times she had been mistreated.

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Can we not in our early years endure hardships and isolation, that our later life may be crowned with victories?

"CORINE."

## THE POWER OF HABIT.

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Without a doubt, habit is one of the most essential parts of a person's life, yet it can be said with equal force that the great mass of people, young and old, never become conscious of their always present friend or foe. The value of habit is as little thought of by people as the thing we are in the habit of doing, is thought of by our minds.

Before discussing habit from the viewpoint of the power it has on our lives, it might be well to speak of it from the physiological and physical basis which it has, thus getting an insight into its content. "From the physiological point of view, an acquired habit," as defined by Professor James, in his *Psychology*, "is nothing but a new pathway of discharge formed in the brain, by which certain incoming currents ever after tend to escape." Thus for an example, a student, at the end of mid-term examinations, in taking up new studies, has to give some forethought the first day or two, about what period such and such a lesson comes, but after that length of time, he scarcely gives it a thought; yet from some invisible reason he goes to the right lesson at the right time and in the right place. Thus we see, as soon as the nerves become accustomed to carrying the same thing to the brain every day, there is something—and let us call it a brain path—into which the currents flow and in which they are attended to without our becoming actually aware of what we are doing. Now we can understand how new habits are acquired and old ones were formed from the physiological basis. As stated above, there is a physical basis on which habit depends. From the physical basis habit is due to the plasticity of the brain, or in other words, it is due to the fact that the structure of the brain can change. If this were not so, no new brain-paths could be made or old ones deepened and the physiological basis considered above would be of no value. So we can conclude that the phenomena of our habits, from the physical basis, are due to the willingness of our brain matter, with a necessary amount of pressure from without, to admit of new pathways being made.

Having thus briefly considered the basis of habit, we now have a sufficient knowledge of its physical meaning to enable us to understand more clearly the practical effects and the importance of habit which to such a great extent is the embodiment of our lives.

It will not be necessary for a second thought for one to recognize the fact that when he has become accustomed to performing a certain task, the fatigue attached to it is greatly diminished. A simple example of this is when a boy is learning to swim. At first he splashes the water with a great amount of unnecessary effort, but after learning how, he glides along through the water without missing a stroke, or without unnecessary movements, yet most of the time unconscious of his muscular contractions and expansions, or of the distance traversed. He may easily be swimming and thinking of something entirely different at the same time, for his muscles have formed the habit of working without the brain's being conscious of them or without an undue amount of fatigue. From this example we can also see that habit makes our actions accurate, simplifies our movements, and diminishes the conscious attention with which our acts are performed; it will not be necessary, therefore, to expand on these facts, in order to further show the practical effects of habit.

The importance of habit is worthy of even more consideration than its practical effects, because it includes the practical effects and more, too. If it were not for habit we could scarcely live. For one to keep his attention on everything he did would be almost an impossibility, as well as torture. A person would soon be worn out physically as well as mentally if he had to stop and think every time he took a step, or a breath or a hundred other things that he is continually doing. Imagine a person while eating having to think of every piece of bread he ate, and you can readily see that there would be no conversation, and no enjoyment other than eating, while a meal was going on. Then shall we not agree with the one who described habit as "the fly-wheel of society?" Truly, it is habit alone that keeps the blacksmith at his work day after day, without thinking that other occupations are as good as his; it is habit alone that



keeps the pilot on the ship at his duty or the farmer tilling the soil; it is habit that makes a man a success or a failure, a man of influence or a tramp, burglar or rogue. It is habit that distinguishes a gentleman from one who is not a gentleman, and decides whether a man will work out a problem from a mathematical or from an ethical point of view. It is habit that says whether a man will be a man of character or a coward; a religious man or a drunkard; a slave to tobacco or a scoundrel; a strong man physically or a man with an infirm body. In short, it is habit that determines what a man's whole life shall be.

Habit might also be termed economic. A good habit will save us many a five cents for tobacco, drinks and bets. It seems, as if no farther evidence is necessary to show the importance of habit, but can we not accredit to it, at this point, the power it has over our lives?

Thus far, it has been my attempt to present the power habit has, without discussing it directly from that viewpoint, and also to show that there are bad habits and good habits.

To verify the power of habit, it is only necessary to appeal briefly to reasons. A few simple illustrations will demonstrate the idea. Take, for example, reading. If we form the habit of reading, it soon comes to have such a power over our lives that to a great extent it will form our ideals. If the reading matter be sound and good, it will give us high ideals, and vice versa. If we form the habit of using slang, it will have such a power over us as to be almost indispensable, and it is needless to mention the power that tobacco and alcohol have over their slaves. Again, we can continue the same thought by recalling how hard it is to give up an old habit and how easy it is to form new habits that do not conflict with old ones. Then habit has a powerful effect on our lives. There are two kinds of habits that are easily discernable. They are good and bad. The thought now arises, if habit has such power, how can a bad one be gotten rid of? The answer depends completely upon the amount of will power a person is willing to put forth to reach the end. The best way to succeed is to take a decisive stand to begin with, and then strengthen that stand with every available opportunity. It is a psychological phenomenon that



one's personal habits are formed before or by the time he reaches the age of twenty. If this be true, and without a doubt it is, it is of the utmost importance that one should be made to realize the power that habit has and the necessity of forming the habits he wishes to carry with him through life, before the age of twenty? The answer, of course, will be in the affirmative. Then let every one realize the practical effects, the importance and the power of habit, and be awakened to an acquaintance with his ever-present friend or foe; and let every one strive to make every habit he acquires his friend.

R. A. RICKS.

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### THE HARNESSING OF NIAGARA.

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The industrial development of the great waterfall of Niagara has not been a sudden revolution or invention, but a gradual growth. Perhaps the first application of Niagara power was that used in a saw mill built by the French in 1725 on the American bank near the upper rapids. From that time until 1807 numerous saw mills were built and at that time a grist mill was started by Porter and Bacon. The power used by these beginners was obtained from short channels cut approximately parallel with the river with very low heads, but from 1822 to 1885 a canal was in operation which ran from the head of the upper rapids down near the American falls. Between it and the river a number of mills were operated. These rapids have a fall of about fifty feet, a part of which was used by taking water from the lower end of the canal, passing it through the wheels in the wheel pits and discharging it by way of tunnels into the river above the crest of the main falls, thus neglecting the great power of the falls.

As late as 1882 a wing dam ran out not far from the Cataract House and diverted water into a short canal. About six hundred horsepower were developed from this canal, which operated several mills of various kinds. The most interesting thing to be noted here was the brush arc dynamo driven by a 33-inch turbine of 26 horse-power, under a 12-foot head. This dynamo began to deliver current in 1897, Prospect Park and the Falls being lighted from it.

Thus, before 1885, when the State park displaced most of these mills, the rapids were yielding 1,000 horse power, this power being independent of the main falls. But in the meantime the great falls were also being harnessed. In 1853 the Porter family granted to the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Company sufficient land on the river front to construct a canal from a point above to one below the main falls so that mills might locate at the lower end of the canal and have a high head of water. Ground was broken with no little celebration for this canal in 1853. However, on account of financial trouble it was not completed until 1861. The canal when finished was 4,400 feet long by 36 feet wide, and 8 feet deep and terminated in a basin near the top of the gorge with a water surface 210 feet above that of the river in the gorge.

Further advance at this time was checked by the Civil War, and it was not until 1870 that any of this vast amount of power was utilized. At this time Gaskill's grist mill was constructed at the lower end of the canal. This mill was operated by turbines of 100 horse power capacity under a head of 25 feet. In 1877 there were two turbines operating under a head of 50 feet and yielding about 900 horse power, which were used in running a flour mill. This was the greatest head in operation at that time. The water from these wheels was discharged through tunnels cut from the wheel pits to the face of the cliff, and because of their being discharged so high on the cliff, a great amount of the possible power was lost. But the depth of the wheel pits increased every year until in 1880 the Cataract Manufacturing Company installed a 48-inch turbine with a head of 83 feet, which delivered 1,300 horse power. The two wheels first installed broke under the pressure, but a third

stronger one was placed and it operated successfully. The wheel-pit was cut 8 feet in diameter and 83 feet deep, a tunnel 6 feet in diameter being cut to the cliff for the discharge. A number of pits besides those named were sunk from time to time and the discharge from their tunnels create a miniature Niagara even to this day.

The next notable advance was made by the Cliff Paper Company. It is notable because they were the first to utilize the entire head of the falls and the first to locate a plant in the gorge. The water used here after dropping down the wheel-pit in the cliff 75 feet, and driving turbines, goes into an iron penstock and drops another 125 feet to horizontal Leffel wheels that develop about 2,500 horse power, and from there is discharged into the river. This mill was in operation before either of the great electric stations in the gorge was constructed.

The Niagara Falls Hydraulic and Manufacturing Company began to generate electric current in 1896 with horizontal turbines operating under a head of 210 feet from the canal above. This was the first electric station to locate in the gorge. In 1899 the total amount of power obtained from the canal was 7,523 horse power. But there was another plan by which Niagara was being made to labor. On October 4, 1890, ground was broken for a great canal 250 feet wide at its head on the river front, 1.25 miles above the American falls, running nearly at a right angle to the river. On both sides of this canal wheel pits were sunk to a depth of 178 feet and a tunnel was excavated 7,436 feet long, which discharged the water from the wheels at water level in the gorge. In August, 1895, the first current was sold to the Pittsburg Reduction Company for the manufacturing of aluminum. This canal and tunnel were designed for 120,000 horse power at the head of 136 feet, this being the head used on the first wheels put in.

The plant of the Niagara Falls Power Company set the pattern for electric stations with wheel pits and tunnels, while the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power & Manufacturing Company, by locating its plant at the foot of the cliff in 1895, fixed a type for those which run pipes down into the gorge and con-

nect them with horizontal turbines. Both of these examples on the American bank of Niagara will have been followed on the Canadian side.

The generating plants of the Canadian Niagara Power Company and The Toronto Niagara Power Company are reproductions of the electric plants with wheel pits, tunnels and vertical driving shafts on the American bank, with a few minor improvements. The Ontario Power Co. constructed its plant on the same plans as the American Company across the river in the gorge. The most important improvement here is the bringing of the water from the upper rapids to the wheels in steel pipes instead of by a canal. This plant is the largest and the most modern of the plants now drawing their life fluid from the great Niagara, and it represents an ideal electrical generating plant.

The total power of these great falls has been estimated at 5,000,000 horse power, which, if utilized and sold at the very conservative price of \$10.00 per horse power per year, would bring \$50,000,000. Assuming that it takes ten pounds of coal to produce one horse power, or about forty-three tons per horse power a year, we have the equivalent of 215,000,000 tons of coal going over Niagara Falls in the form of water every year. The question with many people is whether the pleasure derived from enjoying the scenic grandeur of these falls is worth \$50,000,000 a year to the people. But whether utilized or not, we cannot but stand in awe at so great a power. If we leave it as it is, we wonder at the great work of nature. If we harness it, we will wonder even more at the work of the engineers who do it.

D. M. PETTY.

# The Guilford Collegian.

Published Monthly by the  
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## Editorials.

We are glad to publish in this issue of THE COLLEGIAN a short account of steps recently taken in behalf of the college. No one can appreciate more truly than the student the advancement of his college. We feel that whatever is done for the institution is done in the interest of us and of the thousands of other students who will follow. And with each increase in the endowment or the addition of greater facilities to a department, we are brought into closer touch with the great benefactors of the generation, who are doing so much for the advancement of education.



Many of us now in school have witnessed the greater part of the recent developments. We have seen valuable additions made to the various departments, especially chemistry, biology and the college library, and along with this a steady and rapid increase in the number of students until the present enrollment is considerably greater than ever before. But we would not look at these things as marking the culmination of a golden age. They are only a successful beginning of the work which Guilford seems destined to do.

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In our morning chapel exercises the students have had admonitions on the subject of good manners. It would be impossible to lay too much stress on this matter. During the holidays, on the homeward trips, every student has object lessons in this particular line, both positive and otherwise. Everybody is trying to board the train a minute before everybody else. Ladies stand but a poor showing in such crowds if they chance to be alone. With broad-shouldered men in front of them, to the right—in as many directions, indeed, as the famous cannon were—the situation assumes a sort of sink or swim, live or die proposition. Once inside, new difficulties arise. Every seat is taken—men are sometimes in these seats, too. When the heart has almost sunk in despair, some gentleman of the old school proffers his seat. Many younger men sit near by, deeply engrossed in the morning papers. You have all seen it. It is not mere jesting. Home is the place to root gentle manners and courteous ways. College life is meant to foster their growth. Therefore, let every one take and apply all the advice which may be given tending in this direction, so that Southern gentlewomen may not become an extinct species nor Southern chivalry a withered flower.

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The year which has just closed witnessed several controversies between the faculty and the students of some of our Southern colleges. Only very recently the people of the country have

seen brought to light the awful system of hazing that has been allowed to exist in our two great national training schools. It is not necessary to enumerate any of the particulars connected with any of these affairs, but it would be interesting to know the causes which brought about these struggles between the governing and the governed. We have admired the loyalty of the students to one another, even to the extent of making a great sacrifice for the principle involved. On the other hand we esteem the unswerving determination of the faculties to carry out their resolutions when once they have been made. Where there are two such bodies, both actuated by a desire to do the right, and there is no settlement, it can safely be said that a misunderstanding exists.

It is true that faculties are jealous of their powers, but we believe they are anxious to cede a little if they are convinced that it is for the best interest of the students. The students, moreover, are always alive to the fact that they, too, have some rights which ought to be respected. The question, then, is, how can these two parties be conciliated? If there is a misunderstanding, the remedy of course is to come together on some common ground and consider the things involved, and we believe this can be accomplished only by a greater fellowship between the faculty and the students. A faculty can never sympathize with the students without a close association with them; neither can the students appreciate the position and trials of the faculty when this fellowship is wanting. Then let us cultivate more and more this mutual association and fellowship and the problem of settling disputes between college authorities and the student body will fall from the complex to the simple; in fact, there will be almost none.

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The approach of the twenty-second of February would suggest that something should be done in commemoration of the Father of his country. In the rush of college life we are inclined to neglect such opportunities of keeping alive the interest in our great national heroes. Some would say that the pri-

mary and high schools are the places for such things and that the college need not trouble itself about it. This is a mistake. The entrance into a larger sphere should not be allowed to dwarf our admiration for the great and noble. Certainly we would not celebrate in the same way as the public school does, but some exercise might be arranged which would give a proper significance to the event. To allow such times to pass unnoticed not only has the appearance of being unpatriotic, but it has a tendency to lessen in after life our regard and admiration for the great spirits of the past.

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In establishing his system of prizes for papers written by college students on the relations of the United States to South America, Hon. John Barrett has given utterance to a growing demand for a more thorough study of the history and institutions of that country. Strange as it may seem, our nearest neighbors are the least known and studied by us of any of the countries of the present time. This is very unfortunate. The near proximity of the republics of Latin-America to our shores and the protectorate we have always exercised over the Western Hemisphere under the name of the Monroe doctrine, gives them a political significance to us which attaches to no other country. But the political interests are scarcely more important than the commercial. In the last few decades nearly all of the Latin-American states have rapidly developed and are building up a large and valuable foreign trade. This trade should be monopolized by the United States, but under present conditions practically all of it goes to Europe, where they are rapidly establishing a permanent trade. The satisfactory solution of these questions will demand a high order of diplomacy and should become a subject of thoughtful study in American colleges. It was this need that caused Mr. Barrett to offer three prizes amounting to \$225.00 for the best three papers written by college students on certain questions relating to South America. In placing the matter in the hands of Colum-

bia University, Mr. Barrett states his object in these words: "To promote the study of the history, peoples, politics, resources and possibilities of our sister republics," and to develop throughout the United States "a wider interest in our political and commercial relation with Latin-America, and to foster a more general study of Latin-American history, political, social and educational conditions, material and industrial resources, and commercial possibilities—especially as they affect the growth of closer ties of international comity and confidence."



## Christian Associations.

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Y. M. C. A.

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Rarely, if ever, has the Young Men's Christian Association experienced a more general awakening and deepening than in the meetings conducted in the association room from January 22d to 29th by Rev. Eli Reece, pastor of the Friends Church in High Point. Mr. Reece was at one time actively engaged in work for young men in Penn College, of which institution he is an alumnus, and therefore knows how to deal with college men. He makes no show of excitement, but attacks sin and its effects upon the lives of men. In all, seven meetings strictly for young men were conducted, and as a result, between twenty and twenty-five men manifested a decision to enter the Christian life, besides a number of others who renewed their allegiance to the Master. Let us hope that this awakening will not cease, but continue its work until many more may be led to accept Christ.

One object of special importance before the association just now is the sending of delegates to the Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, which will meet in Nashville February 28th to March 4th. These conventions are held only once every four years, and are in every way the greatest assemblies of students in America. Five hundred colleges and universities will be represented by about three thousand official delegates. Fraternal delegates from Europe and missionaries from forty mission fields will add to the total attendance.

Each day of the conference there will be a main program occupying the night and morning sessions. The afternoons will be devoted to conferences on special lines of work. Another



feature of special importance will be an exhibit showing the progress of Christianity in the world. Perhaps the greatest feature will be the excellent opportunity afforded for inter-collegiate and international fellowship.

When we consider the very strong program and the advantages of the convention, together with a trip over the mountains through the "Land of the Sky," and a visit to the historic city of Nashville, we ought to be inspired either to go ourselves or help send some one else. Guilford is preparing to send three delegates and it is hoped that our friends will lend us loyal support.

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#### Y. W. C. A.

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With the opening of the new term the prospects of the Y. W. C. A. are very bright. The Bible classes and missionary study class have a good attendance. The Bible class for girls in the college classes is led by Miss Julia White. The subject in hand is the founding of the Christian Church. The preparatory class, in the Parables, is led by Annie Lois Henley.

On the evening of February 1st, Miss Laura Bridgman, a graduate from the Chicago School of Expression, gave a reading which thoroughly delighted her audience. Miss Bridgman has been travelling in the interest of the Association in the South and is meeting with good success. To all associations facing the problem of conventions and finance, we would suggest that they solicit a visit from Miss Bridgman.

Eli Reece, of High Point, N. C., assisted by Mary Woody, of this place, conducted religious meetings for the Y. W. C. A. during a few days in January. Girls banded together in prayer for the spiritual awakening of other girls and their expectation was not in vain. A number of girls have been converted since the new year began and we trust the time is not far distant when the remaining few who have not chosen Christ as their leader will join those who have, and that on the foundation now laid there may be enduring work done in the lives of the girls at Guilford.

## Locals and Personals.

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ALVAH E. LINDLEY, '08 } EDITORS.  
ANNIE LOIS HENLEY, '07 }

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We are glad to note the large number of new students. THE COLLEGIAN extends to them a hearty welcome.

Professor of Latin—"Read next."

Student (reading with dignity)—"And they hear the crying of the women."

Professor—"Well, if the women cry, what are you going to do with the babies?"

Student—"They howl."

Both the Websterian and the Henry Clay Literary Societies have elected their speakers for their annual oratorical contests. Because of the excellent work that is being done in each society, these contests promise to be especially good this year.

✓ Irvin Blanchard, '03, is cashier of the new Farmers' Bank at Woodland, N. C.

Mrs. Mary M. Hobbs and daughter, Gertrude, are spending a few weeks with Mrs. A. W. Blair at Lake City, Fla.

✓ Mr. David Bispham, the celebrated baritone, sang in Greensboro February 13th. Mr. Bispham was a classmate of President Hobbs. The proceeds will go toward the erection of the girls' dormitory at Guilford.

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. religious meetings under the leadership of Eli Reece, of High Point, have done great good.

A Guilford College Club has been formed at Chapel Hill. Those composing it are: Edgar T. Snipes, R. W. McCulloch, Charles Laughlin, David Cowles, John Lindsay, Harvey Snipes, J. O. Fitzgerald and Fox.

✓ <sup>recent</sup> Rev. E. E. Gillespie, '93, and Miss Mattie Lee McIver, of Gulf, N. C., were married December 28th. They will make their home at Yorkville, S. C., where Mr. Gillespie is pastor of the Presbyterian church. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

Ask Miss Richardson if she knows the "Old Student" yet.

✓ Mary D. Holmes, '05, is now at Bryn Mawr, enjoying her school work after having been detained in the hospital for some time.

Samuel Hodgin, '95, gave a very interesting lecture on "The Poet Whittier" in Memorial Hall January 13th.

✓ Thomas J. Matthews, a former student of Guilford, was married to Miss L. Gertrude Kirkpatrick, of Mecklenburg county, February 1st. Mr. Matthews is clerk at the Hotel Buford at Charlotte, where they will make their home.

Ethel—"Agnes, what is a per-a-meter?"

Agnes—"I don't know, but my ma liked to have died with it last winter."

Mr. Samuel Hill, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Hervey Lindley, of Whittier, Cal., were recent visitors at the college.

✓ Robt. P. Dicks, '04, who has been in New York City for the past year, is now traveling for the Hunter Commission Company.

First Student—"I am afraid that I shall ascend."

Second Student—"Why?"

First Student—"Because I feel so light since examinations."

Second Student (looking at his feet)—"No danger."

Prof. Newlin recently gave an address before the Epworth League of Greensboro.

✓ Henry Taylor, of Winston, and Gertrude Barbee, of this place, were married January 21st. THE COLLEGIAN extends best wishes to these old Guilford students.

RECEIPT FOR KISSES.—To one piece of dark piazza, add a little moonlight; take two persons for granted, press in two strong hands a small, soft one. Sift lightly two ounces of attraction and one of romance, add a large quantity of folly, stir in a little fluttering ruffle, and one or two whispers. Dissolve half a dozen glances in a well of silence, dust in a small quantity of hesitation, one ounce of resistance, two of yielding, place the kisses on a flushed cheek, add two lips, and press well.

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## Athletics.

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### BASKET BALL.

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#### GUILFORD VS. WINSTON-SALEM Y. M. C. A.

Guilford has cause to be proud of this year's basket-ball team. Although only two games have been played, no one who witnessed the games can doubt the strength of the team. The first game was played on Saturday evening, January 27th between Guilford and Winston-Salem Y. M. C. A. in the college gymnasium in the presence of a good sized crowd.

The game was characterized by a great deal of roughness on the part of the visiting team, yet at all times it was extremely interesting. Guilford showed her strength by her superior team work, in which the Winston team was rather weak. "Hick" Hobbs at center played a strong, fast game, always being in the right place. Anderson at right forward and Hinkle at left guard completely outplayed their opponents. One of the visitors remarked that Anderson could throw a goal with men all around him. Copper was almost sure to cage the ball if given a fair chance.

The game began with a great deal of cheering, which was kept up throughout the entire game. Guilford scored a foul

goal in the first two minutes of play and soon two field goals were added. After this the game was never in doubt. At the end of the first half the score stood 17 to 8 in favor of Guilford. In the first part of the second half the visitors did better, but soon they were again outclassed by the fast, steady work of Guilford. The final score stood:

WINSTON-SALEM.	POSITION.	GUILFORD.
Naylor.	R. Forward.	Anderson.
Davis.	L. Forward.	Lindsay, Capt.
Blackwell.	Center.	Hobbs.
Cash.	R. Guard.	Lindley.
Coffer, Capt.	L. Guard.	Hinkle.

Manager L. L. Hobbs, Jr., has arranged for a return game, which will be played in Winston later.

#### GUILFORD VS. WAKE FOREST.

For a number of years a friendly rivalry has been growing between the Baptists of Wake Forest and the Quakers of Guilford. A number of base ball games has been played and last term two tennis tournaments, but never before have we had the pleasure of meeting them in an indoor game. The game was played in the afternoon of February 6th, in the presence of an enthusiastic crowd of supporters. According to a new interpretation of the rules our team was not able to show their best ability in basket ball. However, in the first half, they succeeded in running the score up to 19 against Wake Forest's 11.

In the second half the game started off with more speed, both teams using more team work. Wake Forest added eight points more and Guilford seven, which made the total score 26 to 19 in favor of Guilford.

For Wake Forest, Capt. Couch at right forward and Beverly at right guard played good ball, although nothing could be said to the disparagement of the other players. For Guilford, Anderson continued his good work at right forward, and succeeded in scoring fourteen of Guilford's twenty-six points. Hobbs played an unusually good game at centre. Throughout the entire game Guilford showed superior team work.



We are very glad of the pleasant relation existing with our Baptist friends, and hope that we may again have the pleasure of contesting with them in this great mid-winter sport.

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## Exchanges.

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The majority of the best issues among our exchanges can hardly be given the credit of being up to the standard, but probably they are excusable on the plea of observing the Christmas holidays. There are three parts of a college magazine which practically determine its worth. They are the quality and the quantity of the material in it, and its general appearance. Again we might divide the magazine in three other ways, which the above three govern. First will be the body of the magazine, which should contain two or three or more articles of solid reading matter and two or three or more stories with several poems mixed in.

Second will be the editorials and third will be miscellaneous headings. These three divisions should be proportional and the meaning of proportions in this case is that the subject matter or body of the magazine should occupy its greater bulk; the miscellaneous not so large a space and in like manner the editorials a still smaller space. If this is a rational classification, it is needless to say that quite a number of our exchanges fall short of its requirements. And it might be added that some of these magazines are from colleges that have a capable and large enough student body to improve them. Then let the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN with the rest of the college magazines seek a higher level.

We are glad to welcome *The Erskinian* among our exchanges. "Leaves and Life" is well worth commendation. This writer in a masterful way portrays a comparison of the leaves as they come and go, with "the soul of the man of faith," as he terms the human side. "The Ideal College Boy" is a good piece, but

lacks originality, for the majority of it is in quotation marks. It might have saved the writer a little trouble and time to have put the whole thing in quotation marks and not have attempted to add anything to what the author wrote. The arrangement of the material is not as good as it might be, also two or three articles of more length and value would be more appreciated than so many short pieces. The two poems, "A Package of Old Letters" and "The Fear of Death," show some talent.

*The State Normal Magazine* is always welcomed on our list. The first issue of the year, however, does not meet our expectations. The business manager, from the number of "ads" obtained, seems to be rather in advance of her co-workers. There seems to be a lack of interest taken in their college paper by the student body, for from the number of students at the Normal, we might justly expect a greater variety of reading matter that will be of more interest to outside readers.

We are glad to note the improvement by *The Westonian* in the last issue. "The Octavia Hill Association" and "Friends Reading Circle" are both good articles. The short stories which come under the head of School and Campus are also good. We are sorry, however, to note that there is no exchange department, which we believe to occupy one important place in a college magazine.

*The Buff and Blue* is not up to the standard. "The Autobiography of a Slipper" is rather an interesting story, but is the only piece worth mentioning among the three articles given. The large amount of space given to "The Alumni" is not of *proportion*. The little poem called "Christmas Thoughts" is good.

We are in receipt of the following magazines: *The Collegian*, *The Lenorian*, *The Comenian*, *The Carolinian*, *The Haverfordian*, *The Erskinian*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Brown Alumni Monthly*, *The Criterion*, *The Westonian*, *The Wilmingtonian*, *The Penn Chronicle*, *The Limestone*, *The Wake Forest Weekly*, *The College Message*, *Park School Gazette*, *The Earlhamite*.





C. CLIFFORD FRAZIER



DUDLEY D. CARROLL



EUGENE J. COLTRANE

**Junior Debating Team**  
*Winners of Cup in 1905-6*

# The Guilford Collegian.

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VOL. XVIII

MARCH, 1906.

NO. 6.

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## GUILFORD.

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Once the Old North State had need  
Of a word;  
For the Old State then was new  
And for names what should she do?  
Took the best—and that was you,  
Guilford!

Sturdy Saxons spoke you first,  
Ancient word;  
Saxons who made England great,  
Men who knew to build a state,  
And who dared to challenge fate—  
Guilford!

To our New World wilderness  
Pilgrim word,  
You were summoned later, and  
By another Saxon band,  
Who had come from your own land,  
Guilford!

For they hoped to build a State,  
Tell-tale word,  
That should not unworthy be  
Of the children of the free  
In this land far over sea,  
Guilford!

Little knew they when they came,  
Sacred word,  
That their blood must win once more,  
E'en on Carolina's shore,  
Saxon freedom—in war's roar,  
Guilford!



Thus you hold historic place,  
Blood-bathed word,  
For you shine on fame's rich scroll  
Not the least in battle-roll,  
And to heroes point the goal,  
Guilford!

But not yet your task was done,  
Gifted word;  
As in war you showed the way,  
So in peace—her brighter day  
You enlighten by your sway,  
Guilford!

Could you tell if you were asked,  
Old-new word,  
Where it is that you belong—  
In ancestral England's throng  
Or in Carolina song?  
Guilford!

Let your home be where it may,  
Grand old word,  
We would have the sturdiness  
And the dauntless faith no less  
That your syllables express—  
Guilford!

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### GUILFORD—"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

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Frequently as the readers of this article have had the name Guilford upon their lips, it is still possible that few of them have ever thought to question its origin, or the how and the why of our particular appropriation of the same. Of course Guilford College was so named from the fact that our institution is in Guilford county, and that none other of the institutions of the county had at the time of the establishment of the college utilized the name. And while many of the old students

can hardly think of us yet as other than New Garden Boarding School, to the present generation that term is well nigh obsolete and all their associations circle around the word "Guilford."

To study the naming of our county takes us back to pre-revolutionary days (1779), when the Regulators were making history in our State—and most decidedly making trouble for King George, of England. Orange and Rowan counties embraced much of the territory west of Raleigh, and contained the Whig element of the State. The eastern and longer settled counties, like Chowan, Perquimans, etc., were much better represented in the General Assembly then held at New Berne; *e. g.*, Orange and Rowan, with a population of 6,487, had only four representatives, while Chowan had five representatives to 571 inhabitants, and Perquimans five representatives to 455 inhabitants. In these western counties was the home of the Regulators and their cry against English Toryism and the unjust treatment at the hands of King George, as well as the unequal representation then existing in the General Assembly, secured for them the concession that a new county should be formed, which county embraced not only what is now Guilford, but also Randolph and Rockingham. Why these Whig zealots, gaining their point in securing the county, should consent to name that county after a most ardent Tory, is hard to explain. The prime minister of King George III. at that time was Lord North, the second earl of Guildford, and it was for him, or rather from him, that we have the name—one who bowed to the royal will and endeavor to carry out King George III.'s favorite policy of "governing for but never by the people."

That we have a monopoly of this name in the United States must not be assumed, for there are at least a dozen other towns in this country by the same name—that of Connecticut claiming closest relationship to the mother town in England. Really, were we especially careful of the spelling of our name, it should properly be Guildford—as the English town from which we derived the name is so spelled.

Says Aubrey: "Of the derivation of this name (Guilford) I have been diligent in my enquiries. Old Mr. Knight, an emi-

nent schoolmaster in Kent, used to say it had its denomination from Goldford, *i. e.*, from the finding of gold dropped into the ford; but Dr. Gale was of opinion it was Guilford *quasi* Gavelford, a little island, or heap of sand dividing the stream of the River Wey into two branches here. This was formerly a village belonging to the Saxon kings, and given by King Alfred in his last will to his nephew, Ethelwald."

The English town of which the above is said is the county sea of Surrey, situated for the most part on the east bank of the River Wey. Another opinion as to the derivation of the name is that it comes from Guild or Gild, a brotherhood, society or college. Yet another opinion—based on the fact that the town had many merchants—the trade in broadcloth being especially noted—states that the name probably came from Gilds, *i. e.*, companies or fraternities which were united for the purpose of trade, and who called themselves Gild-merchants.

However the name may have come about, this much is sure—that the old castle and the land on which the English town stands was royal property, being first mentioned by King Alfred in his will. An item in the Domesday Book reads as follows: "In Gildeford King William holte—LXXV mes-scrages or tenements in which are resident CLXXV tenents."

Guildford is a corporation by prescription and has received charters from six English sovereigns. At one time the town contained a royal palace and park and was a place of residence for Henry II, John, Edward I, and other monarchs. The grounds about the old castle are now a public park. A brass plate, fixed outside the keep, has the following: "The site of the ancient castle of Guildford, together with the adjacent Bowling, Green, was in 1885 purchased \* \* \*"

Of the early importance of Guildford we cannot better write than to quote again from Aubrey: "The town \* \* \* has been much famed for its cloathing, which has been many years decaying; it was also famous for its bread which ceased with the old bakers. Here is a great corn-market on Saturdays; but it has been always most famous for its inns, and excellent accommodations for passengers, the best perhaps in England."

This latter reputation is well-nigh gained by its Carolina namesake, for Greensboro, which was Guilford Court House till General Greene won such laurels that we honored him with the name of our town—Greensboro, I say, has likewise a reputation for its excellent service to the traveling public in its hotel arrangements.

In 978 (Etherred II.) Guildford was the seat of a royal mint and many of the pennies of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs bear legends showing that Guildford was their place of mintage.

The English trade tokens form an interesting study in themselves and the borough of Guildford, a live trading post, plays an important part in issuing and using these tokens. The Guildford series makes one of the most interesting series of numismatic study.

Since our Guilford is almost a distinctively Quaker name, it may be of interest to note the Quaker associations with our English mother. From the works of T. W. Marsh it is learned that the first minute-book of the Monthly Meeting of Friends at Guildford states that the doctrine of Friends was first received by members of the community of Guildford in 1655. They met in the homes of Friends until 1673, at which time they purchased a plot of ground from one John Lee, an inn-keeper, together with a right of way securing "to all people commonly called Quakers (the right) of egress and ingress, with or without burdens, from four in the morning till ten in the evening without let or hindrance."

One year later they have built their meeting house, which, it seems, lasted till 1806, when the house now used by the Guildford Friends was erected. Friends at Guildford no less than elsewhere suffered persecutions on account of their non-conformity to the Church of England, and their protest against taking oaths, oftentimes being cast into prison for standing firm to their convictions.

George Fox and William Penn were both visitors to Guildford meeting. That the Guildford Friends were prosperous and among the prominent tradespeople, is proved by the fact that many of them had their own trade tokens.

Of the contribution of the Quakers and other non-conform-

ists to English life, we have the following from Cardinal Manning: "If you knew England as I do, you would know that the non-conformists have created in the hearts of the English people a virile force and strong integrity which will enable England to pass safely through crises which have overwhelmed other empires."

That Guilford College, with its Quaker influences, should create a people of like virile force and strong integrity is what every one connected with the institution keeps as the end in view. How well the well-nigh three-quarters of a century of its existence have accomplished this purpose, none better know than those who read these lines—Guilford's sons and daughters scattered throughout this and other States. Having a name with associations royal and honorable, it is ours to keep it still a name deserving honor and winning respect wherever we shall make it known.

JULIA S. WHITE.

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### A BOOMERANG GAME.

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"It may be rather late when I get back this evening, for there were some rather tough-looking fellows hanging about the cabin yesterday that may mean extra trouble," said Dr. Lenoir to his wife as he rode away on his daily round of visits. For weeks he had hardly given himself or his horse time to rest, night or day, as the smallpox had been breaking out here and there in his territory. The worst cases had just appeared five miles away in some small cabins on a rocky mountain side. The greatest thing now was to prevent a further spreading of this loathsome disease, a difficult problem because the neighbors of the sick would try to slip in to see them regardless of the doctor's protests.

"Those men are going to have it in for me, I'm pretty sure, and I haven't any way to defend myself," the doctor mused as



he rode along the trail toward the foot of the mountain, "and it is too steep to ride up the last half mile."

Indeed, it was too steep; only a native mountaineer could well climb such a rocky stretch and that, too, when the August sunshine had heated this southern slope to an ashy whiteness. He dismounted and tied his horse in the shade, talking to him as he did so after the fashion of country doctors toward their trusty friends.

"Rest awhile, Prince, and I will take it afoot, but it is a bilious old trip, my boy."

To aid him in his climbing he cut a good strong cane and took the saddlebags from the horse's back to his own shoulders and thus equipped and burdened, he climbed the mountain side. Many weary stops were made before he reached the pestilence-stricken houses in the gap. He stopped outside to rest and throw on his disinfected robe. As he walked up to the door, yesterday's visitors were coming out of the room.

"Howdy, Doc," said the older and more desperate-looking fellow.

"Good evening," said the doctor. "Have you both come to be vaccinated today?"

"Naw we haint, ner what's more, we won't be," they sullenly replied.

"I told you yesterday that you must either do that or quit coming here," the doctor firmly answered, adding, "If you keep on, I shall turn you over to the officers."

"Jes' do ef ye dare," the older one said, advancing; "I hev seed folks afore you thet bragged too soon; they mought a lived to git down frum hyar an then they moughtn't."

As he came forward he kept his hand on his hip pocket and the doctor saw that he had taken sufficient "blockade whiskey" to make him unduly bold as he kept throwing forth his threats.

"So ye brung yer old pizen along to shoot in a feller's arm, did ye? Hit's a heap wuss ner this hyar ailment, en I've hearn no hit's killin' a passel no folks. Ye kin act es vigorous es ye please, but we haint a-goin' to quit comin' to see Joe's young-ens."

At this juncture, Joe, a long, lank specimen of mountain

growth, appeared in the door and, noting the plight of the doctor, yelled to the assailant, "See hyar, man, drap yer hand and let Doc see the brats; they's pow'ful low. Howdy, Doc, come in."

Once inside, the doctor began to attend to the wants of the sick, forgetful of his own peril, but the plans of the moonshiners outside, whose idea of officers was that of revenue officers, were promptly executed. They quickly barricaded the door of the cabins, declaring in boastful words to the prisoner that they had the "drap on him." He helplessly turned to Joe and appealed to his sense of hospitality.

"This is the way I am to be treated, is it, Joe? When you sent for me to come and save the lives of your children, I little thought of your trapping me like a wild cat, and now you treat me worse than an enemy. You can stop these men and you must do it," he commanded, "for my wife and children are as dependent on me as yours are on you."

"Naw, I caint, Doc," bluffed the host; "they kin outdo me ef I fit one by hisse'f en the're plum tight naow en hev the pistols. Old Runkle jest got in frum Tennessy las' week and he is turribel mad about your sassin'. Better keep mighty still ef ye don't keer about losin' yer breath fer good."

Bang! The men at the door suddenly dropped their hands and turned away, while the doctor and his traitorous host gasped as if the shot had struck home.

"Stop! Give up your pistols and quit your deviltry, you rascals," called a strong voice, and those who had so arrogantly boasted a moment ago found themselves caught in their own trap. The doctor stepped to the door as soon as he saw the dejected braggarts turn away in response to the shot. Not ten feet away stood two men, well-armed and now covering the crest-fallen prisoner. He heard them serve the warrants on them as being wanted for murder in Cook county, Tennessee. Giving the parting instructions as to his patients, he stepped outside again and thanked his deliverers for their timely assistance, advising them to let the law take its course, but not to make it harder on account of this occurrence. "They must

be vaccinated, however," he said, "before you take them. There is smallpox here."

The horse gave a whinney of recognition as his master approached, and he in answer said, "Prince, old fellow, you have had a good long wait, yet—it might have been longer—but it is an ill wind that blows no good."

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### BROWNING'S "ABT VOLGER."

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In a quaint museum in the Tyrol may be seen among relics of antiquity, a bust labeled "Abt Volger," being the name of a musician conveying little meaning to the average tourist, but well enough known to the citizens of Vienna, who may still hear a performance of his compositions every Christmas, though his career ended nearly a century ago. He was born in Bavaria about the middle of the eighteen century. During his life he held important positions at various courts of Europe, and founded several music schools. Original and eccentric, his influence in his day was so strong as to draw to himself the greatest geniuses of his time, and he numbered among his pupils such composers as Weber and Myerbeer. He was mainly noted for his skill in extemporizing; a gift which implies the highest musicianship, though the term is often misapplied to a meaningless rambling from chord to chord, without theme, progression, or balance of parts. It would bear such a relation to music as a senseless jingle would to poetry. This art, more poetically called by the Germans "phantasieren," began as long ago as the middle ages, when music and poetry always went hand in hand, and minstrels rehearsed deeds of chivalry, composing both words and music at the time. The "instrument of his own invention," which Volgler used as the vehicle of his inspiration, was a kind of organ, consisting of four keyboards, beside a set of thirty-six pedals. It must have possessed abundant resources, and was called an orchestrion, probably on ac-

count of its likeness to the orchestra in producing variety of tone.

Thus we see why Browning chose the Abbe Volger to give expression, through a monologue, of the highest conception of music, its power over the soul, and its relation to life. Such an expression has never before or since been attempted by any other poet. It differs widely from other rhapsodies on music in this, that Browning's flights of fancy had their origin in his own knowledge, for his early training in the art had been most thorough, and unlike most others, he knew whereof he spoke.

The first five verses of the poem contain a description of the wonderful music, assisting the imagination by presenting objects of sight rather than sound. The music evoked by touching the keys of the instrument is called a "structure brave," comparing it to the legendary palace that Solomon reared by means of his magic ring. The deep tones forming the foundation are called "demons that lurk," the high tones are "angels that soar," while the intervening ones are all other created beings which rush into sight, and act as slaves to aid in completing the work. The progression of the music to a climax seems to be figured in the third verse by describing these minions mounting one above another, raising walls of gold till a pinnacle is reached in the sky, vieing in beauty with St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, when, on a festal night, an illumination reveals its dome in full glory.

In verses 4 and 5 Browning attempts to describe the experience of a soul that had reached the highest point of exaltation, and is no longer subject to laws of time and space. The palace is peopled by spirits of those who had lived or were to live satisfied to dwell in this house not made with hands.

In verses 6 and 7 we find a song of gratitude and joy for the wonderful faculty of the soul to express itself in sound, a medium so much more subtle and intangible than that of poet, painter or sculptor, that the musical composer seems more than they to attain to creative power—

"All through my keys that gave their sound to a wish of my soul,  
 All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,  
 All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,  
 Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:  
 Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause,  
 Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;  
 It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,  
 Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,  
 Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!  
 And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,  
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.  
 Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught;  
 It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:  
 Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:  
 And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!"

The remaining five stanzas embody Browning's spiritual philosophy on the seeming failure and disappointment of this life. In the eighth, the sadness and regret caused by the vanishing of the magic palace are replaced by the thought that "what was, shall be," and this hope leads to the perfect submission and confidence implied in the 9th stanza:

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?  
 Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!  
 What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?  
 Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?  
 There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before:  
 The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;  
 What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;  
 On the earth the broken arcs: in the heaven, a perfect round."

In this stanza Browning seems to express the idea of the negative quality of evil, as if evil were a necessary condition of the incompleteness of things.

In the 10th stanza hope rises still higher, even to the belief that everything worthy will survive to eternity, though attended on earth by defeat:—

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;  
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power



Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.  
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
Are music, sent up to God by the lover and the bard;  
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by."

Still more in the 11th stanza there is assurance that defeat is even an indication of future victory, that joy is keener by its contrast with sorrow, that discords only heighten the effect of the harmony.

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence  
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?  
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?  
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?  
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,  
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:  
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear,  
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know."

So, passing through the varying moods of ecstasy and praise to pain and doubt, then to submission and perfect resignation, it only remains to return again to the level of every-day life by descending gradually through modulation to the common chord.

Thus is typified the daily round of duty, as contrasted with occasional glimpses of higher things, when, as to the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, the Holy of Holies is revealed, but not for long. They, like the inspired musician, might not remain with the vision—they must descend to the foot of the mountain, where, awaiting their return, was the multitude, to whose needs they must now minister.

JENNIE W. PAPWORTH.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

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In a recent number of the "Outlook" appeared a very interesting article entitled, "Mount Holyoke College," by Jeannette Marks.

Its founding, as Mount Holyoke Seminary, and development in bleak New England were in some respects like that of New Garden Boarding School, now Guilford College, in the "Sunny South," except for the advanced educational idea in the latter.

Both were founded in the year 1837—two hundred years after the founding of that excellent and time-honored institution for men, now known as Harvard University. Until this time no college for women had been established. The movement for the higher education of women began about 1820, when a few seminaries and schools were opened both in the North and in the South; but most of them were creatures of circumstance and continued only a few years.

The grounds of Mount Holyoke, one-third of a mile in extent, are located in a fertile valley of the Connecticut river, at the foot of the hills—in a valley of colleges and factories, beautiful for situation and conducive to the healthfulness of body and soul.

Guilford College is located in the Piedmont section of North Carolina near Deep river, among the hills of Guilford county, on a dairy farm of about the same area as that of the grounds of Mount Holyoke; the location is varied in scenery, rich in history and is in a section that leads the State in educational movements. No more beautiful or healthful spot in all the country could have been selected for such a school.

The founding of Mount Holyoke "lay in the generous, undaunted heart of a woman," who possessed a democratic spirit and a Puritan conviction of the worth of an immortal soul and the importance of knowledge and training for its development.

Mary Lyon, the founder, in the first circular of the school, says: "We intend it to be, like our colleges, so valuable that the rich will be glad to attend it, and so economical that people in moderate circumstances may be equally accommodated."

The requirements have always been high, yet the second year four hundred applications were turned away because there was not room to accommodate them. In these, as in all colleges, from that day until this, students have received more than that for which they paid.

The conception of Guilford College lay in the hearts and minds of both men and women of North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends, and both served on the committee for the foundation of an institution for the "guarded" higher education of both sons and daughters. Thoroughness and the development of a moral and religious character have been the foundation stone. Simplicity of life and a minimum of expense have been strictly adhered to in order that careful and economical habits may be formed and the school be within the means of as many as possible.

In 1888 Mount Holyoke was made Seminary and College, and in the same year New Garden Boarding School was chartered as Guilford College. In 1893 Mount Holyoke was chartered as college only.

In both institutions the latest and most approved methods are used, and the faculty of each represents the best institutions of learning in the country.

The two institutions both obtained funds for their first buildings by small donations, thus securing the interest of the greatest number of people, since all are interested in the things in which they invest. Mount Holyoke's twenty-seven thousand dollars for the first building represented eighteen hundred subscribers—three paying the sum of six cents each.

New Garden had a number of subscriptions of 10 and 25 cents each.

Mary Lyon's solicitor presented an unanswerable argument in favor of the higher education of women: "As woman had been the occasion of the fall, she ought to have the highest possible education to undo the ills effected by the fatal apple." It is believed that man has never been known to contest the apple.

Mount Holyoke still grows in equipment. In 1905 there were twenty-five buildings, twenty professors of full standing,

men and women, nine associates, thirty-five instructors, twelve assistants and readers and an administrative staff of twenty-four.

Guilford College has not so large a faculty, nor so many buildings as Mount Holyoke; but with her increased endowment, her facilities will be enlarged and her surroundings beautified.

A native of North Carolina, Samuel Hill, of Seattle, Wash., whose ancestors were among the founders of the institution and whose father, Nathan B. Hill, was one of the first teachers, whose mother, uncles and aunts on both sides of the house were educated there (one uncle, Dr. Nereus Mendenhall, for many years the principal of the school), gave, first five thousand dollars to the endowment, then one thousand to help liquidate the debt that had accumulated on the institution, one thousand dollars for the development of the campus, the possibilities of which are great, as any one may see who will look to the northeast and west of Founders Hall, without seeing the small buildings that now disfigure the landscape; again, but not last we hope, he has given four thousand dollars toward the erection of a dormitory for girls who may and do wish to come to the college and do their own work and thus reduce expenses in order that they may avail themselves of college opportunities.

For the building and the equipment of this dormitory we hope to raise twenty-five thousand dollars. It is to be erected on the hill west of Founders Hall, not to supplant the dear old buildings, but to help to make her founders' hope a fact. Here the girls who find it hard to pay their own way, and yet are longing for an opportunity to develop themselves and to be a power for good in the world, may come and feel at home, and grow and rejoice in their growth.

The above-named friend of Guilford College is not the only one to help toward this end. Years ago, a dear old man, Addison Coffin, whose heart was warm and young when his body was bending under the weight of eighty winters, saw the need of the girls, wrote a book and gave the manuscript to the Girls' Aid Committee, to be published, the proceeds to go to the

establishment of a dormitory. Only a few hundreds have been realized from this source yet, but he gave us of what he had and greatly encouraged the work.

On the 13th of Second month another generous soul, David Bispham, of Philadelphia, gave of that within his hand, and we believe it will be greatly blessed both to him and to the cause for which it was given. Endowed with a great ability as a singer, and having developed his talents until they are ten, he gave a recital in the Grand Opera House in Greensboro, which will be long remembered by all who heard him.

The Guilford students enjoyed a double treat in the outing in the way of the trip by train to town and a reception, with refreshments, in the Benbow Arcade, given by the generous proprietor, Chas. D. Benbow, together with a display of X-rays and electricity in the same building by Dr. Petree, all of which was very enjoyable indeed. After this the student body proceeded to the opera building to hear the recital. It was delightful in every phase, the selections, the rendering, the voice and the metallic result. About \$425.00 was cleared, all of which was donated to the girls' dormitory. The Girls' Aid Committee, the girls and all friends of the college greatly appreciated these donations as well as others that have been given; and it is hoped that many will ask themselves the question: What have I in my hand that can be turned to advantage in this way? Every member of the North Carolina Yearly Meeting, every old and every new student, and every friend of Guilford College may make a valuable investment of what is in their hand that will contribute to a greater freedom than did Moses' rod—the freedom of human minds from ignorance and of souls from sin.

MARY E. M. DAVIS.



A TALE OF WILD LIFE.

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What a race there is in life for the rabbit. Here is the story of one who now is on the way toward the end of life. It was by the merest accident that I got the story, on one of my favorite strolls through the forests near by the college. But to be brief. One afternoon two weeks ago perhaps, when all the earth was radiant with the smiles of "Old Sol," one of those days when it seems that slumbering vegetation will spring forth out of season, allured, as it were, by the sun's kisses—on such a day I obtained this colloquy with as genteel an old rabbit as ever "stole garden sass," as he expressed it. Strolling down an incline open, covered with broom straw and inclosed by the stately forest, I was startled by the interrogatory salutation, "Friend or foe?"

"Friend," exclaimed I, with all haste; not that I was afraid, but 'twas policy with me, having been taken unawares. And may I add that the respect I have had for the animal kingdom, that respect that won't permit me to rock a bird or cat, grows within me, especially since this interview.

"Then rest my soul," came the complaisant rejoinder. "I've dodged shot, eluded blatant old hounds and tided many a rough winter, but the go in me ain't what it was," and he stroked his chin, "and before I go I prove things," he continued, smiling benignantly as an old hero can, whether he be man or beast, for no one questions the integrity of animal heroes. Having sidled up and sat down, I became interested and plied many questions, and, shame on me, in my enthusiasm I asked questions while the shrewd old fellow was in the midst of a statement, which must have provoked him, as it would you or any of us, but he was patient with me, was "Old Quick-Eye," which I learned to be his nick-name, and he was not ruffled. With a firm voice for one so old, his story came, interrupted now and then with a pause to spit, he having a great cud of "rabbit's tobacco" in his mouth, a wild plant known to everyone.

"I don't keep books nor records, but it ain't never left me since it was entrusted to me by as good a mammy as ever kept

vigilance over three younguns, that my birth dates thirteen years from this spring, which circumstance happened way back down in lower Guilford in old 'Squire Higgins' wheat patch, for old 'Squire was a patch man who died, as I believe, because he persisted in eatin' game fatted on neighbors' land which was trapped in passing over his place."

Queer logic this, which Old Qick-Eye explained to some degree by adding: "It must be the just visitation of some unknown power which we pretend to know nothing of further than what is gotten by watching the trend of haps and mishaps, what happens and who they happen to. Yes, I was in school three years and didn't learn but the three things, 'Git-up-and-gitness,' 'Attention-to-business' and 'Keep-in-shape-to-get-in-better-shape.' My old age and present happiness thus far are due to my early training to a great extent."

Then he grew reminiscent. "The most narrow escape of mine?" replied Quick-Eye to my interrogation. "I've had many a tight turn, but have applied my schooling to my practical life with such effect that today, excepting the infirmity old age alone has brought, I am intact. When just a young fellow, down in lower Guilford, before I was educated, overcome with hunger and cold, I entered a so-called rabbit-gum one night and of course was captured. This episode was a valuable experience and might have proved costly if I had been taken in by an older hand. As it was, a young fry of a boy came, pulled me out and in his ecstasy started home, but stumbled and fell, and I by natural instinct gave a lunge, freed myself and never again have taken quarters in strange places until I had the lay of the land. The most thrilling experience came in after life when in my prime. It was this way. I was hard run by an unprincipled, blood-thirsty hound; again I applied my education. I got up and got. The second clause of my schooling applied first. I was chased at a terrific rate. I saw my only hope lay in reaching a ditch just ahead by which I might elude my pursuer. The third clause of my training applied second. As it happened, the ditch contained about three inches of water. In I went, the dog in hot pursuit. I struck out down the ditch followed by the dog. Reaching the end, I turned,

made a dash up the ditch and swept by the old hound, whose hot breath came full in my face, he still being intent on the down trail. Reaching the end, he turned on the upward trail while I made another downward trip, each time almost having brushed the beast of a dog in passing, but I kept my head and remembered my education."

"But if a dog can run a wet track and is in his right mind, why didn't he nab you when passing?" I asked somewhat scornfully, thinking my dignity injured, since Quick-Eye had taken me for such a credulous fellow. But he was firm.

"It was this way," said he, crossing the other leg and chewing more cautiously on his cud. "When well wearied and almost exhausted with running up and down the ditch, my schooling bore down upon me; I gave a mighty leap upward, shot in the air, landed in the meadow grass and struck out. The dog? Oh, as I remember now, I eavesdropped a party of 'possum hunters, who, resting on a log, were being entertained by one who from beginning to end related the story of the chase in the ditch. I don't know how he came about his information. But how my heart beats quickened as he detailed the story. Coming to that part most interesting to me, he told his comrades that the dog continued his wild chase until he fell dead of fatigue. I heard the news with arms folded and my chin resting on my breast."

After a pause of a moment, upon my questioning him, he told me his folks were all dead; that life for him had had its ups and downs; and that he hoped to end his days in peace after having gone through such a school of adversity.

"No, as a rule rabbits don't range very far from their birthplace nor do many die a natural death, but the greater number of my kind are slaughtered each year. Not many reach the age of four years and I have never known of one who reached my age."

Having asked him what advice he would give to the world as a watchword, if any, he said: "Go to school and learn these precepts: Attention-to-business, Git-up-and-gitness, Keep-in-shape-to-get-in-better-shape."

Just then the first supper bell rang and I sped away, feeling very much profited for having met my rabbit friend.

PYGMY.

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## THE EVOLUTION OF A VAST INDUSTRY.

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In the light of present achievements in high-tension, long-distance electric power transmission, the early work of the Telluride Power Company, fifteen years ago, and its progress in the immediately succeeding years, commands unqualified admiration. It was work of daring enterprise, pioneer work in the face of discouraging comment from almost everywhere, making its successful outcome all the more gratifying to those who undertook it, and interesting to the world generally. There is a natural law usually spoken of as "supply and demand" which has really existed ever since man first realized his needs. Different people or parts of the country would likely make different demands and that of Colorado may have been different from that of others: her demand was for power for operation of her gold mines to be furnished at a reasonable figure.

The mining district surrounding Telluride, Colorado, is at the same time one of the most rugged and one of the richest in the Rocky Mountains; but its inaccessibility and the consequent cost of producing power caused the financial failure of many important enterprises in the early days of its history.

The Gold King mill, situated at an altitude of 12,000 feet, where the cost of fuel for steam power had become prohibitive, was the first to encourage the Telluride Company to furnish them operating power. This property had been attached in 1888 to satisfy a continued deficit in operations. The attorney retained by the owners, found that this deficit was due largely to the enormous cost of power, and that there would have been a handsome margin if power could have been obtained at the exceeding high price of \$100 a horse power a year. Down in a deep gorge of the valley, over 2,000 feet lower but



less than three miles distant, two mountain streams formed at their confluence the South Fork of the San Miguel river, offering cheap and continuous power.

A company was formed, a stay of proceedings was secured, and, as a means of transmitting this power, cable drive, compressed air, and continuous-current electricity were all investigated. The limitations of each were apparent, while the advantages of alternating current and higher pressures became gradually recognized, until a decision was reached to attempt their use.

While selecting apparatus, little but incredulity or ridicule was encountered. Eastern investors in the enterprise were annoyed by predictions of prominent engineers, and discouraged by their insistence, that the experiment would prove a miserable failure and the expenditure go for naught. However, a generator and a motor for 3,000 volts and 100 horse power each, the largest then made, were ready for trial in the fall of 1890. The generator was placed in the rough cabin in the gorge and belted to a 6-foot Petton wheel under 320 feet head, and the motor was set up at the Gold King mill 2.6 miles distant.

Everything was extremely simple from water-wheel to motor, and, except for lighting, the plant ran smoothly and steadily thirty days and more without a stop. Difficulties caused by ice at 40 degrees below zero, by speed control over unusually high water pressure, by avalanche, by blizzard, by electric storms unknown in low altitudes, and by scores of other obstacles, now generally forgotten, but then most serious, marked every step of progress.

Notwithstanding all of these, unqualified success from the beginning caused gradual and constant progress and when the report was made in the East by associates of the enterprise, that at Telluride a hundred horse power were being successfully transmitted nearly three miles over No. 3 copper wire, with less than 5 per cent. loss, it was received with the utmost incredulity.

In the autumn of 1892 a 600-horse generator of the same simple type as the first was installed, and a 250-horse motor for



the Gold mill on Bear Creek, ten miles from the generator. Early in 1894 a 50-horse motor, and during the fall, a 75-horse motor, were placed in Savage Basin fourteen miles from the power house. The former was soon replaced by a 100-horse motor, and in 1895 the 75-horse was raised to one of 100 horse power. The company had now gained a good start from which it never ceased to grow, until at the present time the Telluride Company and its allied industries have six power stations and over a thousand miles of line in Colorado, Utah and Montana.

The success of the original plant prompted the manager of the company, Mr. Nunn, to institute a search for other water power in the West, finding as a result, that such powers were very remote from available markets, requiring much longer transmissions than theretofore used. Voltage higher than from 10,000 to 15,000 were not in commercial use, and were regarded as merely problematical; but two important water rights, already acquired in Utah and Montana, would have been worthless at such pressures. The company decided to do some experimental transmission at higher voltages. The commercial feasibility of high pressures was demonstrated by the successful operation of the Gold King mill during a great part of the year at pressures from 30,000 to nearly 60,000 volts, as well as by continuous electrification for nearly a month during dry weather of a three-mile telephone circuit, at pressures rising from 10,000 to 60,000 volts. These records were then the highest pressures in operation and stand until today far above any other company's achievements.

The company did pioneer work in every line that is in any way connected with power transmission: they made transformers, switch-boards, insulators, alternators, rheostats and every other article necessary for their electrical work. A course was arranged so that young men could be fitted for the work; they were taught something of machinery, of shop-work in wood and metal, and of wiring, insulating and repairing. A technical library, including the electrical papers, and a conveniently-fitted testing room were always open. Each student was then given a short laboratory course in graphic treatment

of alternating-current theory. This is said to have been the first systematic effort made by a corporation to train its employees for responsible positions.

In conclusion, it may be said that this company, operating the first transmission at more than 16,000 volts, has by its success solved beyond question the previously doubtful problem of high pressures for long distances.

Its latest power-house, situated at the mouth of Provo Canyon, completed last year, is modern in every detail. It contains three 3,600-horse generators, operating under 340 feet head. Constant reconstruction to meet increasing demands keeps the system, as a whole, abreast of present practice. Thus the Telluride Power Company, while again and again a pioneer in power transmission, must not be associated alone with the experimental methods of early days, but may in the future be found still engaged in progressive, practical pioneer work.

JOHN ANDERSON.

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### MR. BISPHAM AT GREENSBORO.

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One of the most delightful events of the year was the recital given by Mr. David Bispham on the 13th of February. This honor bestowed upon Guilford College has been appreciated almost as no other event that has occurred in our history, second only to the visit last year of the Vice-President, Charles W. Fairbanks.

About one year ago David Bispham wrote to the President that in case he passed through the Southern States during the current year he would give the college the benefit of a recital. This was in response to a letter written stating the condition of Guilford's endowment and the prospect of material additions thereto. Owing to the friendship which was formed during four years in the same class at Haverford College between Mr. Bispham and the President of Guilford College, Mr. Bis-

ham desired to take in Guilford College on his visit south, and especially to make some contribution to the endowment or equipment of the institution.

As Mr. Bispham is among the foremost opera singers in the world, it was planned to hold the recital in Greensboro in order that the pleasure of hearing him might be enjoyed by as many people as possible. The 13th of February proved to be a mild springlike day; and in the afternoon Mr. Bispham in company with President Hobbs, Mr. Samuel H. Hodgins, and Mr. Smith of New York, made a visit to the college where a reception was held in Memorial Hall. Mr. Bispham captivated every one by singing two charming songs and shaking hands with all the students and others who were present. After spending an hour at the college visiting the library and Founders Hall, the party returned to Greensboro and to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Van Noppen, where a few guests had been invited to take tea with Mr. Bispham.

Arrangements had been made for almost the entire body of students to attend the recital, and a special train engaged for the return trip. Through the courtesy and kindness of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Benbow, Guilford students were entertained at The Arcade of the Benbow House for an hour before the recital began, where every student was made to feel at home, refreshments served, and an exhibition with X-ray machine given by Dr. Petree; and altogether the interim between the arrival of Guilford students and 8 o'clock was made both enjoyable and profitable.

Tickets had been on sale for three days and nearly every seat in the Grand Opera House was sold before the time for the beginning of the concert.

Mr. Bispham is a man in the prime of life, in vigorous health, and of most charming manners both socially and on the platform. His training has been of the best the world can give, and his natural ability from inheritance admirably fitted him for success in any profession, but especially in music. His success has been so great in London and extended through so many years that he was for a time taken to be an Englishman.

His parents, however, were descendants from the best Quaker stock in Philadelphia, where most of his life has been spent. His coming to Greensboro brought to our doors the best musical talent in London or New York; and the splendid recital he gave to the large and cultivated audience which greeted him in Greensboro was one of the most unique and charming entertainments ever given in that city, calculated from every standpoint to captivate, and, by the perfect artistic finish of every note and movement, to elevate to a sublime height the noblest impulse of every auditor.

The entertainment began at 8:30 and closed at 10:30, and every one had the feeling that the time was too short.

The special train brought students and faculty back to the station, from which the walk to the college was made pleasant by the delightful temperature of the evening and the light of the moon.

The proceeds of the entertainment, amounting to between four and five hundred dollars, were turned over to the Girls' Aid Committee as an addition to the subscriptions now being taken to erect a girls' dormitory.

L. L. HOBBS.

# The Guilford Collegian.

Published Monthly by the  
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NO. 6

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## Editorials.

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To those of us who are interested in physics and electricity, the question of a new physics laboratory at Guilford is of much importance. All of the other departments of science have been rapidly pushed to the front while this one has received very little attention. This situation is not due to any neglect on the part of the professors who have been in charge from time to time, but to the fact that this work has been considered secondary in importance to biology and chemistry. Under past circumstances it may have been of less importance than these other courses, but at the present time we think it is not. Un-



der the efficient direction of Prof. Wilson, the department of Chemistry is now in good condition. The Biology and Geology departments are also in good shape and will need comparatively little attention for some time. Hence it would seem that special effort should be made at this time in behalf of Physics and Electricity.

The section of the chemical laboratory which we have been using for experimental work in physics has become entirely inadequate and a new laboratory seems almost absolutely necessary. To some the arrangement and equipment of this laboratory would seem quite an undertaking at the present time, but if done in the proper way a great deal could be accomplished with very little expense. There is an excellent place for a physics laboratory in the basement of Memorial Hall. Here we have ample room on the south side and all that is needed except floor and plastering is a little more light, and this can be secured by cutting two new windows in the south wall. True, this place is now used as a coal storage, but there is plenty of room on the north side for the coal.

If this could be arranged and a professor put in charge of physics and electricity alone, a good department could be worked up in a few years.

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As the time approaches for the baseball teams to begin their tours, it brings to mind one of the most important features of college life—the entertainment of a visiting team and along with this the attitude of the visiting team. We are glad to know that, as a rule, most of the institutions of which we know anything are very courteous to men who are there representing a sister institution. This is especially true while they are not on the athletic field, and we see no reason why it should not exist even there. To be sure, college loyalty is an admirable thing and we enter into it as heartily as any one, but we ought to remember that we are gentlemen and that our opponents are our guests. Often a “rocter” thinks that “to drag” and “guy”

the visitors is his chief duty in bringing victory to his team. By doing this he not only lowers himself, but would do more good if he "yelled" for his own team and let the visitors alone except to cheer them on an exceptionally good play. We have actually heard of instances where a visiting team was jeered and hissed at even after they had been defeated and had left the athletic field. Probably this was done by irresponsible students, but it could easily have been avoided if some of the leading men had uttered a protest. Why can't a few of the best men take this matter in hand and introduce some reforms along this line? If this could be done, a visit to a neighboring institution would become a treat instead of something to be dreaded and followed by pledges never to make the trip again. After all, there is only one thing to remember: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

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We wish to announce that our next issue will be in the hands of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. We believe that the work of these associations is one of the most important departments of college activity and are glad to devote one issue of the magazine to it.

A VISIT TO THE PHILAGOREANS.

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There may be seasons of doubt in our minds as to the advantages of co-education, but there are times also when we are thoroughly convinced that its advantages and pleasures far outweigh its disadvantages. Such a time was experienced by the "Clays," who left their society hall and went down to spend the evening of February 16th in the blissful abode of the "Phi's." It has been customary for the societies to visit each other annually for many years, but it seemed to have lost the sameness of a custom on this occasion, and to have taken on the appearance of a reception, partaking at the same time of both entertainment and genuine hospitality.

It would only be rehearsing an old story to say that the program was of the highest order, and the entertainment royal. Miss Hollowell presided with Miss Korner as secretary, both of whom showed marked executive ability. The program was begun with a vocal solo, "The Water Lily," which was very beautifully rendered by Misses Macy, Edwards and Hollowell. This feature of the program elicited much applause and might with wisdom be adopted by the young men's societies. The vocal solo was followed by a debate on the question, "*Resolved*, That the civil service act should be extended to all departments of government."

The affirmative side was very ably and skilfully upheld by Miss Henley, while Miss Hutchins, with a strong and convincing line of argument, defended the present system. They handled with surprising wisdom this great constitutional question and showed that women, although sometimes considered frivolous, are capable of handling questions of greatest importance. The argument was very strong on each side, but after some hesitation the judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The program closed with an instrumental solo which Miss Pauline White rendered in a very charming manner.

After the literary features of the reception a "Valentine Party" was given, during which refreshments were served in

West Hall, which was very appropriately decorated for the occasion. Each person present was presented with a souvenir, consisting of two yellow hearts tied with white ribbon and inscribed with a fitting verse. It was an evening pleasantly spent and the time of "Good nights" came all too soon.

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### THE TWENTY-SECOND AT GUILFORD.

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The morning of the 22d of February found the Guilford students busy as usual. During the day the only thing to mark its memory was the raising of the United States flag. Gently and gracefully it waved in the breeze all day long, seeming to understand its duty and the honor it bore within its hues; and also seeming to be ever reaching after something, which could have been nothing less than the evening; for that evening there was something doing for the Seniors. The Tuesday night preceding, invitations had been sent to them and the faculty in the form of a little red hatchet, with a red, white and blue bow tied to its handle. The invitation read as follows: "You are invited to attend an Illustrated Historical Demonstration in Honor of the Senior Class and George the First—in War, in Peace and in the Hearts of His Countrymen, February 22, '06, 8-10 p. m."

They were sent out by Misses Osborne, Benbow and White, and it is needless to mention the warmth with which they were received and the immediately succeeding joy which they created.

On arriving at the scene of action, one was first struck with the very attractive decoration of the reception room. To the left on entering was a large painting of Washington with the flag becomingly thrown over the top and falling down on either side. To the right was an equally fine portrait of Mrs. Washington. Over the mirror in front of the door was cast a large Guilford College banner. In the middle of the room stood a small table with beautiful evergreens on it. Scattered here

and there on the walls, the mantle and the table were quite a number of portraits and pictures of great men. Six of these were numbered, and one of the parts of the "Historical Demonstration" was to guess the names of these men. Space for answers was provided in a souvenir card. The next thing indicated on the sonvenir cards was to apply the right name to six presidential nicknames, and the last of the cards contained six questions varying from "What president outlined a famous foreign policy?" to "Who were the last two brides of the White House?" This phase of the evening could not have been more interesting, attractive or becoming.

But there was another part to be played—a part which appeals to every college boy or girl, whether Senior or not. After the prize had been awarded to Miss Ida Hutchins by Miss Sharpless, other movements began and it was not long before agreeable refreshments, served in the most elegant style, were introduced. Nor was it long, either, before the "ding dong" of the old bell tolled the departing hour. In a few minutes the boys could be seen returning to their rooms, the starry vault overhead, with the dream of the pleasurable evening spinning and whirling in their heads, as the mighty earth on which they trod, bowed and whirled around old "Sol." And thus the twenty-second day of February, 1906, had been spent at old G. C.

R.



## Locals and Personals.

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ALVAH E. LINDLEY, '08 } EDITORS.  
ANNIE LOIS HENLEY, '07 }

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Base ball!

Did you get a valentine?

He—"You are the breath of my life."

She—"Well, hold your breath then."

Florina Worth John, '89, visited relatives and friends at the college recently.

✓ Mrs. Abigail Hunt Blair died at her home at Jamestown, N. C., February 13th. She was a warm friend of the college and her daughter, Miss Ada, is principal of the preparatory department here. *Blair*

Prof. J. Franklin Davis gave an interesting lecture on "Cacography of the English Language," since our last issue.

W. S. Nicholson gave the members of his class, 1907, a valentine party on the evening of February 14th, which was highly enjoyed by all who attended. A sumptuous dinner was the feature of the evening, followed by a few informal toasts.

Miss Laura Bridgeman, of Chicago, visited the college recently in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

Frazier (introducing Miss Korner to his father)—"Miss Korner, this is Mr. Father."

✓Caswell Grave, who was a teacher at Guilford in 1892-'3, has recently been elected professor of Biology at the Woman's College, Baltimore. Mr. Grave well deserves this honor which has come to him. He has done much research work in the Pacific Islands as well as during the past four years at the Marine Laboratory at Beaufort, N. C.

Among recent visitors at the college we note the following: Robt. Dicks, '04, Hugh Leak, Percy Gainey, J. T. Henley, Treva Jones, Bessie Benbow, '05; Clarence Whitlock, '05, and Lee L. White, '04. We are always delighted to have our friends come back.

E. J. Coltrane and A. E. Lindley spent a few days in Nashville, where they represented the local Y. M. C. A. in the Student Volunteer Convention. A full account of the convention will appear in the next issue of THE COLLEGIAN.

Prof. G. W. White gave an interesting lecture March 3d. Subject: "Mythology in Poetry."

The literary societies have chosen the following speakers to represent them in their oratorical contest: Websterians, John Anderson, Waller S. Nicholson, C. C. Frazier, David Petty and W. T. Boyce. The Philogoreans: Bessie Deans, Alma Edwards, Elsie White, Lillian Jennett, Annie L. Henley and Addie Bradshaw. The Henry Clays: Frank Watson, Fred Hill, Benbow Whittington, Archie Hubbard and Alvah E. Lindley.

L. Cambo—"What do you call a person who lives in the C n go—a Kangaroo?"

At the regular meeting of the board of trustees March 6th, it was decided to enlarge the dining room and build a new kitchen 25 by 40 feet just north of the present building.

William C. Hammond, a member of the alumni who is especially interested in college athletics, addressed the Athletic Association here February 16th.

Miss Collins, of New York, visited friends at the college February 17-20.

Professor—"Who went up with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration?"

Anderson (confidently)—"Moses."

Prof. R. J. Davis gave a lecture in Memorial Hall February 10th. Subject: "The European Political Situation."

A large and valuable collection of new books has been added to the library since our last issue.

The final debate between the winners of the Junior-Senior and the Freshman-Sophomore debates, scheduled for March 3d, has been forfeited by the Freshmen to the Juniors. The following question was proposed by the Juniors: "*Resolved*, That it should be the policy of the United States to confine itself to the government and ownership of territory included in North America and adjacent islands." This awards the cup to the Juniors, they having won two of the three debates.

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## Exchanges.

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R. A. RICKS.

We are glad to welcome the *Science and Craft* among our exchanges. It comes to us as a paper with more wit and humor in it than any other exchange we receive. We are sorry to see, however, that the humorous part overbalances the more stable reading. The parody on "The Pony," given in this number under "Clippings," is especially good. The nine rules on "Foot Ball As It Should be Played," are also good. The exchange department is poor. It would be better not to mention so many magazines at one time, but dwell more on a few. The space given to "Science and Investigation," is well filled with short, interesting items on recent scientific developments.

Another new exchange we are glad to add to our list is the *Palmetto*. At first glance it makes a good impression, nor upon further investigation do we find this impression to be false. "The Jew as Shown in Shylock," is written to show that in Shakespeare's works he portrays the character of the Jew better than any other nationality. The writer would put Shylock as a little better man than Antonio, and concludes by saying: "Then, while we blame Shylock, let us not forget to pity him, too." "The Silence of Henry Dale" and "The Necklace" are both interesting stories. The editorials are good, as is also the department of exchanges.

*The University Life*, for its size, is a very good little paper. It is moderately well-balanced, though probably there is an over-amount of local matter. The article on "The Use and Abuse of College Athletics" is very interesting.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Carolinian*, *The Randolph-Mason Monthly*, *The University of North Carolina Magazine*, *The Erskinian*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Red and White*, *The Palmetto*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Collegian*, *Science and Craft*, *Ouachita Ripples*, *University Life*, *The Wilmingtonian*, *The Penn Chronicle*, *The Crescent*, *The Westonian*, *The Earlihamite*, *The Brown Alumni Monthly*, *George School Ides*, *The Hamptonian*, *The Oakwood Index*, *State Normal Magazine*, *The Haverfordian*, *The Limestone Star*, *Park School Gazette*.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Georgie's mother was making a pie,  
Georgie was standing quietly by;  
While his mother away was looking,  
Georgie fast the pie was hooking.

When Georgie's father had homeward come,  
And Georgie's pants were burning some,  
George answered to his father's: "Why?"  
"'Twas for the *dough* I took the pie."

## CLIPPINGS.

The sofa held the twain,  
 Miranda and her love-sick swain,  
     Heandshe.  
 But hark! a step upon the stair,  
 And papa finds them sitting there—  
     He      and      she.

## THE PONY.

The pony is my helper. I shall not flunk. He maketh me  
 to have good translations and leadeth me to much glory.

He raiseth my standing and leadeth me in the path of knowl-  
 edge for credit's sake.

Yea, though I plod through my books of Latin, I will have  
 no fear.

Thou art with me; thy art and thy words, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a lesson for me in spite of my teachers.

Thou crownest my head with fame; my morals run high.

Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the days  
 of my life.

And the pony shall dwell in my house forever.

## JUST A LITTLE LATIN.

Boyibus kissibus  
 Sweet girlorum,  
 Girlibus likibus  
 Wantie somorum.

Popibus hearibus  
 Kisse somorum—  
 Kickibus boyibus  
 Out of the dorum.

Darkibus nightibus,  
 No lightorum;  
 Climibus gatebus—  
 Breechibus torum.



# The Guilford Collegian.

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APRIL, 1906.

NO. 7.

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## THE RISE AND GROWTH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

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One of the most famous characters on the pages of history since the days of the Reformation is Sir George Williams. In 1837, at the age of sixteen, when he was employed in a dry goods establishment in Bridgewater, England, he accepted Christ as his personal Saviour and soon became anxious for the welfare of his associates. He was led to prayer and special effort in their behalf, which resulted in the conversion of a considerable number.

In 1841, he accepted a position as assistant in the establishment of Hitchcock & Co., in London. Here he found a number of young men, fellow clerks, of whom most were profligate and very few were even nominal Christians.

The same spirit that had animated him in Bridgewater soon manifested itself in London. A small band of Christians gathered daily for prayer and Bible study in one of the bed rooms on the premises after the end of the day's work. Careless friends were invited one by one to join them. It was only a short time before the room was too small to accommodate those desiring to attend, and many were converted.

One day Mr. Williams expressed himself to a friend as being deeply impressed with the importance of introducing religious services into every large establishment in London. As a result of this conversation a few Christian young men in the Hitchcock establishment met in a conference at the close of one of their meetings. They then decided to call a meeting of all the Christian young men connected with the house for June 6, 1844, to consider the practicability of establishing the work on a firmer basis. At this meeting it was decided to organize a "Young Men's Christian Association," the object of which was

stated to be "to improve the spiritual condition of young men engaged in the drapery and other trades." Thus began the greatest organization that has ever existed for the welfare of young men.

The organization at that time consisted of twelve men with a financial output measured at sixty cents per week. The work grew rapidly and soon information regarding the London Association reached America. In 1849, an attempt was made to organize an Association in Lowell, Mass., but the first Association organized on the London basis was that of Montreal in 1851. In less than two years twenty-six Associations had been formed in America, and according to statistics, the total number of Associations in the world in 1854 was 250. The growth was continuous in many countries of Europe, but was somewhat retarded in America by the outbreak of the Civil War. However, in 1866 the work was resumed with increasing interest and soon began to be established in all its departments. Now we have Associations for railroad men, industrial men, foreign-born men, country and town men, Indians, colored men, soldiers, sailors, marines, militiamen, students and boys; and within recent years the movement has extended to the young men of foreign countries, such as Japan, China and India.

During the last quarter of a century the work has spread more rapidly than before, and now, in North America alone, the records show a total membership of 400,000 and an annual expenditure of \$7,000,000; while in thirty-nine other countries there are 300,000 more members. The growth of the movement in America today is evidenced by the fact that in 1905 seventy buildings were erected as centers for manhood-making at a cost of more than \$3,000,000, and during the present year \$10,000,000 will be expended on buildings.

But more significant than members and millions, is the advance of the Association in its "extension and adaptation to the men of different countries, conditions, and religions and of what may be called the rediscovery of the place of the Bible and of the universal welcome given to men who present its message and represent its Author." In a larger spirit than merely to gain in members, there has been an increasing sympa-

thetic outreach to all classes of men, from the Japanese soldier to the bank president. Mr. Wanamaker says: "The Association has the patent on opportunity, for their fellowmen, among industrial workers, railroad men, street railway employes, high school and working boys, the foreign-born young men in America, among the Chinese, Japanese, and Oriental soldiers, sailors and militia, to the boy and man in the country as he comes to the city, the Indian and the Negro." With the same thought in mind, Mr. Ober says: "It aims to stimulate to purpose and character and serve these men in every demand of their natures. \* \* While more has been done for social betterment, the Association has been none the less spiritual. Rapidly developing departments for the welfare of men have not diverted the Association from its spiritual service to them, but increased their service to others." Although there are more men now in the Association seeking to strengthen their bodies and to engage in competitive sports, yet the moral purpose and influence of the physical department were never more prominent.

United in fifty-seven distinct Industrial Young Men's Christian Associations, the coal, copper, gold and silver miners, lumbermen, cotton mill operatives, quarry men and iron and steel workers have accorded the Association a remarkable welcome and co-operation. Employers and corporations are joining heartily in the movement. Over \$300,000 are now pledged for buildings and 4,000,000 industrial workers are awaiting organization. The shop Bible class is the most welcome thing that the Association brings to these men.

Of the 1,200,000 and more railroad employes in North America, 76,000 are in 212 Associations. Organizations have reached out to Mexico and Arizona, to Nova Scotia and the great Northwest. Some one has said that "they are reckoned a part of railroad equipment, as necessary as depots and air-brakes." During the last year thirteen new buildings were added and the membership increased fifteen per cent. Thirty-four thousand railroad men attended Associations daily. Twice as many men

have been led into church membership the last year as in any previous year.

Supplementary education is being adapted to the needs of 47,000 men and boys, from coal pickers and office boys to real estate dealers and corporation managers. Special schools, as law, art, civil service and business economy, have increased 90 per cent. during the last year. Looking back over the list of prominent men whose educational powers have been increased by these schools, we find such men as George Foster Peabody, Hon. Elihu Root, ex-Mayor Schieren and others of equal rank. Of particular importance is this branch of the work, because it offers a better field for Bible study and better teaching.

Perhaps in no department, unless it be the student work, is the Association wielding a more salutary effect than on the military, naval and marine corps employed in the government service. Soldiers in Alaska, in the distant Philippine camps, on the plains and at the seaboard posts, as well as in the city garrisons, unite in the Association to keep themselves from evil, to help their fellows, and to break the monotony of camp life. Generals and officers heartily co-operate to make the Association more effective. Complaint is frequently made if there is not an Association tent or building in the State militia camps and army posts. This work is so important that a secretary is working to promote the organization among the Filipino constabulary, and another will soon be located among the isolated army posts in Alaska. The work in the navy is equally aggressive. To show the value of the Association to sailors and marines, we quote from *Association Men*: "Every president of the United States, every Secretary of the Navy, every admiral in charge of the navy yard where Associations existed, as well as the leading officers of the navy, since the organization of the Association work with sailors was begun, have, without exception, approved the practical effort on the part of the Association to meet the needs of the men afloat and ashore."

To the student, the work that the Association is doing for his fellow-students should appeal particularly. In 1858, stu-



dents in the Universities of Michigan and Virginia, without any knowledge of each others' action, organized Associations in these institutions, the former in June, the latter in October. Other Associations followed and the work has grown rapidly up to the present time, when there are over 50,000 members enrolled in 720 student Associations. This shows a total increase of 16,000 members in five years. The influence of the universities and colleges has been quickened increasingly by the personal magnetism of the student leaders in the Association. Last year 30,000 students were enrolled in Bible classes, whereas in 1901 there were only 16,000. In mission study classes 13,000 men are enrolled, and 275 students have sailed for foreign mission fields since December, 1904. The Association is also leading thousands of men to give their lives in Christian service after graduation, either as Association secretaries or ministers of the Gospel. Thousands of students have been led into the Christian life by a far-reaching evangelism. Especial emphasis is being laid on Bible study, student evangelism, missions and Christian service after graduation.

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, very concisely states the influence of the Association among students in these words: "I believe that this voluntary promotion of religion by a body of men associated together for the purpose of putting that motive into the life of the university, is something that touches the very center and springs of life, and that the university that does not display power in this kind is not likely to display the best power in any other kind. The work of the Young Men's Christian Association lies in the springs of life."

Almost as much could be said of what the Association is doing in other departments. Thousands of Indians, Negroes, men of foreign lands, and even boys, have been led to live pure, honest, upright, Christian lives. Thus among many nationalities, among many classes, and by various methods, the Association, which started as a grain of mustard seed, is helping to leaven the whole lump and to hasten the day when Jesus Christ shall be proclaimed king in the hearts of all men.

E. J. COLTRANE.



## THE RELATION OF CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS TO STUDENT LIFE.

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The Christian Associations have always been a mighty factor in student life. It seems that without them college life would be very incomplete.

While students are ambitious to win in college athletics, in literary societies, and in other phases of college activity, if we do not cultivate this part of our life it ceases to grow, while our intellectual life continues to develop. We should, while we are students, take a positive stand for the right, and cultivate the religious side of our nature so as to make it keep pace with the intellectual. This is the way to develop the Christian character, which is the foundation of all Christian work.

Every college student should have some definite aim in life and the association work is a means by which the aim can be realized. No student can attain the highest that is for him without occasionally devoting himself to this kind of work. A student who is thus interested, will not only be a great help in the college, but when he leaves to go out in the world, he will have an everlasting influence for the good.

Each member of the associations should do active work in some way or another. Perhaps we cannot talk or sing as some other person can, but we can by our pure and simple lives show to mankind the stand that we have taken.

After students have positively taken the right side, and thoroughly devoted themselves to Christian work, we find that deeper interest is taken in other things. There is greater progress taken in literary work; also the preparation of lesson and class work is much better. Social life, too, is made better, and is more enjoyed by the student who is interested in the associations. Each student thinks more of another's welfare than he would otherwise.

It then behooves every one of us to build a firm foundation, one that will endure throughout life. In no way can this be done except by the guidance of the Heavenly Father. The Christian Association is a means by which the higher and better life may be reached.

L. O.

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### THE INFLUENCE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION ON COLLEGE LIFE.

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A great change has occurred in college administration within the memory of those who are now managing the American colleges. It is true to say that trustees, faculty and students now represent a common brotherhood, but it has not always been so. The college is a unit in most cases in America today. The faculty should show their appreciation of every student organization, inter-collegiate sport or achievement, and support these in every possible way. If a prize is won, the faculty as well as every alumnus and student should rejoice.

This unity leads to a feeling of loyalty; in fact they react one upon the other. A graduate that is not loyal to his *alma mater*—his nourishing mother—is a miserable ingrate. Our homes may be humble, lack elegance and wealth, but they are our homes, and we feel ashamed of the boy who prefers another's luxurious home to his own with its simplicity. So the college may be small and poor, but her students and graduates love her if they are loyal and true students. The Young Men's Christian Association has promoted a closer union of the spiritual and intellectual elements of human nature among college students than any other force. While the primary aid of this organization is spiritual, yet it was soon evident that the same organization could equally well minister to the intellectual, physical and social betterment. It is not generally known that the Young Men's Christian Association started an ideal

that is now dominant in almost every modern church, that the religion of Jesus Christ is intended to save, redeem and develop the whole man—body, soul and spirit; yet such is the fact. Any one can at once see what an influence this would have upon the college life. It is a well-known fact in college administration that any movement for the betterment of the student body must come through the students themselves. Paternalism does not work well in college life. The faculty may plant the seed, but the students must grow the fruit. Now, this is just what the Young Men's Christian Association has done; it has put the moral and religious leverage in the hands of the student body.

There were religious societies in American colleges long before the college Y. M. C. A., yet they were not connected nor organic. In 1858, Associations were formed in the Universities of Michigan and Virginia, and others soon followed. There is no doubt that the Association has become a large factor for good in student life and has had a large influence in moulding the tone of the college life, and changing it from the godless condition of two or three generations ago to the present decidedly Christian attitude of most colleges.

It is safe to say that this movement has done more to bring the colleges into sympathy and mutual fellowship than any other; it has created a new college spirit. The forces that bind men together are not the intellectual processes of the mind, but the spiritual emotions, and when men are thus bound together the brotherhood is much more permanent. What Bismarck said about Germany, that the empire was ruled by one-third of the graduates of her universities, is true in America today, and the Young Men's Christian Association is making of our future rulers Christian men and strong spiritual forces. This is of great importance to our country. Before Associations were introduced into our colleges, less than one-third of the students were Christians, while now more than one-half are Christians. Can any such facts be found outside of college life? More than thirty thousand conversions among college students are traceable to this movement. It is not necessary to claim that none of these would have been Chris-

tians had it not been for the Association in order to show that the influence of the Young Men's Christian Association has been very great on the Christian life of students.

The Association has also had a great influence on college discipline. In many colleges it has changed the former rough treatment of new students to helpfulness. Christian young men, who now in almost every college meet the new students and introduce them and explain the new surroundings, have lifted a heavy load from many a homesick student.

The Association is the origin of the missionary zeal and voluntary Bible study in our colleges, and when these things exist the whole atmosphere of the college life changes. And, lastly, the Y. M. C. A. has had a large influence on college athletics, and this influence has always been for good. College athletics, by common consent, is a weak spot in American college life, but the hope of a remedy is in the cordial co-operation of the Christian forces in the student body; the faculty may direct, but the power is with the students. The Christian influence here must be indirect, but it is none the less valuable and powerful.

THOMAS NEWLIN.

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## VALUE OF THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION TO THE MAN AFTER HE LEAVES COLLEGE.

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The student at college is constantly looking toward the time for which his course of instruction is fitting him. He knows that when he goes out from the college walls he takes a new step. In this practical age results will be expected from his collegiate training. To fill the place assigned to him in the world he must look carefully to the development of every part of his being. It is in this connection that the spiritual part of

his nature must be considered; for if he does not go from college a Christian man, he enters upon the duties of life at a great disadvantage. What this age needs is a host of educated Christian men and women who can turn everything into good account on the side of religion. There is no better training for such lives than the institution of learning where the truths of Christianity are believed and taught.

The Y. M. C. A., or any similar organization, is an excellent institution, but when it is dissociated from the college it is without one peculiar and substantial aid—the mental training which the college affords. Not only Christian workers, but educated Christian workers, are needed in these days of progressive thought and activity. When the young man of Christian character receives his diploma and enters into the realities of living, he finds the world in want of just such a person. He settles down to his profession or occupation. He finds himself, as a man of educational equipment, standing above his fellowmen. Now is the time for his knowledge and his Christianity to come into service. He faces errors of thought, superstitious ideas, customs which cultured minds cannot tolerate as safe, peculiar notions concerning Scripture. This man, with the backing of a four-years' college course, is the one to take the step toward correcting the wrongs. His better knowledge must serve him well. It is his duty to stand on what he is confident is the truth and do it in such a tactful manner as to win his people. None but a thorough Christian with his mind well-trained through the acquisition of knowledge can meet such an emergency with the highest degree of success. For this reason one who can be attached to a college Y. M. C. A. enjoys a double advantage in preparation for life's work.

A more direct aid afforded by the Student Association for usefulness after school life is the young man's contact with other men, for it is people with whom he is to mingle afterward. The strongest force cementing the affections of people is the spirit of Christianity. The religious ties are not the least which bind the student to the professor, as the latter identifies himself with the young men in their organization for united religious work. The influence exerted by the teachers who are



his ideals of manhood and womanhood follows the student wherever he goes and fills him with a noble desire to exalt mankind, meeting with the best young people of his State and other States and mingling with them in the Students' Association brings one into a larger circle of religious influence, widens his horizon, and makes him the better able to control against the ignorance and prejudice with which he may come in contact later on. The spiritual union formed deepens his own experience, and after those happy days he is a warmer friend of all Christian people and the better qualified to do good wherever his work may place him.

Another feature—and a very prominent one—of the college Y. M. C. A. as a good training for after life, is the actual work which the members do to save other students. Whoever has belonged to a personal workers' training class will not forget the efforts made for the souls of his fellows. Such a work at college produces a love for people—notwithstanding their faults—which clings to one, a boldness to deal with the unsaved which he is going to need in his widening life of usefulness, the gift of patience so necessary at all times in the Christian worker, a knowledge of dealing with souls, encouragement over results which appear, strength in the art of doing such work; in short, a training which turns to good advantage time and time again as he meets with people.

One who has been active in Association work at college cannot well content himself afterwards without something definite to do. The result is, that after returning home or entering upon his life work his busy life in the Y. M. C. A. will be continued in the channels of his church, possibly in the organization of a local Y. M. C. A. or in something that will be the outcome of his loyalty to the student Association of his *alma mater*.

To the statements given above much more could be added from each one's own experience. While the student may not realize at the time how much his active membership in the Association affects him, he can safely put himself without re-

serve into this work and feel assured that he can do nothing better, along with his regular course of studies, to qualify him for living.

F. W. GRABS, '94.

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### A WEEK IN NASHVILLE.

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Perhaps no year or even decade, has been blessed so much in great assemblies as the present year. Although many conventions and meetings of associations have met within the present year, yet no one of these has been attended by such enormous numbers from so widespread a territory, as that which was held in Nashville from February 28th to March 4th. This convention was by far the largest ever held in America, surpassing that of Toronto in 1902 in both numbers and interest. The Student Volunteer Movement, although it is of very recent origin, has grown with such rapidity that it has surpassed many other older Christian movements and promises to be the principal means by which the heathen world will be Christianized. No doubt every one who attended this convention was moved by the intense devotion of the delegates and leaders, and was filled with a desire to further the work of Christianity until it shall spread into the heart of every uncivilized continent and island on the globe.

The motto of the convention was: "The evangelization of the world in this generation." Anyone looking over that vast congregation of about 5,000 and remembering that hundreds without the auditorium were filled with the same desire, could not help feeling that this motto must be almost true.

The convention was made up of 4,186 registered delegates, besides a number of visitors and great bodies of the Nashville people. Three thousand six hundred of these delegates were representatives from 700 different colleges and universities of the United States and Canada.

In all, about forty addresses were delivered. These addresses were made by men of world-wide fame, such as John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Robson of Edinburg University, Fries of Upsalia, Sweden, G. T. Manly of Cambridge, the British ambassador to the United States, Bishop Thoburn of India, and many others of equal renown. The convention was also favored by having in its midst about one hundred and fifty foreign missionaries, representing the different churches and Christian movements in the world. Nearly every unchristianized land was represented in this body. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of the student missionaries go out into foreign fields as a direct result of this movement, and that forty-one per cent. of the entire missionary body in the world is directly influenced by it.

Perhaps one of the greatest features of this great convention was the missionary exhibit. This exhibit was composed of articles brought over from unchristianized lands by missionaries and also of different charts and maps, showing the ratio of the extent of Christendom to that of heathendom, with many other interesting facts. By actual count nineteen thousand people visited this exhibit during the convention.

The morning, afternoon and evening services were chiefly taken up with addresses, although sometimes the program was varied. The Saturday afternoon session was devoted to conferences of the different denominations represented. In these meetings the work and needs of the foreign fields were taken up and discussed. The delegates who were in attendance at this meeting were expected to report the essentials of the discussion to their respective churches. It was thought that in this way the different churches would be brought face to face with their own needs.

Through the perfect harmony and organization of the churches, this movement is and promises to continue the most effective means by which the world will be evangelized.

A. E. LINDLEY.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

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Nearly one hundred years ago, at Williams College, was begun the great movement which has united Christian students in every part of the world. A handful of students under the leadership of Samuel J. Mills, organized a class of prayerful study of foreign missions. Because of the ridicule of their fellow-students they were accustomed to hold their meetings in a grove near the college. One day a storm came up which caused them to take refuge under a haystack near by. After the storm the conference was continued where they were, and after some further discussion, Mills, who became the first student volunteer, suggested that the best method of solving the problem of the evangelization of the world was to become missionaries themselves, predicting that they could be the means of spreading Christ's kingdom even to the darkest parts of the earth. This, however, seemed so visionary that one member of the group protested, but only with the effect of deepening the conviction of Mills, who said: "We can do it if we will."

The spirit of these seven notable words of the leader of the Haystack Men has dominated the movement all through its history, until they have found expression in the watchword of The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, "The Evangelization of the world in this generation." Mills's prophecy has been verified; why not the watchword?

When the powerful force of the progressive spirit of youth is put in connection with any machinery, with a master hand to guide, especially when the spirit of the blessed Son of God runs through the whole movement, the end must bring success. And John R. Mott, the chairman of the executive committee of this great movement, filled with the spirit of the Master, has from the beginning, guided it as it could only have been guided by a master hand.

Changing one word in Disraeli's famous and oft-quoted words, we can well say, "It is a glorious thing to see the world saved by the spirit of its youth." Today this is what is being

done, for this great bond, forged at Williams College, has taken in the whole world. Our young men are "seeing visions" by the help of this movement. All over our land young men are rising up and calling blessed such men as John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer and Harlan P. Beach.

The purpose of the Students' Volunteer-Movement is four-fold: (1) to bring students to a thorough and serious consideration of foreign missions as a life-work; (2) to keep the purpose of all students who choose foreign missions as a life work, clear and true by guiding and helping them in the study of and work for missions until they have been taken in charge directly by their own mission boards; (3) to organize all volunteers, since organization gives strength; (4) to interest in foreign missions all those students who do not volunteer to go, in order that they may "volunteer to stay at home" and help with their money and their prayers.

In order to carry out this purpose John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Harlan P. Beach, W. B. Pettus and many other God-appointed disciples, have gone up and down our land organizing mission study classes and speaking both publicly and privately to almost every student in each institution visited. God only can tell what good these men have done, how much joy and peace and how many blessings they have brought to the hearts of both men and women all over our country.

This movement does not act in any way as a missionary society or a mission board, in that it does not send out its own missionaries. It has been called a "recruiting society" for the different mission boards.

The work of the movement is chiefly among the students of the United States and Canada. It is controlled by an executive committee made up of three representatives from the Student Young Men's and three from the Student Young Woman's Christian Associations. There is also an advisory committee and a board of trustees composed of secretaries and prominent members of several of the mission boards of North America.

Before the movement was twelve months old, President McCosh, of Princeton, spoke thus of it: "The deepest feeling



which I have is of wonder as to what this work may grow to. Has any such offering of living young men and young women been presented in our age, in our country, in any age, or in any country since the Day of Pentecost?"

Let us then see what it has done in its growth. Its secretaries have gone all over the United States and Canada, strengthening and even, in some places, creating, a missionary spirit, training leaders for missionary work at student conferences, introducing mission study into the college and seminary Christian Associations, and speaking publicly in the great international conventions and at other times on foreign missions.

The result of all this work is plainly seen in the great increase of missionary candidates. For, although "it may be said with truth that no class of people believe so strongly in missions as do the students," the number of students choosing foreign missions as a life work has increased to more than five times the number of those in colleges who made the same choice before the movement was begun, and the number in theological seminaries has more than doubled.

But of what value is this movement? It apparently has increased the number of candidates for foreign missionary work, but could not this have been done by the different missionary societies, mission boards and Christian Associations? And, anyway, would not this increase have come about naturally, under the guidance of God's hand? Would not all these have decided for missions anyway? The person who would ask such questions has evidently never caught the true spirit of the Volunteer Movement. He forgets that God uses men as mouth-pieces for His own Word and that He calls men through other men. This is the great value of the public speaking and private interviews of these great leaders. A decision once made may be abandoned under great temptations if the one who makes the decision is left to fight it out alone. But the Volunteer Movement reduces the possibility of this occurrence by keeping up with every volunteer, in mission classes, by letters, and especially by forming volunteer bands in every college and seminary where there are several volunteers, who in this way look out for each other. In addition to all this, organization

means power, and power means success. And has not the Master promised power from on high? "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Then let us pray for a deepening of the missionary spirit in North America, and that the talents of the Master may prosper in the hands of the Students' Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Will you?

W. S. NICHOLSON, '07.

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### A CLEAN RESORT FOR MEN ON THE BOWERY.

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Coming down the Bowery for several blocks, after having passed half a dozen "5c theatres," "1c varieties," and free music halls, set off, at intervals of less than half a block, with "cafes," family entrance "hotels," and bar-attached "restaurants"—no "saloons" or "barrooms"—one comes to a famous old cheap playhouse, the "London," a vicious pleasure resort. Almost opposite this, with thousands of the former Jewish population of Europe at her front door, with large numbers of representatives of a score of nationalities in her immediate neighborhood, and with "Little Italy" at her back door, is a regular branch of the Y. M. C. A., called the Young Men's Institute. This resort presents a marked contrast to the ones that predominate on the Bowery, a few of which were mentioned above. This place has for the past twenty-one years administered unceasingly to the needs, physical, mental, social and spiritual, of men of nearly every race and nationality, lifting them by patient precept and example from the lower—sometimes impure—unthrifty living to higher, cleaner, more thoughtful and more useful habits of life, sending them out into the world with better positions, purer, stronger bodies,

keener, cleaner intellects, loftier ideals and ambitions, and not a few with the principles of Jesus Christ firmly rooted in their hearts. It has thus been a veritable oasis in the midst of a hungry, thirsty land.

The work of the Young Men's Institute is carried on in the same way as in other branches of the Y. M. C. A., its distinguishing features being the men for whom and with whom the work is done. Among its six hundred members are to be found representatives of nearly twenty different nationalities. One class in Bible study, being carried on at present and numbering ten in membership, consists of three Italians, a German, an Englishman, a Dane, a Japanese, an Irishman, and two Americans. This same class consists of two Lutherans, two Methodists, three Roman Catholics, and three Episcopalians. These proportions will not hold good throughout the entire membership, but the above will show something of the variety of the men with whom the Institute has to deal. However, the variety diminishes noticeably with regard to the conditions of these men. Very few are of the very lowest class; very, very few are above the middle class. All alike are hard-working men, dependent upon themselves for support, but constantly trying to better their positions. All can speak English a little, few correctly, and about half have at least a half-finished grammar school education. Yet of all these men, coming from such varied and often unfavorable conditions, none are "toughs," all possessing a respectability that one notices at once.

Bearing in mind the harmonious development of the four sides of every man's life, a well-equipped gymnasium, with bowling alleys, baths, and other accessories, is provided. Here the men are taught the correct function, the proper care, use and development of the body, and are given opportunity and encouragement to keep their bodies in a healthy condition. Regular classes, both afternoon and evening, are conducted by a competent physical director. A special civil service class prepares men for the physical examination which the city requires applicants for the positions of policemen and firemen to undergo, and many of the men now in the service owe it to the training they received in this class. The gymnasium also pro-

vides a place for sport and amusement, where the men enjoy spending their spare hours, especially of evenings.

Also the development of the intellect is given no small consideration in the Institute. The advantages offered are a well-stocked but well-chosen library and reading room, an aggressive literary society, a preparatory school for regents, and college entrance examinations, a civil service preparatory school, for the municipal and federal examinations, and a school for carriage draftsmen and mechanics. The regents' and college entrance preparatory school gives very nearly a high school education, but covers enough of the elementary subjects to enable a large number of the men to add enough to their education, beginning where they left off at the grammar school, to get into college or a professional school. A number of the men who for various reasons cannot go to college, are taking up the work here to complete their education as far as they may. The civil service school prepares large numbers of men for the mental tests required of applicants for the various municipal and federal civil service positions. The school for carriage draftsmen and mechanics was established and is maintained in the Institute by the Carriage Builders' National Association, and is the only school of its kind in the world. Its students come from various countries and its graduates hold important positions in many of the large carriage and automobile factories in this and other countries. The educational work is in charge of an educational director who devotes his entire time to it and who is assisted by a corps of experienced and able instructors.

It is hard to give in words or statistics the results of the efforts put forth to develop that other side of man's nature, the side so important and yet so often neglected, the spiritual or religious side. Yet results in this are not wanting. A half-hour prayer meeting, conducted by the members, is attended weekly by from fifteen to twenty-five men and has resulted in influencing the lives of many men, besides training them for conducting religious meetings themselves. Six Bible classes are conducted weekly, reaching men in the gymnasium classes, in the educational classes, and the regular members. From one-fifth



to one-sixth of the entire membership attend these classes each week. One class of more than sixty members meets every Sunday afternoon with an average attendance of about forty, and is conducted in a conversational way as a smaller class would be. The results from these classes upon the every-day lives of the men cannot be estimated. The work is so conducted at the Institute that practically every member, new or old, is seen personally at least once each year in regard to his personal religious life by a member of the Religious Work Committee, which committee consists of about thirty picked men. Special evangelistic meetings are conducted each year, producing permanent effects on the lives of many men. Through these and other agencies many men are brought each year into living the Christian life, into larger development in their personal lives, and into active service in the institute and the various churches.

Just as the social side of man's nature permeates and holds together the other three sides, just so the social life at the institute runs through and holds together the other three phases of the life of the members. This is not promoted in any special way—it seems to be in the very atmosphere of the place to a marked degree, so that a new member, upon entering within its walls a few times, inhales it and it becomes a part of his life. However, this is encouraged by means of various meetings, teas, entertainments, stags and otherwise. In few places will one find the same spirit of good fellowship and helpfulness that is manifest among the members here. At times one is reminded forcibly of the experiences of college life by seeing the fellows get together in an easy, jovial way, singing their favorite songs, giving their favorite yells, cheering, etc. If there is anything in which the institute prides itself, it is in this good spirit that permeates the entire place and its entire work, the spirit that is so rare and so hard to attain.

The above is but an imperfect and abbreviated write-up of the work of this particular one of the twenty branches of the Association in New York City, in which the writer is glad to have a part, but it may serve to show in a way what, by their



time and money, men whose hearts know something of the love of Jesus Christ have been and are doing for their fellow-men in perhaps less fortunate circumstances.

R. E. LEWIS, '05.

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## REPORT OF THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1905-'6.

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The Young Men's Christian Association was instituted in Guilford College in 1889, although there had been a young men's prayer meeting in successful operation for nine years previous to that time. Since its organization it has been a force for good and has done much to foster a spiritual life and influence in the institution.

Its object as expressed in the constitution, is "To unite all students who desire to strengthen the spiritual life and influence of the College; to promote growth in Christian character and fellowship, and aggressive Christian work, especially by and for students; to train its members for Christian service, and to lead them to devote their lives to Jesus Christ, where they can accomplish the most for the extension of the kingdom of God." With this purpose in view the work has grown from year to year.

Up to the time of February, 1904, the Christian organization among the girls at Guilford had been the Y. W. C. T. U. This being the oldest of these organizations in the State, many were loath to give it up. But for some time, the organized effort on the part of the girls had not been productive of sufficiently far-reaching results, and without giving up any phase of the existing work, there was organized a Young Woman's Christian Association, believing it to be better adapted to our college conditions than was the Y. W. C. T. U. At the request of the

young women of the college, Miss Mary Johns Hopper, the traveling secretary for the Y. W. C. A. of North and South Carolina, came to the college. With due deliberation and the direct vote of a large majority of the girls, an association was organized. The several committees were appointed and work begun by them, temperance work not being neglected, as a temperance committee was formed. Though the temperance work is not now done by a separate committee the interest is not lost, there being a weekly meeting devoted to a temperance topic, at intervals.

The associations began the work a year ago with a deep sense of the responsibility that had been shifted upon them by their predecessors, who had so faithfully carried on the work. During the rest of the school year the policy of the previous administration had been carried out. The same Bible and mission study classes were continued with the addition of two mission study classes: one for the young women, taught by Mrs. Mary E. White: one for the young men, taught by Prof. R. J. Davis.

The universal day of prayer for students was observed and as a result there were eight decisions for the Christian life. Later Mr. P. C. Huntington, inter-state secretary of the Carolinas, and Rev. J. Edgar Williams, of Greensboro, visited the college and presented the claims of the association secretaryship and of the ministry. It was manifested at these meetings that there were four candidates for the secretaryship, and since that time R. Ernest Lewis, '05, has accepted a position as assistant secretary of an association in New York City. Prof. Geo. H. Crowell, of High Point, was secured for the annual address before the association, given Sunday evening of commencement week.

At the summer conferences held at Asheville in June, the Y. W. C. A. was represented by two members of the cabinet, the Y. M. C. A. by five members of the cabinet and two other association members. The association can not value too highly the benefit derived from these gatherings, both to the members who go and to the association. The associations ought to be repre-

sented this year, by at least four young women and eight young men.

At the beginning of the fall term the new student committees arrived and had plans for fall campaign work. New students were met at the train by the committee, helped with their baggage, introduced to faculty and students and helped to classify. Useful handbooks published by the associations containing information regarding the college were given free to all students. A joint reception to new students was held on the college campus the first Saturday evening in the new term. At the regular decision meeting, Miss Annie Worth, of Greensboro, spoke to the young women and J. Waldo Woody, '01, to the young men. In both of these meetings the importance of deciding for the right when entering college, was urged upon new students. Following this preparation the membership committee made a thorough canvas of the student body and as a result a membership of seventy-three young men and fifty young women was enrolled, which is a larger percentage of the boarding-students than at any previous time.

The mission study committee began this work and early in the term a joint mission study rally was led by J. Waldo Woody in which he urged the importance of mission study. Four classes for mission study were organized, three for the young men and one for young women, in all of which seventy students were enrolled. Later, Mr. Chas. Ross, of Asheboro, conducted a Bible study rally for the associations. Four classes for the young men and two for the young women were organized; altogether there have been enrolled seventy-five students. It is worthy of note that more than usual interest has been manifested in both Bible and mission study. Plans have been made for more systematic and thorough courses for next year.

The association work has been greatly strengthened by visits of secretaries of States and International committees. Miss Inez Kenney, secretary for the Carolinas, introduced the subject of systematic giving, which has worked well this year. Mr. R. M. Harper, representing the student volunteer movement, visited the college, and largely as a result of his visit two

young men were solicited to attend the Nashville convention. The finances of the associations have been well administered. In addition to the membership fees, private subscriptions and the proceeds of entertainments have aided greatly. The Y. W. C. A. has contributed its part in the support of Miss Guitner, a missionary in Japan, who is supported by the Carolina associations.<sup>5</sup> The large number of delegates to the summer conferences and the Nashville convention has incurred considerable expense, which has been well met, and by careful management future obligations can be easily discharged.

During the past year opportunities have come to the Y. M. C. A. to fill pulpits and teach Sunday-school classes. This kind of work should be organized and developed during the coming year.

The religious meetings of the associations have been very satisfactory; there being an average attendance of about forty in each association. Effort has been shown on the part of the leader and the topics have been arranged more systematically and carefully than usual. In the early part of the year 1906, Rev. Eli Reece, of High Point, assisted by Mary Woody, conducted separate meetings for the associations; as an immediate result of these meetings, as nearly as results can be reckoned in figures, thirty young men and women entered the Christian life, and all were strengthened in the Christian faith. These are the results for which we are especially thankful and toward which we should labor, because the culmination of all our Bible study, mission study, personal work and social effort should be the leading of young men and young women to the acceptance of Jesus Christ as a personal saviour.

Those who know the scope of the association work can not fail to appreciate our need for better material equipment. The association stands for the highest development of mind, soul and body, and unless we have rooms for Bible classes and committees, this development can not be reached. The Y. W. C. A. is especially in need of a room, and it would be well for the Y. M. C. A. to have one or two more rooms as soon as a new dormitory for boys is erected. We very respectfully ask the

Board of Trustees to give these matters careful consideration.

As a result of the kind response of our friends we have been able to do a great deal which we could not have done without their aid. Through this medium we wish to thank those who have so kindly contributed to our needs. We are also grateful to THE COLLEGIAN for the space that has been given to us in its various issues. We hope that this issue will be a source of interest and profit to all.

We believe that we have made some improvement during the past year but much remains to be done. The field is large and fruitful, and should be carefully studied in order that no opportunity may be lost to reach the entire student body by socials, Bible classes, public meetings and personal contact. Let us place all our trust in Him, to whom we should be especially thankful for past blessings, and we shall be enabled to embrace the opportunities before us.

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## POLICY OF THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS FOR 1906-7

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I. Both Associations shall plan and expect to win students to Christ this year.

1. Through evangelistic Bible study,
2. Through religious meetings.
3. Through personal work.

II. Both Associations shall plan to deepen the lives of Christian students in the College.

1. Through daily Bible study.
2. Through mission study.
3. Through systematic giving.
4. Through the presentation of the needs of various fields for Christian service.



III. Both Associations shall endeavor to train capable leaders for the Association and the Church.

1. By a more thorough committee organization.
2. By sending large delegations to the Asheville Conferences.
3. By bringing about a greater intelligence regarding the Association movement and the work of the Church.

IV. Both Associations shall become more prominent factors in shaping college sentiment among the students.

1. By squarely facing moral issues.
2. By more members of the Associations taking part in college activities.
3. By drawing into the Associations more representative college students.

V. Both Associations shall endeavor to make this the greatest missionary year on record.

1. By increasing the mission study enrollment.
2. By giving to missions.
3. By having the missionary call presented as a life work.

In short, we shall endeavor to make the dominant note of the Associations evangelistic; its leaders evangelists; its evangelism to take into consideration the entire student and his entire life, social, physical and mental, and always spiritual.

# The Guilford Collegian.

Published Monthly by the

Henry Clay, Philagorean and Websterian Literary Societies

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## Editors

D. H. COUCH, '06, CHIEF, Websterian.

GERTRUDE WILSON, '06, *Phi*.

D. D. CARROLL, '07, *Clay*.

## Associate Editors

ANNIE L. HENLEY, '07, *Phi*.

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C. C. FRAZIER, '07, CHIEF, *Websterian*

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VOL. XVIII.

APRIL, 1906.

NO. 7

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## Editorials.

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For a long time the question of the relation of the Church to the youth of the land has been a momentous problem. About the middle of the nineteenth century the young churchman, George Williams, became concerned in this problem, and he, with other Christians, found a way to do unofficially what the Church had not succeeded in doing. Today the Church recognizes the efforts of these men and increasing emphasis is laid on the work for young men. To George Williams must the credit be given for the discovery of the plan; but he was more than a discoverer—he was a great and good man.

Although only a clerk when he came to London, he rose by rapid strides and finally became the head of an immense business enterprise, employing seven hundred men. Commercial success certainly crowned his efforts in a remarkable degree. But George Williams was more than a business man. He was the exemplification of industry and diligence combined with genuine devotion. Hanging on the wall of his office was a framed and illumined card bearing the words, "God First," and no doubt this was the leading motto in all his business relations. Some one has said that he made "Jesus Christ head of his firm," and he was constantly giving this thought to those with whom he came in contact. John R. Mott records a visit to the Williams home last May when he was telling about the Paris Jubilee Convention and other association news. Suddenly and very abruptly Sir George broke into the conversation with the question, "Are you ever thrown with a man without telling him about Jesus Christ?" This question certainly revealed his master thought and passion, because one's thoughts and words usually coincide.

George Williams did not confine himself to one organization. He was an officer in at least thirty philanthropic societies, and gave away a small fortune each year. He attended great public gatherings and frequently addressed meetings with much of the fire of a Moody or a Finney. His constant admonition was, "Put on the whole armor; fight."

Already in this issue reference has been made to the extent of the work he established. Although he wrote no resolutions or scientific papers on Association management, yet he was the undaunted, dynamic man of fire and force and love and faith "who worked back of the plan" until November 6, 1905, when he finished the work of this life. By his plan the whole civilized world has been blessed and his name will take rank in history along with those of Robert Baikes, Dr. Barnardo and Gen. Booth. "His monument is in a thousand cities, where Christian young men of every denomination are working for the physical, intellectual and spiritual betterment of their fellows."

We have just noted that the dominant note of Sir George's life was evangelistic, that is, he was ever seeking to influence his fellowmen for Christ by his personal contact with them. And indeed this method of evangelism has always been most effective and permanent. This was Jesus' way, and in looking over apostolic history we are convinced that the gospel was propagated not only by public efforts, but more largely by the disciples' living with and teaching the people in their homes. Moreover, even among modern apostles this method has had a most salutary effect. The late Henry Clay Trumbull's motto was never to let an opportunity pass when he could help one. The Young Men's Christian Association has always strongly emphasized personal work.

To a large extent one is made by one's environment. If, when a young man enters college for the first time, he falls in with the men of character and influence, he soon becomes a stronger Christian, or if he is not a Christian he is easily led to the Christian life. On the other hand if he falls in with the opposite class, he is soon found loafing, smoking, keeping irregular hours, and finally his case is almost hopeless. Thousands of young men in college can testify to the truth of these statements.

Viewing this situation from an impartial standpoint, manifestly it is the duty of Association leaders to lead their fellow-students to the best and noblest things in college life. No doubt this has frequently been the case. Many a young man can recall the time when he first entered college and was met by a friend who tried to make him happy. Later, through his friend's influence he joined the Association, enlisted in a Bible class and soon became actively engaged in Christian work. Perhaps, however, many others have been receptive, but were never reached—simply because the Christian men neglected to become their *special* friends.

Some one may say that he doesn't have the time to associate with his friends. Of course the best students are busy. There is the regular recitation work to be done, the Athletic Association demands attention, and the literary society must be sup-

ported. But while doing all these things, can we not find time at least to give the Association work its share of our thought? Too often a new student is met and approached about patronizing a certain agency, diligently coaxed and persuaded to join a club or society, and yet with all this association not a word is said to encourage him to the cultivation of that highest side of man's nature, the *spiritual*.

We all know that *personal work* requires tact and skill in order to be successful, but these same qualities are essential if we would be successful in winning our friends to join a certain society. Furthermore, we should remember that all our work in life is to be more or less of personal contact with humanity. Then why not take advantage of every opportunity to speak some word of encouragement to our friends? Thus we shall benefit ourselves and help others who are longing to be led to higher ideals.



## Athletics.

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The base ball season has opened with the best prospects for a winning team that we have ever had. Although only two games have been played, it is evident that the men know how to handle the sphere. Hill at shortstop and Eanes in left field make these two positions almost as strong as they were under the able supervision of the Lindsay brothers. White and Lindley, who have both been substitutes on the team before, are playing second base and right field in excellent manner. Considering everything the team is stronger at the bat than last year's team, and no doubt with Hobbs's and Price's increasing efficiency as pitchers the team is stronger in the field.

### GUILFORD-SHARP INSTITUTE GAME.

The initial game of the season was played with the heavy team from Sharp's Institute on March 23 on the home ground. The visitors were flushed with the hope of victory, having held the University team only two days before to the close score of 4 to 3, and the next day having defeated Trinity Park team to the tune of 10 to 2. True they had played good ball, and true also they had as a pitcher Mr. Howard, who made a good record on the State league team last year, and who is now pitching for the Augusta club of the South Atlantic League. But Guilford was determined. Coach Smith sent Sam Price in to do the pitching for Guilford, and seven strikeouts and three scattered singles tell the story of how effectively Sharp's men faced him. Time and again they tried but were never able to score. Howard was hit for six clean singles, and these coupled with Sharp's errors netted the locals six runs. Hill and Lindley hit hard, and the whole team played well in the field.

Score by innings.

R. H. E.

Guilford .....	0 1 0 0 0 0 5 0—6 6 3
Sharp .....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 3 5

Batteries: Guilford—Price and L. Hobbs. Sharp—Howard and Sharp. Umpire, Mr. Brandt of Greensboro.

## GUILFORD DAVIDSON GAME.

For the first time in the history of the college Guilford defeated Davidson in Winston-Salem, April 2. All supporters of Guilford will remember that for the last two years Guilford has been defeated by Davidson on her own grounds by very close scores. This year we have succeeded in getting her team away from home for two games. For over a week preceding the games our boys had not practiced on account of the inclement weather and wet grounds. But Monday morning the sun was shining in the cloudless sky and the Guilford team accompanied by a few student supporters boarded the train for Winston. With the memory of past defeats in their minds and a grim determination to do their best, the boys went in the game. Hobbs was sent in to do the twirling, and was so effective that thirteen men fanned the air in their vain efforts to find his "drops." With the exception of the sixth inning when Moore, Guerant and Bailey succeeded in driving out three singles in succession and thereby scoring two runs, he had the Davidson batters entirely at his mercy. Hill and Eanes deserve special mention for their batting, Hill getting two two-base hits and a single and Eanes one two-base hit. Lindley, Murrow and Lindsay also hit well. The whole team fielded well, only two errors being charged against them.

Score by innings.

R. H. E.

Guilford .....	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	0	—5	7	2
Davidson .....	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	—3	5	5

Batteries: Guilford—W. Hobbs and L. Hobbs. Davidson—Cooper and Sherrill. Umpire, Mr. Warren of Oak Ridge.

Manager D. D. Carroll has made several changes in his schedule since it was published. For this reason we will insert it again for the benefit of those who are interested.

April 6—A. & M. at Greensboro.

April 13—Wake Forest at Guilford College.

April 16—Davidson at Greensboro.

April 17—St. John's at Guilford College.

April 21—Kentucky University at Greensboro.

April 23—Kentucky University at Guilford College.

April 27—Wake Forest at Wake Forest.

April 28—Bingham at Mebane.

May 5—U. N. C. at Chapel Hill.

May 8—University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

May 9—Washington and Lee at Lexington.

May 9—V. P. I. at Lynchburg.

May ——Wake Forest at Greensboro.



## Locals and Personals.

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ALVAH E. LINDLEY, '08 }  
ANNIE LOIS HENLEY, '07 } EDITORS.

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### April Fool!

O. V. Woosley, '05, visited the college recently.

Ricks has found a new pronunciation for affidavit—"af-fid-a-fit."

During the past year we have been especially favored by the able sermons of Mary C. Woody.

A. very interesting lecture was given by Pres. Hobbs on the evening of the 17th. Subject: "The Daily Use of Language."

Prof. Thomas Newlin delivered a lecture March 24th on poetry. It was highly enjoyed by all.

Teacher—Pat, what case is Animo in?

Pat (Confidently)—The jackative.

A teachers training course has been recently added to the curriculum. Prof. Newlin has charge of this department, which to anyone wishing to teach is a great opportunity.

Hon. Joseph M. Dixon, '89, of Montana, will deliver the address Commencement, May 29th.

An interesting game of base ball was played on the local grounds with Sharp's Institute March 24. This, the first game of the season, was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators. Score: Guilford, six; Sharp's, nothing.

Mr. Delos Hammer, who was a student here in the early days of the College, was married recently. He is Southern Express Agent, with headquarters in Washington, D. C.

Guilford County Sunday School Convention held in High Point, March 22nd, was attended by Miss Linnie Shamburger and Mr. Bernard Hurley, who were delegates from the college Sunday School.

The college was represented at the State Sunday School Convention, held in Charlotte, April 3-5, by Miss Sallie Benbow, Miss Elsie White and Mr. John Anderson.

Dinkins—"Does the Governor blow out the lights at night?"

✓ Taken from February *Haverfordian*: "S. H. <sup>arrived</sup> Hodgins, '98, left Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, New York, at the close of the last school year and became associated with the Security Life and Annuity Company of Greensboro, N. C., where he is now living. His engagement to Miss Olive L. Jenkins, of Richmond, Indiana, is announced."

✓ Miss Arilla Ballinger, formerly a student here, was married recently to Mr. Charles F. Osborne, the head mailing clerk in the postoffice at Greensboro; where they will make their future home.

✓ We are sorry to note the departure of Misses Elizabeth Lane and Lillian Glass on account of ill health.

There was a great outburst of enthusiasm among the students on the evening of April 2, when it was announced that Guilford had defeated Davidson by the score of 5 to 3. This victory was celebrated by a bon-fire at night.

The dates of the Websterian, Philagorean and Henry Clay contests are as follows: The Websterian, April 28; the Philagorean, May 19; the Henry Clay, April 7.

Ask Dalton when he is expecting to return to Holland.

The minstrel given by the Y. M. C. A. was enjoyed by all who attended.



## Exchanges.

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In order to vary the unusual contents, it shall be the object of the Editor of the exchange department in this issue, to devote his remarks more exclusively to the consideration of the editorial departments of the magazines. We believe the editorial departments essential to the make-up of a good, well-balanced college magazine and indeed it might be said to be the most essential part for it shows the respective editors up to a good or bad advantage in their respective positions on the staff, by the way their departments are handled. It practically determines the worth of the rest of the paper, judging from the magazines that have just been glanced over, and it tells plainly enough whether or not the success of the magazine, if it is a good one, is due to the work of the editors, or outside workers among the student body and alumni. Doubtless in some cases magazines are reduced in size from financial causes, but this does not prevent what there is from being good. Examples of some of the best, some of the medium and some of the poorest are given below.

To start with one of the magazines that is most highly prized among our exchanges, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* might be chosen. As a rule its editors show themselves to be strong, capable men, with a good knowledge of what they are writing about. The February number does not present us with the usual number of editorials, but on noticing that it is the first issue of the new staff, we are justified in calling it good. The one editorial, out of the two given, on college journalism, is well written and is a good type of what can be called an editorial of value. The preamble under the head of exchanges, on poets, is good, it displays the need of more poets of the present time by giving a brief sketch of the ones that have fulfilled their mission, and closes with the following sentence: "So we see that the cry of decadence is not altogether unwarranted, though often bitter in its intensity."

For an example of the medium editorials, *The Lenoirian* will suffice. In this magazine the editorials are lacking in quantity rather than quality for there is only one editorial written and indeed, it seems that it is the quality rather than the quantity of such magazines that marks the medium. The departments of the other editors are similar to that of the editor-in-chief.

*The Wilmingtonian* comes to us rather light in weight and it might almost be said rather light in knowledge. There is only one article of any value and the rest of the paper seems to be taken up principally with athletics, socials and the like. There are three editorials which are doubtless of interest to the close friends of the college, but not of much interest to the general reader. We fail to find any exchanges at all and it appears as if with little more work the staf' could put their paper on a better plane.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges:

*The Erskinian, The Carolinian, The Wake Forest Student, The Criterion, Davidson College Magazine, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Buff and Blue, The Clemson College Chronicle, The Red and White, The Haverfordian, The College Message, The Comenian, The Wilmingtonian, The Lenoirian, The Westonian, Park School Gazette, The Sarlhamite, Science and Craft, The Crescent, The Penn Chronicle, The Hamptonian, University Life.*

# Directory.

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## Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, *President.*

GEO. W. WHITE, *Treasurer.*

---

## Literary Societies.

### PHILAGOREAN.

L. Gertrude Wilson, *Pres.*

Ethel Hodgkin, *Sec.*

Mamie Lamb, *Mar.*

### WEBSTERIAN

W. S. Nicholson, *Pres.*

W. E. Younts, *Sec.*

J. L. Becton, *Mar.*

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### HENRY CLAY.

T. C. Hinkle, *Pres.*

J. B. Whittington, *Sec.*

Robert Howell, *Mar.*

---

## Young Men's Christian Association.

E. J. Coltrane, *Pres.*

F. S. Hill, *Sec.*

---

## Young Women's Christian Association.

Alma Edwards, *Pres.*

Lillian Jinnett, *Sec.*

---

## Intercollegiate Debating Committee.

Prof. R. J. Davis, *Chm.*

E. J. Coltrane,

D. H. Couch.

---

## Athletic Association.

A. W. Hobbs, *Pres.*

R. S. Doak, *Sec.*

D. D. Carroll, *Base Ball Mgr.*

Louis L. Hobbs, *Base Ball Capt.*

D. H. Couch, *Tennis Mgr.*

F. A. Watson, *Track Mgr.*

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## Classes.

### SENIOR CLASS.

R. C. Lindsay, *Pres.*

Florence Roberson, *Sec.*

### SOPHOMORE.

D. M. Petty, *Pres.*

Elsie White, *Sec.*

### JUNIOR CLASS.

L. L. Hobbs, Jr., *Pres.*

Linnie Shamberger, *Sec.*

### FRESHMEN.

N. R. Hodgkin, *Pres.*

Amanda Richardson, *Sec.*

# The Guilford Collegian.

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VOL. XVIII

MAY, 1906.

NO. 8.

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## THE SPHINX OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

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Eight years ago the United States raised her flag over Manila. From the brilliant victory of Admiral Dewey modern history has taken a fresh impulse. On that memorable day a new era began between the East and the West. Russia was then, if not the dominant, certainly the most aggressive power in the eastern world, with an immense prestige in the Far East and great military strength and resource in Europe. Thoughtful men saw the manifold signs of change, the almost universal stirring of life, the resurrection of the East. Everyone saw that the old policy of aggression and the new life which was invigorating the East must sooner or later come into conflict. That conflict came with such suddenness that it found Russia asleep, bound hand and foot by ignorance, corruption and astounding incompetency, while Japan, emerging like the Monitor on that critical day in Hampton Roads which revolutionized modern warfare on the seas, startled the world by the accuracy, the brilliancy and the effectiveness of her organization and her generalship.

In this dramatic unfolding of events nothing has occurred more significant of the great changes already effected and the greater changes to come than the rising spirit of China.

The attitude of official China during the nineteenth and preceding centuries was that of supercilious arrogance. She sought no intercourse with other nations. With an area of 4,000,000 square miles and a population of 400,000,000, her written history covering thousands of years shows that her doors have been firmly closed against foreign aggression until within the memory of the present generation. During the short time in which foreigners have been admitted, no period

has been so marked in industrial, commercial, political and religious developments as that of the past three years.

Colossal in the strength of her antiquity, gigantic in the mass of her people, occupying the most fertile section of the globe, having no system of transportation, isolated until now from the rest of the world, and cut off from any industrial activity, the whole civilized world has turned with questioning eyes upon this Titan of the Orient. Nations stand wondering how her future may effect them when her isolation has been broken down and this great, silent, tireless and persistent people begin to take their stand in the industrial world and seek their share in its commerce. Remarkable and even unique among nations, her history reveals the trials and the failures of almost every panacea advocated by modern reformers, and constitutes the greatest existing record of human experience in economics, industry and government. That China is now facing a crisis with the turmoil of nations on her north and amid the increasing murmur of a discontented people within her own borders is clear to all observers of that empire. The oldest, largest and most conservative nation of the world, with its home in the Orient is awakening under the impact of western ideas.

The commercial China is one of rapid growth. Until within the last few years she has had no commercial intercourse either with other nations or even within her own borders. No preceding decade has witnessed so great a change as the past ten years. She now has hundreds of miles of railway and thousands of miles projected within her borders. With telegraphs connecting her capital with every province within her borders and with the outside world; with steam navigation and foreign vessels penetrating to the very head of her navigable water-ways, and with new treaty ports opening upon her coast, the destiny of China is plainly seen. These are problems in the Chinese mind; these are his hopes.

Parallel with official China's arrogance with regard to commerce was literary China's proud confidence in the axiom: What Confucius teaches is true, what is contrary to his teach-



ing is false and what he does not teach is unnecessary. This was an assurance rooted in undisputed tradition and fortified by the accumulated conservatism of two and one-half milleniums of undisputed conformity. The greatest literary struggle in history occurred when western ideas came into conflict with the Colossus of conceited ignorance in China.

Without books, without newspapers, without the pulpit, without public debate and without general assemblies, China's people have been groping in the dark for centuries. An ignorant people can neither be patriotic nor can there be any steady progress among them. This is a graphic picture of China a decade ago. To advance the great movements already going on in China, she needs men who know the institutions of both China and the West, who see clearly the foundation of all real civilization and who have the wisdom and foresight to erect it.

With the opening of the nineteenth century missionary societies began trying to find an entrance into the Celestial Empire for Christianity and modern civilization but were compelled to remain without her border until recently. The work of Christian educators, although it has been small, has yet had an immeasurable effect upon the awakening in China. Awakened under the influence of this silent agency, and more rudely by the China-Japan war and the Boxer uprising of 1900, China's leaders have seen that the great trouble lies in their faulty system and ideals of education.

Happily for China her foremost statesmen look upon education as the salvation of the Empire. Today over eight thousand students, including both sexes, are to be found in the schools and colleges of Nippon, while multitudes of others are to be found in the far-off institutions of Europe and America. With the coming in of Western education the old form of Chinese examinations which they have prized for centuries has been swept away as dust before a whirlwind.

Then will dormant China arouse herself, will she throw off the yoke of ignorance and superstition, which for centuries has clutched her like a demon; will she forsake her old ideas of education and religion and receive within her realms the ad-

vancement of the West? There are the questions which confront her. This is the problem which startles the world. We see yonder a sleeping mass; here, a mighty Empire; yonder, a lifeless giant; here, an awakened people..

Already many voices even more eloquent than the voice of the prophet crying in the wilderness are sounding within our hearing the awakening of the greatest Empire in the world, the dawn of the new China, the arousal of the great Colossus of the East, the Sphinx of the twentieth century.

ALVA E. LINDLEY.

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## THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

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The editor of THE COLLEGIAN asked me for an article "on Tennyson or something about poetry." I have hardly measured up to this request, but have ventured to offer the following as a lesson from Tennyson which has for sometime been evolving in my own mind and has led me to the conclusion that our chief business in this world is to learn to live with and to serve people, and that by so doing we are glorifying God now and here. If we do this, we can well afford to wait until we reach the heavenly land to find out how we are to serve Him and to enjoy Him forever.

Poets know very well that the emotions and conviction, and resultant actions in human life are, when rightly interpreted, poetry. Shakspeare tells us that "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players," and in his setting of the ordinary life of people, he has worked out majestic poems which outlive the ages. What he has done for those whose deeds attracted him, could be done for almost any group of men and women were Shaksperes as abundant as the plots of plays.

Had we eyes to behold and ears to hear the poetry and melodies of this commonplace life of ours, we should know that ac-

tion and conduct may be full of rhythm and that there is a possibility of making life itself a hymn of praise.

This thought runs through the poetry of Tennyson. With a young man's perceptions he gives us many glimpses of what were poems to him during the impressionable period. His Madelines, Adelines, Margarets, Rosalinds, Eleanores are the kind of music a man of his age usually finds in the world. But he does not stop there. He goes on to find the deeper meaning in life, and penetrates the hidden secrets of the interrelation of human lives. In Maud, after a struggle with the emotions and passions and a kind of defiant attitude toward the world, he settles down into the consciousness that we are members one of another and not isolated personalities:

"And myself have awaked, as it seems to the better mind;  
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill;  
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,  
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned."

This same thought or fact runs through the Idylls of the King.

Although the foundation of these are laid far back in the morning of our race, the feelings and conduct of the men and women are not incomprehensible to us, and all the time righteousness exalteth and sin debases. The right attitude toward the people about brings out a rich, deep harmony; while a wrong done, a false position taken, destroys the harmony which we feel should have been left unmolested.

These instances will show us by example the possibilities of our own small lives, and the pity of missing the opportunity to give to the world one or more poem or hymn of helpfulness. Tennyson believed in subduing the discords in our individual lives and working the music out by conscious effort toward this end.

In Memoriam is perhaps the finest example of the embodiment of the poetry of a life in immortal song. In the following stanza concerning Arthur Hallam, the great poet-prophet shows the ideal for every true life:

"One indeed I knew

    In many a subtle question versed,  
    Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,

    At last he beat his music out.

    There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,

    He would not make his judgment blind,

    He faced the spectres of the mind

And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;

    And Power was with him in the night,

    Which makes the darkness and the light,

And dwells not in the light alone."

He beats his music out of the human life that often seems so faulty and so futile, just as Tennyson's own Sir Galahad did; because his heart was pure. Perplexed in faith he did not lose self-control and thus wrong others as well as himself—"perplexed in faith but pure in deeds," he did, indeed, beat out a sublime symphony.

We cannot find the music of the poetry of our own lives apart from the anthem which should rise from the united lives of those about us. We are not isolated chords, but the self is only realized as it should be in connection with other selves, which the psychologists call the conjunct self.

It, therefore, becomes a matter of vital import, poetically and practically, how we get on with those about us, whether our actions are such as will bring out the full, deep tones in their lives which may add to the sum total of human happiness or whether through acts of ours, voluntary or ignorant, we are disturbing the natural harmony. We have heard a great deal of the importance of individual development and individual responsibility and the individual conscience, and we have come to consider ourselves as units with rights vested in us per se. This is the result of a long conflict with various kinds of author-

ity under which the rights of the individual were subordinated, not for the general good of all, but for the aggrandizement of the few; and tyranny led to revolt politically and religiously, and men self-enfranchised soon forgot that others too were free. The Puritans had no sooner secured the freedom of conscience for themselves than they began to persecute the Quakers, and the Quakers in their turn so soon as the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places, began to exercise a rigorous authority over the body of their membership and disowned anyone who was not willing to yield implicit obedience to their regulations. The absolute freedom of the individual is an impossibility. We of this age are learning a new meaning to Paul's famous word: "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," and that his conclusion "whether ye live therefore or die, ye are the Lord's," means, too, ye are each other's, bound together in the heart of the Great Eternal to serve one another.

Since these things are true, and I believe none of us will question then, it becomes a matter of a good deal of importance that we should so conduct ourselves as to make ourselves agreeable to our companions, and thus call out the agreeable in them. Our words, our looks, our attire, our whole person and bearing are not trivial matters as we are sometimes inclined in our egotism to consider them. Unless we intend to become hermits and live in caves, we should make it our business to so educate ourselves that we shall be not only helpful but agreeable members of society. If we cannot or will not do this, the sooner we betake ourselves to our caves, the better. God has made us social beings and to attempt a criticism of the Almighty by our refusal to recognize the duties and make the concessions which are required of such beings is heresy.

It is the purpose of this paper neither to enter upon the history of this gentle art of being agreeable, nor to compose a code of etiquette; but to examine certain causes which seem to militate against the unification of effort in this direction and to point out that they are neither necessary nor insurmountable, but on the contrary, must be made to yield to genuine polite-



ness. In doing this we recognize the fact that "a man may smile and smile and be a villain" and that the Lord Chesterfield type of gentleman is not the ideal for an American. We know that the Sultan, with his soul as black as the pit and hands stained with deeds too horrible to mention, is conceded to possess the most polished manners in Europe. When the guise of politeness is made to cover such a multitude of sins, were it not better to go bluntly along, do as we please, say what we think, and let others do the same? That one man is a hypocrite is no excuse for another to be a brute. There is a better base for politeness than policy. It is brotherly love. If we must speak an unpalatable truth, we may do it in such a gracious, kindly manner that it cannot offend. Humanity is a unit and its joys and sorrows, its cares and burdens must all be considered by us, and our effort is to be directed toward alleviating, uplifting, healing the aches and smarts, and not intensifying them. There can be no code of politeness formulated which deserves the attention of an honest person which is not founded upon the Golden Rule; and the little rhyme we learned in childhood holds good through life:

"Politeness is to do and say  
The kindest things in the kindest way."

Any of us would prefer to be treated with the blunt, outspoken rudeness of sincerity rather than with the smooth, oily, fawning flattery of hypocrisy, but we should much rather be treated with the gentle, kindly courtesy of a sincere desire to serve. "Ich dien" is a motto not only for the soldier, but for the men and women who desire the peace of those amongst whom they dwell.

We Americans are accused by foreign people of being deficient in politeness, and it cannot be denied that there is room for the criticism. It is not needful to compare ourselves with others, but it is necessary to examine and see what causes lie at the foundation of this fact.

Selfishness is the prime cause of most of the sins flesh is heir to. This is, however, not the sole cause here. We are

trained to believe that if we can shout "Americanus sum," we have a right to soar on the bald eagle right into the White House and call "dear the track" or blow our whistle at any and everybody else. It is glorious Fourth of July independence. The individual is magnified and society minimized and this is wrong; right as the true spirit of independence may be.

This is one cause. Another is found in our religious training, where we have any. Our churches are churches of protest. They have all split off from some other church and are pugnacious for their creeds, and militant against Popery or a religious hierarchy, against ritual and for the individual conscience. As we have seen, the Puritans persecuted the Quakers and the Quakers persecuted each other. Having secured what we contend for, we are convinced that this is the panacea for humanity and forget that each has just as much right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as ourselves. The same spirit prevails in political parties and the flame is fanned every four years to furnace heat, and vituperation and execration is heaped upon the one party by the other. These are all causes (to say nothing of the barbarity of foot ball) which form the American character. That we are becoming inured to the rough manners of the prize fight and the athletic field is to be deplored.

Our politics, our religion, our sport and our trade combine to make us fighters. Could we turn the ability thus acquired to the warfare against evil, and to the purpose to which the Great Apostle turned the powers of his well-trained mind and body, we should accomplish wonders towards bringing out the beauty and harmony of civic life. Our civilization and our religion have not struck deep enough. When we reach the point of "in honor preferring one another," we shall be far away from the absurd scrimmage for the plaudits of the world to which we were treated at the close of the Spanish war.

For all these reasons it is necessary for young people to form the habit of thinking of other people. It is necessary for them and all to so train their bodies in the forms of politeness and courtesy that these things will be a second nature to them. It is not difficult to learn what are the most approved ways of

conducting one's self, and all the personal matters which make us agreeable as companions need our careful observation.

There is a beautiful stanza in *In Memoriam*, which shows the highest sentiment in regard to all these matters; and, while, of course, the lines refer directly to Christ, they are just as appropriate to all life:

“And so the Word had breath, and wrought  
With human hands the creed of creeds  
In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
More strong than all poetic thought.”

“He that is greater among you, let him become as the younger; and he that is chief as he that doth serve.”

“I am in the midst of you as he that serveth.” Luke 22:26 and 29.

MARY M. HOBBS.

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### ETHEL'S WAY.

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It was Saturday afternoon, and the five girls gathered in Marion Kelsey's room eagerly watched the chafing dish on the table, from which escaped the fragrant aroma of the school girl's delight—fudge. Each had book in hand, but from the constant clatter of tongues one readily knew that studying was impossible.

“Say, wonder why Ethel hasn't put in her appearance. She's off nosing up trouble just for the fun of crawling out, I'll guarantee,” remarked Vera Smith, the girl who alternately stirred fudge and waved the spoon in air.

“I never saw any one with such an adaptability for getting out of scrapes, and she never seems half as happy as when she scents danger,” added Marion.

“It's a great gift to be able to wind people around your finger as she does, and I—” said Sadie Blue,, but her sentence was cut short by the appearance of Ethel herself.

"What news?" was the question with which she was greeted. But instead of answering she went over and calmly gazed at the bubbling fudge. Finally she turned to the group seated around the table and said, "Girls, I have been gathering statistics." Five eager faces looked into hers. "Furthermore," she continued, "I am now prepared to announce that not one teacher that I can find out about is going to that interesting lecture on 'Archeology' tonight by the Honorable A. M. Mason, Esq. Poor Miss Dabney is threatened with headache, Miss Carey is taking a wretched cold, she fears, and only think, girls, she did sneeze while I was there. The other teachers are afflicted with various and sundry maladies too tiresome to expatiate upon, not to mention the fact that it would weary your corporosity beyond recovery. If President Jasper wasn't such a loon on the subject himself, he could readily see how others are bored by the work. Poor benighted man! He is so wrapped up in the subject that his poor wife hardly knows whether he is a college president or an unearthed mummy."

"You are very charming, to say the least," said Sadie Blue.

"Yes, that's my mission in life, my friend; and by the way, Vera, that compound mixture in the chafing dish boils like it was about done."

Six girls looked at the fudge as it was poured into the buttered pans, but six minds were thinking of the lecture.

"I suppose the president would never forgive us if we didn't go, and as I want to keep on the good side of him on account of my Homer, I guess I shall have to go. Furthermore, Bessie and Vera, you had better do likewise."

"It would be a pity for the little dears to be lonesome, so I guess we'd better go, too, Sadie," said Ethel.

Lecture hour arrived and the bevy of girls that went to the chapel did not go with the eager haste that would bespeak an enthusiastic audience for the speaker.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and still President Jasper and the lecturer had not appeared. A stir among the girls in one corner of the room caused the eyes of all to be turned that way. Suddenly Ethel Price rose and said, "Ladies, I will not take the dare." With stately mien she walked to the platform

and took the president's chair. Just then Prof. Mason and President Jasper entered the room and, as they neared the front, Ethel rose and with a queenly bow, motioned the gentlemen to their seats amid thunderous applause from the girls.

Sunday passed in peace, but Ethel's friends did not feel peaceful, as they thought of the scowl of anger on President Jasper's face.

"We ought never to have said a word, for we knew she would not take a dare," they said, with generosity taking all the blame to themselves. Ethel alone did not fear what the morrow would bring.

Monday morning Ethel received the expected word that her presence was desired in the office at nine-thirty.

Five anxious girls watched her disappear into the president's office, and she, although the one to receive the blame, was the only calm one in the crowd.

Twenty minutes later she emerged, wearing the look of the conquering hero.

"Well, girls," she said, "I am to take dinner with the Honorable Jasper and his spouse Wednesday evening, and he is going to explain some of the difficult translations of Sanskrit manuscripts that I have never understood and, what's more, never shall."

"How did you do it?" five girls gasped in a breath.

"Do it? Why there wasn't any doing done. I merely told him that some of the girl were getting so restless I was afraid they might leave before Prof. Mason could get there, especially as some weren't at all interested in archaeology, and hearing Prof. Mason was an opportunity I didn't want them to miss."

"Well, I never in my life," said Sadie Blue, as they separated for their various classes.

"WINONA."



THE IMPORTANCE OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

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If we are to appreciate others we must discover that there is something in them in common with ourselves. The person of luxury must in some way discover the feeling of need if he ever has deep sympathy for the poor. We must remember that pain is just as disagreeable to others as it is to ourselves, no matter how inferior we take them to be. If indifference and coldness is unpleasant to us, is it not probable that it would be unpleasant to others? All people should be treated as creatures capable of pleasure and pain. The various members of the human race have many characteristics that are in common; this helps us to think of others in terms of self, which wonderfully aids us in putting ourselves in the right attitude toward others.

Now do we owe those about us such careful consideration? To answer this question, we should ascertain whether or not we have received anything from others. Let us deduct all that the home, the school, the church, and the State have done for us, and see what we have left. This leads us to the conclusion that we are indebted to others for a large per cent. of all that we enjoy or possess. The assertion that we are largely the product of society, is, probably, not too strong. We certainly should not think of receiving so much without giving something in return.

We may find ourselves wondering how we are to reciprocate these legacies. There are many ways to contribute to these social influences that have aided us. This may be done by contributions of money to build churches, schools, etc., or by being a political or religious reformer. If these were all the ways some of us would be helpless to render any aid. There are, evidently, other courses that each one of us can pursue that will lead to very desirable ends. Service to the individual is the thing intended to be emphasized in the remainder of this little theme. What if in our enthusiasm for some State issue or Church policy, we rush headlong, crushing the hopes or neglecting the vital concern of the individual? Whatever we may

think of such a course, we know that the individual is of importance and should be considered as such. If social institutions are what they should be, the individual must make the proper contribution to them. Since the individual is of importance, there should be individual concern for him. Society must be either better or worse because of the individual. Who can doubt that the moral atmosphere about the campus is affected when any one of the students indulges in impure courses of conduct? Then to save the individual is to save society.

Now to keep in sympathy with those who seem to oppose the best interests of all, we must remember that the forces for evil would, probably, be just as active for good, if rightly directed. We often hear such expressions as "casting him out of society." Strictly speaking, such a thing is impossible unless you kill him. If he is thrown out of society, where will the poor fellow land? I think that the world is getting so nearly inhabited that he will be very likely to land in some kind of society. If the community undertakes to ignore him he makes himself felt by some outrageous crime. If the State takes him in charge, society must meet the expenses for its services. It seems that if we continue this kind of argument about him, we shall have to dispose of him some way, so what will we do with him?

It seems that it is not so much a matter of destruction or repression as it is a question of direction. Forces are destructive when they are misdirected. What society needs is the direction of the social forces and not their destruction. If a man is full of life and energy, it should not be destroyed, but directed toward some useful end. For this, society needs skillful leaders to apply the right methods in the right way. We are surprised sometimes to know what simple things change men's lives and turn them into ways of usefulness. A word of encouragement, a kind act, and many little things that cost us nothing but a little thought will often cause people to realize that there is something good in the world and in themselves. This often awakes people to actions that lead up to a beautiful, consistent life. We can find opportunity to lend

such service on the campus, in our rooms, on our walks, or wherever we come in contact with people.

The following is a definition of what Mrs. Stanley, of Lincoln, Ind., called a successful life: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and women and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

M. HINSHAW.

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### DARK DEEDS IN THE DORMITORIES.

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The last bell was ringing and everybody was hurrying to chapel. Henry Wallace, President of the Sophomore class, rushed up the stairs of Williams Hall two steps at a time. As he entered chapel he was hailed with a dozen voices, "Oh Wallace, look here." A great crowd had gathered around the bulletin board, on which was the following notice:

"The Sophs. may blow  
But we all know  
That they are really cowards."

Wallace read it over twice and turned away quietly beckoning to De Witt Clinton, a leading Sophomore who at once left the crowd and followed him.

"See that no Soph. mentions this to any one until we can decide about it. Let the fellows know that I want to see them at headquarters immediately after chapel."

It is very doubtful whether any Sophomore heard much of the

chapel exercises that morning. Immediately after the prayer every Sophomore "adjourned" to the Sophomore headquarters in Carnegie Hall.

"The house will please come to order," said Wallace, when everyone was seated who could find a seat. "Gentlemen, I suppose it is hardly worth while to state the object of this meeting. It is very evident to us all, although we have no real proof, that the Freshies have rebelled. What shall be done in regard to the matter?"

"Mr. President."

"Mr. Wilson."

"I move, sir, that, since Mr. Clinton and Mr. Walker room in East Hall, which we know also holds the leaders of those animals of a lower order than ourselves, the Freshmen, these two gentlemen be appointed as a committee to investigate this grave charge and report at a later meeting."

"Mr. President."

"Mr. Hendricks."

"I second the gentleman's motion."

Naturally the motion was carried and the meeting adjourned to meet at some future time.

De Witt Clinton and Horace Walker went at their work at once. Having obtained the garret key from the janitor of East Hall, they set to work and soon had a small hole in the ceiling of the room in which the Freshman meetings were held, sawed out. This ended their work at that time; so, after returning the key to the janitor, of course "forgetting" to lock the garret door, they went up to recite Latin.

That night, one or two at a time, all the Freshmen gathered in the room in which the leaders of the class slept. The question of the notice on the bulletin board was discussed and it was decided that the Sophomores hadn't paid as much attention to it as they should have done. So a committee was appointed which was to beard the lion in his den. Another insulting rhyme was to be written and this time caricatures of the leading Sophomores were to be added and the whole thing

tacked on the bulletin board in Carnegie Hall, in which was the Sophomore headquarters.

The next night at about twelve o'clock two silent figures might have been seen running across the campus from East Hall to Carnegie Hall. One of them carried a roll of paper and the other a hammer. Silently they entered the hall and passed to the bulletin board; they spread out the paper on it and were just about to tack it up when suddenly everything seemed to turn black and they felt as if they were about to suffocate. Rough hands grasped them and bound their hands behind them. They were told to "march ahead," which they did for about three miles, although the end of the march was not more than a hundred yards from the starting point.

The end of the march was as sudden as the beginning. They were halted before the door of a little building on the edge of the campus and the "sheriff," as he later proved to be, gave three rapid knocks at the door, which was at once opened and the prisoners ushered in.

The bandages were now taken from their eyes and they were ordered forward to the front of the room. The walls were all covered with black cloth so as to disguise the room and their captors all wore masks. Directly in front of them sat a dignified judge, on his left the clerk and on his right the jury.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge in a hollow voice, "what is the next case on the docket?"

"Your Honor," answered the clerk, "the next case is the state against Robert Black and Samuel Hall, charged with disturbing the peace and defying the higher authorities."

"Mr. Sheriff, produce the defendants," called the judge.

The two Freshmen were led up before the judge. The charge was read again and each pleaded, "not guilty." The "State" then introduced its witnesses, who testified that they had not only seen the notice posted (which were shown to the jury), but that they had heard the plot formed by a company of men of whom the two persons were the ring-leaders. The defense admitted that they had put up the notices and that they had discussed the matter before doing so. But as for disturbing the peace, the Sophomore class seemed to be doing that instead of



themselves. "And," added Hall, "we cannot believe that there are any higher authorities than the Freshman class." The jury, however, gave a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats.

The judge, after a short talk in which he told the prisoners how wrong it was to try to rebel against the government, which was the Sophomore class, so far as the Freshmen were concerned, sentenced them to a week's imprisonment in the dungeons belonging to and known only to the Sophomores. At the end of this time, having been fed only on "light" bread and water, with cold sliced beef occasionally for dessert, they were willing to promise not to rebel against the Sophomores, at least until they got another chance.

W. S. NICHOLSON.



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## Editorials.

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For many years it has been the custom to organize THE COLLEGIAN staff at the beginning of the fall term. This has not worked well for many reasons, the most important of which is that no work is done during the summer vacation because the editor-in-chief and business manager have not been elected and thus there is no one to push the work forward. This year it has been decided to organize the staff about the last of the spring term and in accordance with this decision the officers for next year have been elected by the societies and will have charge of the last issue this spring.

In turning over to the new staff the future of the COLLEGIAN we wish to ask for them the hearty support of everyone interested in the magazine. You cannot expect a good paper unless the student body and alumni take an active interest in it and support it with their pens as well as financially. Remember that it is a duty as well as a privilege to make your college paper the very best you possible can. At least make it truly represent the college for nothing is considered quite so good an exponent of the spirit and character of an educational institution as its college paper. We believe that you will render this assistance and judging from your contributions during the past year we feel sure that the new staff will have better support than any of their predecessors.

With much interest we have noted the progress that is being made in college journalism in the South during the last few years. We hope this will continue and that the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN may soon hold an important place among college magazines.

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The commencement season in North Carolina's colleges is already on. From year to year, the number of graduates increase. The entire State from Murphy to Manteo contributes to this list of strong young men and women.

Fifty years ago the colleges in this State were but few, now many splendid institutions of such a character are within reach of all. The great educational awakening which has recently passed throughout the South, has left our State no longer dormant but on the alert. None have been more enthusiastic and zealous in this educational upbuilding than our recent Governor Chas. B. Aycock. His strong plea was for the education of the masses through the common and high schools. Here, at the root of things, is the greatest need of well-trained teachers. The colleges need students firmly grounded to build their superstructures upon. It would seem that these two factors are so closely linked as to admit of no separation.

The college men and women have a great field open to them. By giving their aid and services to the preparatory schools they

react directly upon our higher institutions and become the special agents of North Carolina's uplifting.

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During the past month the American people have been called upon to witness another of those almost inconceivable catastrophes—an earthquake—and that too, in our own country. We are apt to read with decreasing interest of such disasters in foreign lands, but when they occur in our own land, it is entirely another proposition. We rush to the bulletin boards, news stands and reading rooms, eager to get even the smallest details. This, however, is not said to disparage the sentiment that we are a broad-minded and generous people, but rather to show the great tie that binds the American people into one great sympathizing family. Even before the people realized the extent of the disaster, aid was pouring in from all sides. The great nation, as it were, stopped for a moment in speechless wonder; then, as if moved by one great spring, came the realization of the need of help, and the determination to meet that need.

We must be proud of the noble response of the people to this need, but most of all should we admire the spirit that prompted the gifts. It is indeed a cause for gratification in this so-called age of greed and selfishness, to see such acts of generosity and self-denial. Truly, "There is a tie that binds," although it is not so apparent as we would wish at times.

## HENRY CLAY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

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Along with spring come the oratorical contests of the literary societies. The first to be given was that of The Henry Clay Society, which was held in Memorial Hall on the evening of April 7th. This was the twentieth annual contest, and was a fitting close of the most prosperous year in the history of the society. The presiding officer was D. D. Carroll, who briefly told of the work of the society during the past year and then welcomed the audience in behalf of the society. The program began with a chorus by the Girls' Glee Club, which was beautifully rendered. This was followed by the first orator of the evening, J. Benbow Whittington, whose subject was "The Peril of the American People." Mr. Whittington very eloquently set forth the dangers of our materialistic growth and of our neglect of more important duties. Frank A. Watson next spoke on "A Problem of American Society." He ably presented the claims of organized labor and showed the benefits derived from the union, at the same time condemning the methods of non-unionist workmen. The third oration was entitled, "The Sphinx of the Twentieth Century," and was delivered with marked ability by Alva E. Lindley. China was pictured as the "Sphinx" of the Far East, which, under the inspiration of modern ideas and inventions, would become the dominating influence in Asia.

The audience was then favored with a vocal solo, "Four-Leafed Clover," rendered by Miss Marguerite Cartland in a very impressive manner. Archie M. Hubbard followed with a glowing tribute to the late Dr. William R. Harper under the title, "The Creator of a Great University." The last speaker of the evening was Fred S. Hill, who chose as his subject, "The Conquest of Mexico." The early history and struggles of our southern neighbor were impressively described by the speaker, whose oration was well received by the audience. The program closed with a chorus by the Boys' Glee Club, which was loudly applauded.



It was one of the best contests ever held at the college. The efforts of each speaker were warmly praised and there was considerable doubt as to the successful orator. After long deliberation the judges, Rev. G. H. Detwiler, Hon. E. D. Broadhurst and Prof. J. I. Foust, decided in favor of Alva E. Lindley. Rev. Dr. Detwiler then made the announcement in a few well-chosen remarks.

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## Athletics.

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Up to the present time we have had an unusually successful season in base ball. We have played eight games and won seven, thus having an average of 875 per cent., more than 200 per cent. higher than any other team in the State. These games have been played, too, when the team was in a rather crippled condition. Eanes suffered an injury in a practice game from which he has not sufficiently recovered to be in a game since that time. He is an excellent fielder and a good batter, two things which were very much needed in the game we lost. He will be in the remaining games of the season, however, and we hope to maintain the high percentage we have already gained. A brief account of the games appears below:

### GUILFORD-A. & M. GAME.

According to the schedule, Guilford met and defeated the team from the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Raleigh on April 6th, in Greensboro. The Farmers had already lost three games the same week, and no doubt they were somewhat discouraged. This, coupled with the fact that two of their pitchers were in the hospital, rendered them in poor condition to play good ball, and Guilford won easily by the overwhelming score of 26 to 3. By this victory our boys avenged themselves for the heavy scores the A. & M. foot ball team has made against us when we were in crippled condition. W. Hobbs

pitched good ball, striking out eleven men and yielding only five hits. The two pitchers for A. & M. were pounded for twenty-two clean hits, one being a home run by Lindley, and ten being two-base hits. Shuford, for A. & M., was very effective with the bat, getting two two-base hits.

Batteries: Guilford, Hobbs and Hobbs; A. & M., Harris, Blake and Shuford.

#### GUILFORD-WAKE FOREST GAME.

One week later, April 14th, the team from Wake Forest played us on the home ground. Let it be said in passing, that there is no other team from which the Guilford faculty and student body more appreciates a visit. We can only say to them, "Come again." Just two or three days before the game, White and Eanes were both hit by pitched balls and neither of them was in the game. Price did the twirling for Guilford and was so effective that he struck out fourteen men and yielded only four hits. White pitched seven innings for Wake Forest and was hit at will. Every man on the team succeeded in getting at least one clean hit. In the fifth inning, with two men on bases, Murrow drove out a home run. J. Turner went into the box in the eighth and struck out four men in two innings. If he had pitched the entire game, doubtless our boys would not have made thirteen hits and scored twelve runs. The final score stood: Guilford 12, Wake Forest 4.

Batteries: Guilford, Price and Hobbs; Wake Forest, White, J. Turner and Hamryck.

#### GUILFORD-DAVIDSON.

In Greensboro on Easter Monday, Guilford suffered her only defeat of the season. Our boys did not get into the game in the beginning and before they realized it, Davidson had scored five runs, a lead not easy to overcome. However, L. Hobbs and Hill woke up and batted out two runs. But that was all Guilford could do with Anderson, Davidson's crack twirler. Altogether he struck out ten men and allowed only four hits. Hobbs proved to be a better pitcher, but on account of errors he lost the game. Fourteen Davidson men fanned

the air and only two hits were made, one a home run by Bailey, with a man on base. Guilford earned one run and Davidson one. The game was lost and we have only this to say, "Here's to Davidson; we want another whack at you."

Batteries: Guilford, Hobbs and Hobbs; Davidson, Anderson and Sherrill.

#### GUILFORD-ST. JOHN'S GAME.

The next day the heavy St. John's team came down from Winston, where they had played the University team a close game the day before. They were confident of victory and in the second inning when they scored six runs, it seemed that victory would be theirs. But Guilford pulled together and the visitors were never able to cross the rubber again. Guilford scored two runs in the first inning, one in the sixth, one in the seventh, two in the eighth and in the ninth, with only one man down, the winning run came in, making the score 7 to 6 in our favor. The features of the game were the heavy hitting of our boys and the excellent work of the infield for the visitors. Guilford got ten hits and St. John's six.

#### GUILFORD-KENTUCKY GAMES.

On Saturday, April 21st, Guilford defeated the team from the University of Kentucky in Greensboro by a score of 10 to 1, and again on the following Monday on the college diamond by the score of 13 to 4. The noticeable feature of both games was the heavy hitting of our boys. Chenault, for Kentucky, had recently let the heavy hitting team from the University of Virginia down with only six hits, but Guilford, in the last game, succeeded in finding him for ten safe ones, one of which was a home run by L. Hobbs in the first inning. Hobbs pitched the first game, allowing only three hits and striking out eleven men. We were very glad of the opportunity of playing the team from the "Blue Grass" region, and hope to play them again.

## Locals and Personals.

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ALVAH E. LINDLEY, '08 } EDITORS.  
ANNIE LOIS HENLEY, '07 }

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Base ball!!!

Quite a number of the students and Faculty spent Easter away from the college.

On the evening of April 28 the Y. W. C. A held a candy sale in West Hall. The proceeds will go towards defraying the expenses of delegates to the Y. W. C. A Conference to be held at Asheville in June.

Teacher in Latin—"What voice is Amatur in?"  
Willie—"Bass."

Frank Dalton says there is more effect in analyzing flowers by the taste than by the sight. Guess he has been analyzing an Indian turnip.

The new kitchen will soon be under process of construction. The plan has been made and the material is at hand.

Ask Eanes how he likes to interpret base ball rules to that young lady in the new grand stand.

Joseph D. Cox, '04, of High Point, and May Walton Riddick, of Hertford, N. C., were married April 25. After spending a few days at Old Point Comfort, Va., they went to High Point, N. C., where they will make their home. THE COLLEGIAN extends best wishes.

On the evening of May 1, Mr. P. M. Colbert, secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Winston-Salem, addressed the association.

L. L. Hobbs, Jr., spent a short time in Winston recently. He reports a good time.

Mrs. Hackney, our former matron, has been spending a few days at the college in the absence of her sister, Miss Sarah Benlow, who was visiting her sister in Boykins, Va.

Mr. Robert W. Hodgin, '95, of Greensboro, and Miss Sherrod Salisbury, of Hamilton, N. C., were married on the evening of May 3rd.

Prof. Thomas Newlin preached the sermon at the closing of the High School at High Point, April 29. He also delivered the literary address at Lewisville Academy the following Tuesday.

L. L. White, '04, visited his brother and "Others" at the college recently.

Guilford was represented at the convention of the Library Association held in Raleigh, April 28-9, by Miss Julia S. White.

Quite an improvement has been made recently in the cemetery. An enlargement has been made by some additions on the south and west sides.

Anderson thinks that it would be nice to spend the summer around the Great Lakes—guess why.

President Hobbs was one of the judges in the debate between the universities of Georgia and of North Carolina, held at Chapel Hill April 6.

Clara I. Cox, '01, with her parents, will sail for England



about the middle of May. They will spend a month in the old country.

Prof. R. J. Davis attended the Friends' Tea meeting in High Point on the evening of April 25. He gave an address on the subject of, "The Quaker in Politics."

✓ We are glad to note that in the earthquake which visited San Francisco and Berkeley, Joseph H. Peele, '91, and Robt. Root escaped without injury. The school of which Mr. Root is principal is now in progress, though the school building was destroyed. Some damage was done to the home of Mr. Peele.

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## Exchanges.

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As the present exchange editor writes up the exchanges for his last time, he is in one respect glad that his term has about expired. Glad because of being relinquished from the delicacy which is attached to the department of the exchange editor, and he is again glad in another sense, to have noticed the good spirit with which the other colleges seem to have accepted his suggestions and remarks. In another respect he is sorry to give up his position because of the many pleasant moments he has spent in reading the excellent reading matter that is to be found in the great majority of the exchanges which we receive.

We are always glad to receive *The University of North Carolina Magazine*. The general criticism that could be made of the March issue is so well expressed in the first editorial of the magazine itself that it is not necessary to mention it. The idea of different classes each getting out one issue during the

year is undoubtedly a good one for it bids fair to improve the magazine in that it admits rivalry. Among the several selections of poems, we would place the one on "A Confederate Soldier," first. It shows splendid talent, and one that should be developed. It instigates a strain of feeling that accompanies, in the heart of every patriot, a reverence for those who were willing to die for what they thought right. "The expensiveness of Jimmy Barnes" displays good imagination on the part of the writer, giving in the first place, a little of the history and conditions at Panama and in the second a story written in a rather amusing style. The author of such a story, while a sophomore, gives excellent promise of being a good contributor to the magazine of still more mature work by his senior year. Another phase of this issue that is rather a novelty, yet is a good one, is the large number of short, witty and melancholy prose contributions that come under the head of "Sketches." Still another thing that is worthy of commendation is the "Reviews by the Browning Class," which gives us a number and a variety of sketches of Browning, that are informing and interesting. To sum it all up, we might truly say that we should greatly enjoy another issue from the same class.

"Egoism and Altruism" in *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, shows that the writer has a good knowledge of what he is writing about. Such ethical contributions should be encouraged, for they are not only interesting and instructive, but they teach the student to reason out "Ideals" for himself. The article referred to shows clear thought and careful preparation. We are always interested in reading the *Monthly* because it never fails to be well balanced with poetry. The poem worthy of the most comment in the last issue is "Hermon's Wanderings." It is written in the form of "A Poetical Romantique" and shows great talent for such work. We hope that the last two lines of the song, with which it ends, are not written in order to fill in, but that the writer will tell us in the next issue how his "hero fares." Other prose contributions that are worthy of mention are "Virginia Poe," "Robert Burns" and "Phantoms."

The April number of the *Carolinian* can hardly be said to be up to its generally high standard. The prose is practically of no value. "The Younger Brother" and "The Next Dance" have very poor plots and show a decided lack of work. "In the Mountains of the Moon" is an article which is hard to describe. It might be termed an imaginative dream or something similar thereto. The point to it, if there be any, is rather obscure. However, it is probable that the writer of it has been studying astronomy, and takes this as an opportunity of expressing one of his theories. "Art for Our Sake" is quite a contrast with the ones previously mentioned. The thought wished to be expressed is well brought out and is illustrated frequently by excellent poetical selections. It shows careful preparation. "Why Toads Have No Tails," written in the style of a "Fable," is another article that lacks thought, or depth, and it fairly ruins the beautiful poem which succeeds it, entitled "Parting." The rest of the magazine seems to be up to the standard.

We acknowledge our regular exchanges.



